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OF

JOHN MARSTON.

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WITH NOTES, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

BY

J. O. HALLIWELL, F.R.S. F.S.A.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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EASTWARD HOE.

AS

IT WAS PLAYD IN THE

Black-friers, by the Children
of her Maiesties Revels.

Made by

GEO. CHAPMAN, BEN. IONSON, IOH. MARSTON.

At London: Printed for William Aspley. 1605

PROLOGUS.

NOT out of envy, for ther 's no effect
Where there 's no cause; nor out of imitation,
For we have ever more bin imitated;
Nor out of our contention to doe better
Then that which is opposd to ours in title,
For that was good; and better cannot be.
And for the title, if it seeme affected,
We might as well have calde it, God you good Even:
Onely that east-ward west-wards still exceedes,
Honour the sunnes faire rising, not his setting.
Nor is our title utterly enforcte,
As by the points we touch at you shall see.
Beare with our willing paines, if dull or witty,
Wee onely dedicate it to the Cittye.

EASTWARD HOE.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Maister TOUCHSTONE *and* QUICKSILVER *at several dores;* QUICKSILVER *with his hat, pumps, short sword, and dagger, and a racket trussed up under his cloake. At the middle dore, enter* GOLDING *discovering a Goldsmiths shoppe, and walking short turnes before it.*

Touch. AND whether with you now? what loose action are you bound for? Come, what comrades are you to meete withall? whers the supper? whers the randevous?

Quick. Indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir——

Touch. Indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir! Behind my back thou wilt sweare faster then a French foot-boy, and talke more baudily then a common widwife;

and now indeed and in very good sober truth, sir! but if a privie search shold be made, with what furniture are you riggd now? Sirrah, I tell thee, I am thy maister, William Touchstone, goldsmith; and thou my prentise, Francis Quicksilver, and I will see whether you are running. Worke upon that now.

Quick. Why, sir, I hope a man may use his recreation with his masters profit.

Touch. Prentises recreations are seldome with their masters profit. Worke upon that now. You shal give up your cloake tho you be no alderman. Heyday! ruffins hal, sword, pumps, heers a racket indeed!

[Touch. *uncloaks* Quicksilver.

Quick. Worke upon that now.

Touch. Thou shamelesse varlet, doest thou jest at thy lawfull maister contrary to thy indentures!

Quick. Zbloud, sir! my mother's a gentlewoman, and my father a justice of peace and of *Quorum;* and tho I am a yonger brother and a prentise, yet I hope I am my fathers son; and by Godslidde, tis for your worship and for your commodity that I keepe company. I am intertaind among gallants, true. They cal me cozen Franck, right; I lend them monyes, good; they spend it, well. But when they are spent, must not they strive to get more, must not their land flie? and to whom? Shall not your worshippe ha' the refusall? Well, I am a good member of the Citty if I were well considered. How would merchants thrive, if gentlemen would not be unthrifts? How could gentlemen bee unthrifts if their humours were not fed? How should their humours be fedde but by white meate, and cunning secondings? Well, the Citty might consider us. I am going to an ordinary now; the

gallants fall to play; I carry light golde with me; the gallants call, Cozen Francke, some golde for silver; I change, gaine by it; the gallants loose the golde; and then call, Coozen Francke, lend me some silver. Why——

Touch. Why? I cannot tell. Seven score pound art thou out in the cash; but looke to it, I will not be gallanted out of my monyes. And as for my rising by other mens fall, God shield me! did I gaine my wealth by ordinaries? no: by exchanging of gold? no: by keeping of gallants companie? no. I hired me a little shop, fought low, tooke small gaine, kept no debt booke, garnished my shop, for want of plate, with good wholesome thriftie sentences; as, "Touchstone, keepe thy shoppe, and thy shoppe will keepe thee." "Light gaines make heavie purses." "Tis good to be merry and wise." And when I was wiv'de, having something to sticke too, I had the horne of suretiship ever before my eyes. You all know the devise of the horne, where the young fellow slippes in at the butte-end, and comes squesd out at the buckall: and I grew up, and I praise Providence, I beare my browes now as high as the best of my neighbours: but thou——well, looke to the accounts; your fathers bond lyes for you: seven score pound is yet in the reere.

Quick. Why slid, sir, I have as good, as proper gallants words for it as any are in London; gentlemen of good phrase, perfect language, passingly behav'd; gallants that weare sockes and cleane linnen, and call me kinde coozen Francke, good coozen Francke, for they know my father: and, by God slidde, shall I not trust 'hem?—not trust?

Enter a Page, as inquiring for TOUCHSTONES *shoppe.*

Gold. What doe ye lacke, sir? What ist you 'le buye, sir?

Touch. I marry, sir; ther's a youth of another peece. There's thy fellowe prentise, as good a gentleman borne as thou art: nay, and better mean'd. But does he pumpe it, or racket it? Well, if he thrive not, if hee out-last not a hundred such crackling bavins as thou art, God and men neglect industry.

Gold. It is his shop, and here my maister walkes.

[*To the Page.*

Touch. With me, boy?

Page. My maister, Sir Petronell Flash, recommends his love to you, and will instantly visit you.

Touch. To make up the match with my eldest daughter, my wives dilling, whom she longs to call madam. Hee shall finde me unwillingly readie, boy. [*Exit Page.*] Ther's another affliction too. As I have two prentises—the one of a boundlesse prodigalitie, the other of a most hopeful industrie—so have I onely two daughters: the eldest, of a proud ambition and nice wantonnesse; the other of a modest humilitie and comely sobernesse. The one must bee ladyfied, forsooth, and be attir'd just to the court-cut, and long tayle. So farre is shee ill naturde to the place and meanes of my preferment and fortune, that shee throwes all the contempt and despight, hatred it selfe can cast upon it. Well, a peece of land she has, 'twas her grandmothers gift; let her, and her Sir Petronel, flash out that; but as for my substance, shee that skornes me, as I am a citizen and trades-man, shall never pamper her pride with my industry; shall never use me as men do foxes, keepe themselves warme in the skinne, and throwe the bodie that bare it to the dung-hill. I must goe entertaine this Sir Petronell. Goulding, my utmost care's for thee, and onely trust in

thee; looke to the shop. As for you, Maister Quickesilver, thinke of huskes, for thy course is running directly to the prodigalls hogs trough; huskes, sra. Worke upon that now. [*Exit* Touchstone.

Quick. Mary fough, goodman flap-cap; Sfoot! tho I am a prentise I can gives armes; my father's a justice a peace by descent, and zbloud!——

Gold. Fye, how you sweare!

Quick. Sfoote, man, I am a gentleman, and may sweare by my pedegree. Gods my life! Sirrah Goulding, wilt bee ruled by a foole? Turne goode fellow, turne swaggering gallant, and let the welkin roare, and Erebus also. Looke not westward to the fall of Don Phœbus, but to the east—Eastward hoe!

" Where radiant beames of lustie Sol appeare,
And bright Eous makes the welken cleare."

Wee are both gentlemen, and therefore should bee no coxcombes: lets be no longer fooles to this flat-cap, Touchstone. Eastward, bully, this sattin belly, and canvas-backt Touchstone: slife! man, his father was a malt-man, and his mother sould ginger-bread in Christ Church.

Gould. What would you ha' me doe?

Quick. Why, do nothing, be like a gentleman, be idle; the cursse of man is labour. Wipe thy bum with testones, and make duckes and drakes with shillings. What, Eastward hoe! Wilt thou crie, What ist ye lack? stand with a bare pate, and a dropping nose, under a wodden penthouse, and art a gentleman? Wilt thou beare tankards, and maist beare armes? Be rul'd; turne gallant, Eastward hoe! ta, lyre, lyre, ro, who calls Jeronimo? Speake, here I am. Gods so! how like a sheepe thou lookes; a my conscience,

some cowheard begot thee, thou Goulding of Goulding-hall. Ha, boy?

Gould. Goe, ye are a prodigall coxecome! I a cow-heards son, because I turne not a drunken whore-hunting rake-hel like thy selfe!

[*Offers to draw, and* Goulding *trips up his heeles*

Quick. Rake-hell! rake-hell! [*and holds him.*

Gould. Pish, in softe tearmes, ye are a cowardly braging boy. Ile ha you whipt.

Quick. Whipt?—thats good, I faith! untrusse me?

Gould. No, thou wilt undoe thy selfe. Alas! I behold thee with pitty, not with anger: thou common shot-clog, gull of all companies; me thinkes I see thee alreadie walking in Moore Fieldes without a cloake, with halfe a hat, without a band, a doublet with three buttons, without a girdle, a hose with one point, and no garter, with a cudgell under thine arme, borrowing and begging three-pence.

Quick. Nay, slife! take this and take all; as I am a gentle-man borne, Ile be drunk, grow valiant, and beat thee. [*Exit.*

Gould. Goe, thou most madly vaine, whom nothing can recover but that which reclaimes atheists, and makes great persons some times religious—calamitie. As for my place and life, thus I have read:—

"What ere some vainer youth may terme disgrace,
The gaine of honest paines is never base;
From trades, from artes, from valour, honour springs,
These three are founts of gentry, yea, of kings."

Enter GIRTRED, MILDRED, BETTRICE, *and* POLDAVIE *a taylor;* POLDAVIE *with a faire gowne, Scotch warthingal, and French-fal in his armes;* GIRTRED *in a French head attire, and cittizens gowne;* MILDRED *sowing, and* BETTRICE *leading a monkey after her.*

Gir. For the passion of patience, looke if Sir Petronel appoach—that sweet, that fine, that delicate, that—for loves sake tell me if he come. O sister Mildred, though my father bee a low-capt tradsman, yet I must be a ladie; and I praise God my mother must call me madam. Does he come? Off with this gowne for shames sake, off with this gowne: let not my knight take me in the cittie-cut in any hand: tear't, pax ont (does he come?) tear't of. "Thus whilst she sleepes, I sorrow for her sake," &c.

Mil. Lord, sister, with what an immodest impatiencie and disgraceful scorne do you put off your cittie tire; I am sorrie to thinke you imagine to right your selfe in wronging that which hath made both you and us.

Gir. I tell you I cannot indure it, I must bee a lady: doe you weare your quoiffe with a London licket, your stamen peticoate with two guardes, the buffin gowne with the tufftaffitie cape, and the velvet lace. I must be a lady, and I will be a lady; I like some humors of the Citty dames well: to eate cherries onely at an angell a pound, good; to die rich scarlet, black, prety; to line a grogarom gowne cleane thorough with velvet, tollerable; their pure linen, their smocks of 3 li. a smock, are to be borne withall. But your minsing niceries, taffata pipkins, durance petticotes, and silver bodkins—Gods my life, as I shall be a lady, I cannot indure it! Is he come yet? Lord, what a long knight tis! "And ever she

cride, Shout home!" and yet I knewe one longer; "and ever she cride, Shout home," fa, la, ly, re, lo, la!

Mil. Well, sister, those that scorne their nest, oft flie with a sicke wing.

Gir. Boe-bell.

Mil. Where titles presume to thrust before fit meanes to second them, wealth and respect often growe sullen, and will not follow. For sure in this, I would for your sake I spake not truth:—"Where ambition of place goes before fitnes of birth, contempt and disgrace follow." I heard a scholler saie, that Ulisses, when he counterfeited himselfe madde, yoakt cattes and foxes and dogges togither to draw his plowe, whiles hee followed and sowed salt; but sure I judge them truelie madde, that yoake citizens and courtiers, tradesmen and souldiers, a goldsmiths daughter and a knight. Well, sister, pray God my father sow not salt too.

Gir. Alas! poore Mildred, when I am a lady, Ile pray for the, yet Ifaith: nay, and Ile vouchsafe to call thee sister Mil. still; for though thou art not like to be a lady as I am, yet sure thou art a creature of Gods making; and maist peradventure to be sav'd as soone as I (does he come?). "And ever and anon she doubled in her song." Now (ladies, my comfort). What prophane ape's here? Tailer, Poldavis, prethee fit it, fit it: is this a right Scot? Does it clip close, and beare up round?

Pol. Fine and stifly, Ifaith, twill keepe your thighes so coole, and make your wast so small; here was a fault in your body, but I have supplied the defect, with the effect of my steele instrument, which, though it have but one eye, can see to rectifie the imperfection of the proportion.

Gir. Most sædefiyng tailer! I protest you tailers are most sanctified members, and make many crooked thing goe upright. How must I beare my hands? Light? light?

Pol. O I, now you are in the lady-fashion, you must doe all things light. Tread light, light. I, and fall so: that the court-amble. [*She trips about the stage.*

Gir. Has the court nere a trot?

Pol. No, but a false gallop, ladie.

Gir. "And if she will not go to bed"—

CANTAT.

Bet. The knight 's come, forsooth.

Enter Sir PETRONEL, *M.* TOUCHSTONE, *and Mist.*

TOUCHSTONE.

Gir. Is my knight come? O the Lord, my band? Sister, doo my cheekes looke well? Give me a litle boke a the eare, that I may seeme to blush; now, now! So, there, there, there! heere he is: O my deerest delight! Lord, Lord! and how dos my knight?

Touch. Fie! with more modestie.

Gir. Modesty! why, I am no citizen now—modestie! Am I not to be maried? y' are best to keepe me modest, now I am to be a lady.

Sir Pet. Boldnes is good fashion and courtlike.

Gir. I, in a country lady I hope it is: as I shall be. And how chance ye came no sooner, knight?

Sir Pet. Faith, I was so intertain'd in the progresse with one Count Epernoum, a Welch knight; we had a match at baloone too, with my Lord Whachum, for fowre crownes.

Gir. At baboon? Jesu! you and I will play at baboon in the country, knight.

Sir Pet. O, sweet lady! tis a strong play with the arme.

Gir. With arme or legge, or any other member, if it be a court-sport. And when shal 's be married, my knight?

Sir Pet. I come now to consumate it; and your father may call a poore knight, sonne in law.

M. Touch. Sir, ye are come; what is not mine to keepe I must not be sorry to forgoe. A 100 li. land her grandmother left her, tis yours; herselfe (as her mothers gift) is yours. But if you expect ought from me, know, my hand and mine eyes open together; I doe not give blindlye. Worke upon that now.

Sir Pet. Sir, you mistrust not my meanes? I am a knight.

Touch. Sir, sir; what I know not, you will give me leave to say I am ignorant of.

Mist. Touch. Yes, that he is a knight; I know where he had money to pay the gentlemen ushers and heralds their fees. I, that he is a knight, and so might you have beene too, if you had beene ought else then an asse, as well as some of your neighbours. And I thought you would not ha beene knighted (as I am an honest woman) I would ha dub'd you my self. I praise God I have wher withall. But as for your daughter——

Gir. I, mother, I must be a lady to morrow; and by your leave, mother (I speake it not without my duty, but onely in the right of my husband), I must take place of you, mother.

Mist. Touch. That you shall, lady-daughter, and have *a coach as* well as I too.

Gir. Yes, mother. But by your leave, mother (I speake it not without my duty, but onely in my husbands right), my coach-horses must take the wall of your coach-horses.

Touch. Come, come, the day growes low: tis supper time; use my house; the wedding solemnity is at my wifes cost; thanke me for nothing but my willing blessing: for (I cannot faine) my hopes are faint. And, sir, respect my daughter; she has refus'd for you, wealthy and honest matches, known good men, well monied, better traded, best reputed.

Gir. Body a truth! chittizens, chittizens! Sweet knight, as soone as ever we are married, take me to thy mercy out of this miserable chitty; presently carry mee out of the sent of New-castle coale, and the hearing of Boe-bell; I beseech thee downe with me for God sake!

Touch. Well, daughter, I have read that old wit sings,

"The greatest rivers flow from little springs.
Though thou art full, skorne not thy meanes at first,
He that's most drunke may soonest be a thirst."

Worke upon that now.

[*All but* Touchstone, Mildred, *and* Goulding *depart.*

No, no! yon'd stand my hopes—Mildred, Come hither, daughter. And how approve you your sisters fashion? how doe you phant'sie her choice? what doest thou thinke?

Mil. I hope as a sister, well.

Touch. Nay but, nay but, how doest thou like her behaviour and humour?. Speake freely.

Mil. I am loath to speake ill; and yet I am sorry of this, I cannot speake well.

Touch. Well: very good, as I would wish: a modest answere. Goulding, come hither: hither, Goulding. How

doest thou like the knight, Sir Flash? dos he not looke big? howe likst thou the elephant? he saies he has a castle in the countrie.

Gould. Pray Heaven, the elephant carry not his castle on his back.

Touch. Fore Heaven, very well; but seriously, how doest repute him?

Gould. The best I can say of him is, I know him not.

Touch. Ha, Goulding! I commend thee, I approve thee, and will make it appeare my affection is strong to thee. My wife has her humour, and I will ha' mine. Dost thou see my daughter here? She is not faire, well-favoured or so, indifferent, which modest measure of beauty shall not make it thy onely worke to watch her, not sufficient mischance, to suspect her. Thou art towardly, she is modest; thou art provident, she is carefull. Shee's nowe mine; give me thy hand, shee's now thine. Worke upon that now.

Gould. Sir, as your son, I honor you; and as your servant, obey you.

Touch. Saist thou so? Come hither, Mildred. Do you see yon'd fellow? he is a gentleman (tho my prentise), and has somwhat to take too: a youth of good hope; well friended, well parted. Are you mine? you are his. Worke (you) upon that now.

Mil. Sir, I am all yours: your body gave me life; your care and love, hapinesse of life: let your vertue still direct it, for to your wisdom I wholly dispose my selfe.

Touch. Saist thou so? Be ye two better acquainted. Lip her, knave. So shut up shop. We must make holiday. [*Exeunt* Goulding *and* Mildred.

This match shall on, for I intend to prove
Which thrives the best, the meane or lofty love.
Whether fit wedlock vowed twixt like and like,
Or prouder hopes, which daringly ore-strike
Their place and meanes. Tis honest times expence,
When seeming lightnesse beares a morrall sense.
Worke upon that now. [*Exit.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

TOUCHSTONE, QUICKSILVER, GOULDING, *and* MIL
sitting on either side of the stall.

Touch. QUICKSILVER, Maister Francis (
silver, Maister Quicksilver!

Enter QUICKSILVER.

Quick. Here, sir (ump).

Touch. So sir; nothing but flat Master Quic
(without any familiar addition) wil fetch you: wi
trusse my points, sir?

Quick. I, forsooth (ump).

Touch. How now, sir? the drunken hickop so
this morning?

Quick. Tis but the colduesse of my stomake, fors

Touch. What? have you the cause naturall for it?
a very learned drunkerd: I beleeve I shall misse
of my silver spoones with your learning. The n
night will not moisten your throat sufficiently, b
morning likewise must raine her dewes into you
tonous wesand.

Quick. An't please you, sir, we did but drinke
to the comming off of the knightly bride groome.

Touch. To the comming off an' him?

Quick. I, forsooth we druncke to his commi

(ump), when we went to bed; and now we are up, we must drinke to his comming off: for thats the chiefe honour of a souldier, sir; and therfore we must drinke so much the more to it, forsooth (ump).

Touch. A very capitall reason. So that you goe to bed late, and rise early to commit drunkenesse; you fulfill the scripture verie sufficient wickedly, forsooth.

Quick. The knights men, forsooth, be still a ther knees at it (ump), and because tis for your credit, sir, I would be loth to flinch.

Touch. I pray, sir, een to 'hem againe then; ye are one of the seperated crew, one of my wives faction, and my young ladies, with whom, and with their great match, I will have nothing to do.

Quick. So, sir, now I will go keepe my (ump) credit with them, an't please you, sir.

Touch. In any case, sir, lay one cup of sack more a' your cold stomake, I beseech you.

Quick. Yes, forsooth. [*Exit* Quicksilver.

Touch. This is for my credit; servants ever maintaine drunkennes in their maisters house for their maisters credite; a good idle serving-mans reason. I thanke time the night is past; I nere wakt to such cost; I thinke wee have stowd more sorts of flesh in our bellies then ever Noahs arke received; and for wine, why my house turnes giddie with it, and more noise in it then at a conduict. Aye me! even beastes condemne our gluttonie; well, 'tis our citties fault, which, because we commit seldome, we commit the more sinfully; we lose no time in our sensualitie, but we make amends for it. O that we would do so in vertue, and religious negligences! But see here are

al the sober parcels my house can show; I eavesdrop, heare what thoughts they utter this morning.

Enter GOULDING.

Gou. But is it possible that you, seeing your sister preferd to the bed of a knight, should contraine your affections in the armes of a prentice?

Mil. I had rather make up the garment of my affections in some of the same peece, then, like a foole, weare gownes of two coulours, or mixe sackcloth with sattin.

Gou. And doe the costly garments—the tittle and fame of a lady, the fashion, observation, and reverence proper to such preferment—no more enflame you then such convenience as my poore meanes and industrie can offer to your vertues?

Mil. I have observ'd that the bridle given to those violent flatteries of fortune is seldome recovered; they beare one headlong in desire from one noveltie to another, and where those ranging appetites raigne, there is ever more passion then reason: no stay, and so no happinesse. These hastie advancements are not naturall. Nature hath given us legges to go to our objects; not wings to flie to them.

Gou. Howe deare an object your are to my desires I cannot expresse!—whose fruition would my maisters absolute consent, and yours vouchsafe me, I should bee absolutely happie. And though it were a grace so farre beyond my merit, that I should blush with unworthinesse to receive it, yet thus far both my love and my meanes shall assure your requital: you shal want nothing fit for your birth and education; what encrease of wealth and advancement the honest and orderly industrie and

skil of our trade will affoorde in any, I doubt not will be aspirde by me; I will ever make your contentment the end of my endevours; I will love you above all; and onely your griefe shall bee my misery, and your delight my felicitye.

Touch. Worke upon that now. By my hopes, he woes honestly and orderly; he shal be anchor of my hopes! Looke, see the ill-yoakt monster, his fellow!

Enter QUICKSILVER *unlac'd, a towell about his necke, in his flat cap, drunke.*

Quick. Eastward hoe! Holla, ye pampered ladies of Asia!

Touch. Drunke now downe right, a my fidelity!

Quick. Am pum pull eo! Pullo; showle quot the calivers!

Gou. Fie, fellow Quicksilver, what a pickle are you in!

Quick. Pickle? pickle in thy throat; zounds, pickle! Wa, ha, ho! good morrow, Knight Petronel: morrow, Lady Gouldsmith; come of, knight, with a counterbuff, for the honour of knighthood.

Gou. Why, how now, sir? doe ye know where you are?

Quick. Where I am? why, sblood! you joulthead, where I am!

Gou. Go too, go too, for shame, goe to bed and sleepe out this immodestie: thou sham'st both my maister and his house.

Quick. Shame? what shame? I thought thou wouldst showe thy bringing up; and thou wert a gentleman as I am, thou wouldst thinke it no shame to be drunke.

Lend me some monye, save my credit; I must dine wi the serving-men and their wives—and their wives, sirha

Gou. Eene who you will, Ile not lend thee threepenc

Quick. Sfoote! lend me some monye; hast thou n Hyren here?

Touch. Why how now, sirha? what vain 's this, hah!

Quick. Who cries on murther? Lady, was it you? h does our maister? pray thee crie Eastward hoe?

Touch. Sirha, sirha, ye' are past your hickup no I see y'are drunke.

Quick. Tis for your credit, maister,

Touch. And here you keepe a whore in towne!

Quick. Tis for your credit, maister.

Touch. And what you are out in cashe, I know.

Quick. So do I; my father's a gentleman. Worke up that now; Eastward hoe.

Touch. Sir, Eastward hoe will make you go westwa hoe; I will no longer dishonest my house, nor endang my stock with your licence. There, sir, there 's yc indenture; all your apparell (that I must know) is your back, and from this time my doore is shut to yo from me be free; but for other freedome, and the mon you have wasted, Eastward hoe shall not serve you.

Quick. Am I free a my fetters? Rente, flie with a dı in thy mouth, and now I tell thee, Touchstone——

Touch. Good sir——

Quick. "When this eternall substance of my soule"—

Touch. Well said, change your gold ends for your p ends.

Quick. "Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh"—

Touch. What then, sir?

Quick. "I was a courtier in the Spanish court, and D Andrea was my name"——

Touch. Good maister Don Andrea, will you marche?

Quick. Sweete Touchstone, will you lend me two shillings?

Touch. Not a penny.

Quick. Not a penny? I have friends, and I have acquaintance; I wil passe at thy shop posts, and throw rotten egges at thy signe. Worke upon that now.

[*Exit, staggering.*

Touch. Now, sirha, you? heare you? you shall serve me no more neither—not an houre longer.

Gou. What meane you, sir?

Touch. I meane to give thee thy freedome, and with thy freedome my daughter, and with my daughter, a fathers love. And with all these such a portion as shal make Knight Petronel himselfe envie thee! Y' are both agreed, are ye not?

Ambo. With all submission both of thanks and dutie.

Touch. Well then, the great Power of Heaven blesse and confirme you. And Goulding, that my love to thee may not showe lesse then my wives love to my eldest daughter, thy marriage feast shall equall the knights and hers.

Gou. Let mee beseech you, no sir; the superfluitie and colde meate left at their nuptials will with bountie furnish ours. The grossest prodigalitie is superfluous cost of the belly; nor would I wish any invitement of states or friends, onely your reverent presence and witnesse shal sufficiently grace and confirme us.

Touch. Sonne to my owne bosome, take her and my blessing. The nice fondling, my Lady Sir Reverence, that I must not now presume to call daughter, is so ravish't with desire to hansell her new coache, and see her knights

Eastward Castle, that the next morning will sweat with her buesie setting forth. Away will shee and her mother. And while their preparation is making, our selves, with some two or three other friends, will consumate the humble matche we have in Gods name concluded.

Tis to my wish; for I have often read,
Fit birth, fit age, keepes long a quiet bed.
Tis to my wish; for tradesmen (well tis knowne)
Get with more ease then gentrie keepes his owne.

[*Exit.*

Enter SECURITIE.

Sec. My privie guest, lustie Quicksilver, has drunke too deepe of the bride-boule; but, with a little sleepe, he is much recovered; and, I thinke, is making himselfe ready to be drunke in a gallanter likenes. My house is as 'twere the cave where the yong out-lawe hoordes the stolne vailes of his occupation; and here, when he will revell it in his prodigall similitude, he retires to his trunks, and (I may say softly) his punks: he dares trust me with the keeping of both; for I am Securitie it selfe; my name is Securitie, the famous usurer.

Enter QUICKSILVER *in his prentices cote and cap, his gallant breeches and stockings, gartering himselfe,* SECURITIE *following.*

Quick. Come, old Securitie, thou father of destruction! th' indented sheepskin is burn'd wherein I was wrapt; and I am now loose, to get more children of perdition into my usurous bonds. Thou feed'st my lecherie, and I thy covetousness; thou art pander to me for my wench, and I to thee for thy coosenages. K. me, K. thee runnes through court and countrey.

Sec. Well said, my subtle Quicksilver! Those K's ope the dores to all this worlds felicity: the dullest forehead sees it. Let not Master Courtier think he caries al the knavery on his shoulders: I have known poore Hob, in the country, that has worne hob-nailes on 's shoes, have as much villany in 's head as he that weares gold bottons in 's cap.

Quick. Why, man, tis the London highway to thrift; if vertue be usde, tis but a scape to the nette of villanie. They that use it simplie, thrive simplie, I warrant. "Waight and fashion makes goldsmiths cockoldes."

Enter SYND. *with* QUICKSILVERS *doublet, cloake, rapier, and dagger.*

Syn. Here, sir, put of the other halfe of your prentiship.

Quick. Well said, sweet Synd! Bring forth my braverie.
Now let my truncks shoote forth their silkes conceald.
I now am free, and now will justifie
My trunkes and punkes. Avant, dull flat cap, then!
Via, the curtaine that shadowed Borgia!
There lie, thou huske of my envassail'd state.
I, Sampson, now have burst the Philistins bands,
And in thy lappe, my lovely Dalida,
Ile lie, and snore out my enfranchisde state.
When Sampson was a tall yong man,
His power and strength increased than;
He sold no more, nor cup, nor can;
But did them all despise.
Old Touchstone now writ to thy friends
For one to sell thy base gold ends;
Quicksilver now no more attends
Thee, Touchstone.

But, dad, hast thou seene my running gelding drest daie?

Sec. That I have, Franck. The ostler a'th Co drest him for a breakfast.

Quick. What! did he eate him?

Sec. No, but he eate his breakfast for dressing h and so drest him for breakfast.

Quick. O, wittie age! where age is yong in witte, And all youths words have gray beardes full of it!

Sec. But ahlas, Fracke! how will all this bee maintai nowe? Your place maintain'd it before.

Quick. Why, and I maintaind my place! Ile to court: another manner of place for maintainance, I h then the silly Citty! I heard my father say, I heard mother sing a nold song and a true: *Thou art a foole, and knowst not what belongs to our male wisdome.* shall be a merchant, forsooth: trust my estate in a woo trough as he does! What are these ships but tennis b for the wind to play withal? tost from one wave to a ther; now under-line, now over the house; someti brick-wal'd against a rocke, so that the gutts flie againe; sometimes strooke under the wide hazzard, farewell, M. Merchant!

Syn. Well, Franck, wel: the seas, you say, are un taine: but he that sailes in your court seas shall fi 'hem ten times fuller of hazzard; wherein to see what i be seene is torment more then a free spirit can indu but when you come to suffer, how many injuries swal you! What care and devotion must you use to hum an imperious lord, proportion your looks to his loc smiles to his smiles; fit your sailes to the winde of breath!

Quick. Tush! hee 's no journey-man in his craft that cannot do that.

Syn. But hee 's worse then a prentise that does it; not onely humoring the lord, but every trencher-bearer, every groome, that by indulgence and intelligence crept into his favour, and by pandarisme into his chamber; he rules the roste; and when my honourable lord saies it shall be thus, my worshipfull rascall (the grome of his close stoole) saies it shal not be thus, claps the doore after him, and who dares enter? A prentise, quoth you? Tis but to learne to live; and does that disgrace a man? Hee that rises hardly stands firmly; but he that rises with ease, alas! falles as easily.

Quick. A pox on you! who taught you this moralitie?

Sec. Tis long of this wittie age, M. Francis. But, indeed, Mist. Syndefie, all trades complaine of inconvenience; and therefore tis best to have none. The merchant, hee complaines and saies, Trafficke is subject to much incertaintie and losse: let 'hem keepe their goods on drie land, with a vengeance, and not expose other mens substances to the mercie of the windes, under protection of a wodden wall (as M. Francis saies); and all for greedie desire to enrich themselves with unconscionable gaine, two for one, or so; where I, and such other honest men as live by lending monie, are content with moderate profit; thirtie or fortie i'th'hundred, so we may have it with quietness, and out of perill of winde and weather, rather then runne those dangerous courses of trading, as they doe.

Quick. I, dad, thou maist well be called Security, for thou takest the safest course.

Sec. Faith, the quieter, and the more contented, and, out of doubt, the more godly; for merchants, in their

courses, are never pleas'd, but ever repining against Heaven: one prayes for a westerlie wind, to carry his ship forth; another for an easterly, to bring his ship home, and at every shaking of a leafe he falles into an agony, to thinke what danger his shippe is in one such a coast, and so foorth. The farmer he is ever at oddes with the weather: sometimes the clouds have beene too barren; sometimes the heavens forget themselves; their harvests answere not their hopes; sometimes the season falls out too fruitfull, corne will beare no price, and so foorth. Th' artificer he 's all for a stirring world: if this trade be too full, and fall short of his expectation, then falles he out of joynt. Where we that trade nothing but money are free from all this; we are pleased with all weathers, let it raine or hold up, be calme or windy; let the season be whatsoever, let trade go how it will, we take all in good part, een what please the heavens to send us, so the sun stand not stil, and the moone keepe her usuall returnes, and make up daies, moneths, and yeeres.

Quick. And you have good securitie.

Sec. I, mary, Francke, that 's the speciall point.

Quick. And yet, forsooth, we must have trades to live withal; for we cannot stand without legges, nor flye without wings, and a number of such skurvie phrases. No, I say still, he that has wit, let him live by his wit; he that has none, let him be a trades-man.

Sec. Witty Maister Francis! tis pitty any trade should dull that quick braine of yours. Doe but bring Knight Petronel into my parchment toyles once, and you shall never neede to toyle in any trade, a'my credit. You know his wives land.

ick. Even to a foote, sir; I have beene often there; a
e fine seate, good land, all intire within it selfe.
c. Well wooded.
ick. Two hundred pounds worth of wood ready to fell,
a fine sweet house, that stands just in the midst an't,
a pricke in the middest of a circle; would I were your
er, for a hundred pound a yeare!
c. Excellent, M. Francis! how I do long to doe thee
!! How I do hunger and thirst to have the honour
rich thee! I, even to die, that thou mightest inherit
living! even hunger and thirst! for a my religion,
Francis; and so tell Knight Pet. I do it to do him a
sure.
uick. Mary, dad! his horses are now comming up, to
e downe his lady; wilt thou lend him thy stable to set
a in?
ec. Faith, M. Francis, I would be loth to lend my
le out of dores; in a greater matter I will pleasure
, but not in this.
uick. A pox of your hunger and thirst! Well, dad, let
have money; all he could any way get is bestowed on
hip, nowe bound for Virginia; the frame of which
age is so closely convaide that his new lady nor any of
friendes know it. Notwithstanding, as soone as his
es hand is gotten to the sale of her inheritance, and
have furnisht him with money, he wil instantly hoyst
and away.
ec. Now, a franck gale of wind go with him, Maister
ick! we have too fewe such knight adventurers; who
ld not sell away competent certenties to purchase (with
danger) excellent uncertenties? your true knight ven-

turer ever does it. Let his wife seale to-day, he shal have his money to-day.

Quick. To-morrow she shall, dad, before she goes int the country; to worke her to which action with the mor engines, I purpose presently to preferre my sweete Sinn here, to the place of her gentlewoman; whom you (fo the more credit) shall present as your friends daughte a gentlewoman of the countrie, new come up with a wi for a while to learne fashions, forsooth, and be towar some lady; and she shall buzz pretty devises into he ladies eare; feeding her humours so serviceablie (as th manner of such as she is you know).

Sec. True, good Maister Francis.

Enter SINDEFIE.

Quick. That she shall keepe her port open to any thin shee commends to her!

Sec. A' my religion, a most fashionable project; a good shee spoile the lady, as the lady spoile her; for ti three to one of one side. Sweete Mistrisse Sinne, how ar you bound to Maister Francis! I doe not doubt to see yo shortly wedde one of the headmen of our cittie.

Sin. But, sweete Francke, when shal my father Securit present me?

Quick. With al festination; I have broken the ice to already; and will presently to the knights house, whethe my good old dad, let me pray thee with all formalitie t man her.

Sec. Command me, Maister Francis, I doe hunger an thirst to do thee service. Come, sweete Mistresse Sinn take leave of my Wynifrid, and we wil instantly mee Francke, Maister Francis, at your ladies.

Enter WINNIFRIDE *above.*

Win. Where is my Cu, there—Cu?

Sec. I, Winnie.

Win. Wilt thou come in, sweete Cu?

Sec. I Winnie, presently. [*Exeunt.*

Quick. I, Wynny, quod he; thats al he can doe, poore man; he may well cut off her name at Wynny! O tis an egregious pandare! what wil not an usurous knave be, so hee may bee rich! O 'tis a notable Jewes trump! I hope to live to see dogs meate made of the old usurers flesh, dice of his bones, and indentures of his skin; and yet his shin his too thicke to make parchment; 'twould make good boots for a peeter man to catch salmon in. Your onely smooth skin to make fine vellam, is your puritanes skinne; they be the smoothest and slickest knaves in a countrie.

Enter Sir PETRONELL *in bootes, with ryding wan.*

Pet. Ile out of his wicked towne as fast as my horse can trot! Here 's now no good action for a man to spend his time in. Taverns grow dead; ordinaries are blown up; playes are at a stand; howses of hospitality at a fall; not a feather waving, not a spur gingling any where. Ile away instantly.

Quick. Y' ad best take some crowns in your purse, knight, or else your Eastward Castle will smoake but miserably.

Pet. O Franck, my castle? Alas! al the castles I have are built with ayre, thou know'st.

Quick. I know it, knight, and therefore wonder whether your lady is going.

Pet. Faith to seeke her fortune, I thinke. I said I had a castle and land eastward, and eastward she wil without contradiction; her coach and the coach of the sunne must meete ful butt. And the sunne being out shined with her ladyships glorie, she feares he goes westward to hange himselfe.

Quick. And I feare, when her enchanted castle becomes invisible, her ladyship will returne and follow his example.

Pet. O that she would have the grace! for I shall never bee able to pacifie her, when she sees her selfe deceived so.

Quick. As easily as can be. Tel her she mistooke your directions, and that shortly, your selfe will downe with her to approove it; and then, cloath but her croupper in a newe gowne, and you may drive her any way you list: for these women, sir, are like Essex calves, you must wriggle 'hem on by the tayle still, or they will never drive orderly.

Pet. But alas! sweete Franck, thou kno'est my habilitie will not furnish her broud with those costly humors.

Quick. Cast that cost on me, sir. I have spoken to my old pander, Securitie, for money or commoditie; and commoditie (if you will) I know he will procure you.

Pet. Commoditie! Alas! what commoditie?

Quick. Why, sir? what say you to figges and raysons!

Pet. A plague of figges and raysons, and all such fraile commodities! we shall make nothing of 'hem.

Quick. Why then, sir, what say you to fortie pound in rosted beefe?

Pet. Out upon 't, I have lesse stomacke to that then to the figges and raysons; Ile out of towne, though I sojourne with a friend of mine, for staye here I must not;

my creditors have laide to arrest mee, and I have no friend under heaven but my sword to baile me.

Quick. Gods me! knight, put 'hem in sufficient sureties, rather then let your sworde bayle you! Let 'hem take their choice, eyther the Kings Benche or the Fleete, or which of the two Counters they like best, for by the Lord I like none of 'hem.

Pet. Well, Francke, there is no jesting with my earnest necessity; thou know'st, if I make not present money to further my voyage begun, all 's lost, and all I have laid out about it.

Quick. Why, then, sir, in earnest, if you can get your wife lady to set her hand to the sale of her inheritance, the bloud-hound Securitie will smel out ready money for you instantly.

Pet. There spake an angel: to bring her too which conformity, I must faine my selfe extreamly amorous; and alleadging urgent excuses for my stay behind, part with her as passionately as she would from her foysting hound.

Quick. You have the sowe by the right eare, sir. I warrant there was never childe longd more to ride a cock-horse, or weare his new coate, then she longs to ride in her new coach. She would long for every thing when shee was a maide, and now she will runne mad for 'hem. I lay my life, she wil have every yeare foure children; and what charge and change of humour you must endure while she is with childe; and how shee will tie you to your tackling till she be with child, a dogge would not endure. Nay, there is no turnespit dog bound to his wheele more servily then you shal be to her wheele; for, as that dogge can never climbe the toppe of his wheele but when the toppe comes under him, so shall you never climbe the top of her contentment *but when* she is under you.

Pet. Slight, how thou terrifiest me!

Quick. Nay, harke you, sir? what nurses, what n wives, what fooles, what phisitions, what cunning wo must bee sought for (fearing sometimes shee is bewit sometimes in a consumption), to tell her tales, to t bawdie to her, to make her laughe, to give her glisters let her bloud under the tongue, and betwixt the to how she will revile and kisse you; spitte in your face, lick it off againe; how she will vaunt you are her creatu shee made you of nothing; how shee could have thousand marke joyntures: she could have bin mad lady by a Scotch knight, and never ha' married him; could have had poynados in her bed every morning; h shee set you up, and how shee will pull you downe: yo never be able to stand of your legges to indure it.

Pet. Out of my fortune, what a death is my life bou face to face too! The best is, a large time-fitted c science is bound to nothing: marriage is but a forme the schoole of policie, to which schollers sit fastned on with painted chaines. Old Securities yong wife is n the further of with me.

Quick. Thereby lyes a tale, sir. The old usurer will here instantly, with my puncke Syndefie, whom you kn your ladie has promist mee to entertaine for her gent woman; and hee (with a purpose to feede on you) invi you most solemnely by me to supper.

Pet. It falls out excellently fitly: I see desire of ga makes jealousie venturous.

Enter GYRTRED.

See, Francke, here comes my lady. Lord! how she view thee! she knowes thee not, I thinke, in this braverie.

Gir. How now? who be you, I pray?

Quick. One Master Francis Quicksilver, an't please your ladiship.

Gir. Gods! my dignitie! as I am a lady, if he did not make me blush so that mine eyes stood a water. Would I were unmarried againe!

Enter SECURITIE *and* SINDEFIE.

Wher's my woman, I pray?

Quick. See, madam, shee now comes to attend you.

Sec. God save my honourable knight and his worshipful ladie!

Gir. Y'are very welcome; you must not put on your hat yet.

Sec. No, madam; till I know your ladyships further pleasure, I will not presume.

Gir. And is this a gentlemans daughter new come out of the countrey?

Sec. Shee is, madam; and one that her father hath a speciall care to bestowe in some honourable ladies service, to put her out of her honest humours forsooth; for shee had a great desire to be a nun, an't please you.

Gir. A nun? what nun? a nun substantive? or a nun adjective?

Sec. A nun substantive, madam, I hope, if a nun be a noune. But I meane, ladie, a vowd maide of that order.

Gir. Ile teach her to bee a maide of the order, I warrant you; and can you doe any worke belongs to a ladyes chamber?

Syn. What I cannot doe, madam, I would be glad to learne.

Gir. Well said; holde up, then; holde up your head, I say; come hither a little.

Syn. I thanke your ladiship.

Gir. And harke you, good man, you may put on your hatt now; I do not looke on you. I must have you of my fashion now; not of my knights, maide.

Syn. No, forsooth, madam, of yours.

Gir. And draw all my servants in my bowe, and keepe my counsell, and tell me tales, and put me riddles, and reade on a booke sometimes when I am busie, and laugh at country gentlewomen, and command anything in the house for my reteiners; and care not what you spend, for it is all mine; and in any case be stil a maid, whatsoever you do, or whatsoever any man can doe unto you.

Sec. I warrant your ladiship for that.

Gir. Very well; you shall ride in my coach with mee into the countrye to-morrow morning. Come, knight, I pray thee lets make a short supper, and to bed presently.

Sec. Nay, good madam, this night I have a short supper at home waites on his worships acceptation.

Gir. By my faith, but he shal not go, sir; I shal swone and he sup from me.

Pet. Pray thee, forbeare; shal he loose his provision?

Gir. I, by lady, sir, rather then I loose my longing. Come in, I say; as I am a lady, you shal not goe.

Quick. I told him what a burre he had gotten.

Sec. If you will not suppe from your knight, madam, let mee entreat your ladiship to suppe at my house with him.

Gir. No, by my faith, sir; then we cannot be a bed soone enough after supper.

Pet. What a medicine is this? Well, Maister Security,

ou are new married as well as I; I hope you are bound
s well. We must honour our yong wives, you know.

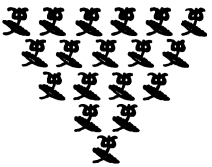
Quick. In policie, dad, till to-morrow she has seald.

Sec. I hope in the morning; yet your knight-hood will
reake fast with me?

Pet. As earely as you will, sir.

Sec. I thank your good worship; I do hunger and
hirst to do you good, sir.

Gir. Come, sweet knight, come; I do hunger and thirst
to be a bed with thee. [*Exeunt.*



ACTUS TERTIUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter PETRONEL, QUICKSILVER, SECURITY, BRAMBLE, *and* WINNEFRID.

Pet. THANKES for your feast-like breakefast, good Maister Security; I am sorrie (by reason of my instant haste to so long a voiage as Virginia) I am without meanes by any kind amends to shew how affectionately I take your kindnes, and to confirme by some worthy ceremony a perpetuall league of friendship betwixt us.

Sec. Excellent knight! let this be a token betwixt us of inviolable friendship. I am new married to this faire gentlewoman, you know; and by my hope to make her fruitfull, though I bee something in yeares, I vowe faithfully unto you, to make you godfather, though in your absence, to the first child I am blest withall; and henceforth call me gossip, I beseech you, if you please to accept it.

Pet. In the highest degree of gratitude, my most worthy gossip; for confirmation of which friendly title, let me entreate my faire gossip, your wife here, to accept this diamond, and keepe it as my gift to her first child, wheresoever my fortune, in event of my voyage, shall bestowe me.

Sec. How now, my coye wedlocke; make you strange of so noble a favour? Take it, I charge you, with all affection, and, by way of taking your leave, present boldly your lips to our honourable gossip.

Quick. How ventrous he is to him, and how jealous to others!

Pet. Long may this kind touch of our lips print in our hearts all the formes of affection. And now, my good gossip, if the writings be ready to which my wife should seale, let them bee brought this morning before she takes coach into the countrie, and my kindnesse shall worke her to dispatch it.

Sec. The writings are ready, sir. My learned counsell here, Maister Bramble the lawyer, hath perusde them; and within this houre I will bring the scrivenour with them to your worshippfull lady.

Pet. Good Maister Bramble, I will here take my leave of you then. God send you fortunate pleas, sir, and contentious clients!

Bram. And you foreright winds, sir, and a fortunate voyage. [*Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir Petronel, here are three or fowre gentlemen desire to speake with you.

Pet. What are they?

Quick. They are your followers in this voyage, knight, Captaine Seagul and his associates; I met them this morning, and told them you would be here.

Pet. Let them enter, I pray you; I know they long to be gone, for their stay is dangerous.

Enter SEAGUL, SCAPETHRIFT, *and* SPENDALL.

Sea. God save my honourable collonell!

Pet. Welcome, good Captaine Seagul, and worthy gentlemen; if you will meete my friend Franck here, and mee, at the Blewe Anchor Taverne by Billinsgate this evening, wee will there drinke to our happy voyage, be merry, and take boate to our ship with all expedition.

Spend. Deferre it no longer, I beseech you, sir; but as your voyage is hitherto carryed closely, and in another knights name, so for your owne safetie and ours, let it be continued: our meeting and speedie purpose of departing knowne to as few as it is possible, least your ship and goods be attached.

Quick. Well advisd, captaine; our collonell shall have money this morning to dispatch all our departures; bring those gentlemen at night to the place appointed, and, with our skinnes full of vintage, weele take occasion by the vantage, and away.

Spend. We will not faile but be there, sir.

Pet. Good morrow, good captaine, and my worthy associats. Health and all soveraigntie to my beautifull goship; for you, sir, we shall see you presently with the writings.

Sec. With writings and crownes to my honourable goship. I doe hunger and thirst to do you good, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter a Coachman in haste, in 's frock, feeding.

Coach. Heer 's a stirre when cittizens ride out of towne

indeed, as if all the house were a fire. Slight! they will not give a man leave to eat 's breakfast afore he rises.

Enter HAMLET, *a Foote-man, in haste.*

Ham. What, coachman—my ladyes coach! for shame! her ladiship's readie to come downe.

Enter POTKINNE, a *tankerd-bearer.*

Pot. Sfoote! Hamlet, are you madde? Whether run you nowe? you should brushe up my olde mistresse?

Enter SINDEFYE.

Syn. What, Potkinne?—you must put off your tankerd and put on your blew coat, and waite upon Mistris Touchstone into the countrie. [*Exit.*

Pot. I will, forsooth, presently. [*Exit.*

Enter Mistresse FOND *and Mistresse* GAZER.

Fond. Come, sweete Mistresse Gazer, lets watch here, and see my Lady Flashe take coach.

Gaz. A my word here 's a most fine place to stand in; did you see the new ship lancht last day, Mistresse Fond?

Fond. O God! and we cittizens should loose such a sight!

Gaz. I warrant here will be double as many people to see her take coach as there were to see it take water.

Fond. O shee 's married to a most fine castle ith' countrie, they say.

Gaz. But there are no gyants in the castle, are there?

Fond. O no: they say her knight kild 'hem all, and therefore hee was knighted.

Gaz. Would to God her ladiship would come away!

Enter GYRTRED, *Mistresse* TOUCHSTONE, SYNDEFIE, HAMLET, POTKINNE.

Fond. Shee comes, she comes, she comes!

Gaz. Fond. Pray Heaven blesse your ladiship!

Gir. Thanke you, good people. My coach, for the love of Heaven, my coach! In good truth I shall swoune else.

Ham. Coach, coach, my ladyes coach! [*Exit.*

Gir. As I am a lady, I think I am with child already, I long for a coach so. May one be with child afore they are maried, mother?

Mist. T. I, by 'r lady, madam; a little thing does that; I have seene a little prick, no bigger then a pins head, swel bigger and bigger, till it has come to an ancome; and eene so tis in these cases.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Your coach is comming, madam.

Gir. That 's well said. Now, Heaven! me thinks I am eene up to the knees in preferment.

"But a little higher, but a little higher, but a little higher. There, there, there lyes Cupids fire!"

Mist. T. But must this yong man, an 't please you madam, run by your coach all the way a foote?

Gir. I, by my faith, I warrant him; hee gives no other milke, as I have an other servant does.

Mist. T. Ahlas! tis eene pittie, mee thinks; for Gods sake, madam, buy him but a hobbie-horse; let the poore youth have something betwixt his legges to ease 'hem Alas! we must doe as we would be done too.

Gir. Goe too, hold your peace, dame; you talke like an olde foole, I tell you!

Enter PETRONELL *and* QUICKSILVER.

Pet. Wilt thou be gone, sweete Honny-suckle, before I can goe with thee?

Gir. I pray thee, sweete knight, let me; I doe so long to dresse up thy castle afore thou com'st. But I marle how my modest sister occupies her selfe this morning, that shee can not waite one me to my coach, as well as her mother.

Quick. Mary, madam, shee 's married by this time to Prentise Goulding. Your father, and some one more, stole to church with 'hem in all the haste, that the colde meate left at your wedding might serve to furnish their nuptiall table.

Gir. There 's no base fellowe, my father, now; but hee 's eene fit to father such a daughter: he must call me daughter no more now: but madam, and please you, madam; and please your worship, madam, indeed. Out upon him! marry his daughter to a base prentise!

Mist. T. What should one doe? Is there no lawe for one that marries a womans daughter against her will? How shall we punish him, madam?

Gyr. As I am a ladie, an't would snowe, weele so peble 'hem with snowe-bals as they come from church; but, sirra, Franck Quicksilver.

Quick. I, madam,

Gir. Dost remember since thou and I clapt what d'ye calls in the garret?

Quick. I know not what you meane, madam.

Gyr. "His head as white as milke, all flaxen was his haire;

But now he is dead, and laid in his bed,
And never will come againe."
God be at your labour!

Enter TOUCH., GOULDING, MILD., *with rosemary.*

Pet. Was there ever such a lady?

Quick. See, madam, the bridegrome!

Gyr. Gods my precious! God give you joy, mistresse What lake you? Now out upon thee, baggage! M sister married in a taffeta hat! Marie, hang you Westward with a wanion te'yee! Naie, I have done w ye, minion, then y'faith; never looke to have my coun tenance any more, nor any thing I can doe for the Thou ride in my coach, or come downe to my castle! fi upon thee! I charge thee in my ladiships name, cal m sister no more.

Touch. An 't please your worship, this is not your siste this is my daughter, and she cals me father, and so do not your ladiship, an 't please your worship, madam.

Mist. T. No, nor she must not call thee father b heraldrie, because thou mak'st thy prentise thy sonne a wel as shee. Ah! thou misprovde prentise, dar'st tho presume to marry a ladies sister?

Goul. It pleas'd my master, forsooth, to embolden m with his favour; and though I confesse my selfe far u worthy so worthy a wife (being in part her servant, as am your prentise), yet (since I may say it without boastin I am borne a gentleman, and by the trade I have learne of my maister (which I trust taints not my blood), abl with mine owne industrie and portion, to maintaine yo daughter. My hope is, Heaven will so blesse our humb beginning, that in the end I shal be no disgrace to th

grace with which my master hath bound me his double prentise.

Touch. Master mee no more, sonne, if thou think'st me worthy to be thy father.

Gir. Sun! Now, good Lord, how he shines! and you marke him, hee's a gentleman!

Goul. I, indeede, madam, a gentleman borne.

Pet. Never stand a' your gentrye, M. Bridgegrome; if your legges be no better than your armes, you 'le be able to stand upright on neither shortly.

Touch. An't please your good worshippe, sir, there are two sorts of gentlemen.

Pet. What mean you, sir?

Touch. Bold to put off my hat to your worshippe——

Pet. Nay, pray forbeare, sir, and then foorth with your two sorts of gentlemen.

Touch. If your worship wil have it so, I say there are two sorts of gentlemen. There is a gentleman artificial, and a gentleman naturall. Now, though your worship be a gentleman naturall: worke upon that now.

Quick. Wel said, olde Touch., I am proude to heare thee enter a set speech, yfaith; forth, I beseech thee.

Touch. Crie your mercie, sir, your worship's a gentleman I do not know. If you be one of my acquaintance, y 'are verie much disguisde, sir.

Quick. Go too, old Quipper; forth with thy speech, I say.

Touch. What, sir, my speeches were ever in vaine to your gratious worship; and therefore, till I speake to you gallantry indeed, I will save my breath for my broth anon. Come, my poore sonne and daughter, let us hide our selves in our poore humilitie, and live safe. Ambi-

tion consumes it selfe with the very show. Worke upon that now.

Gyr. Let him goe, let him goe, for Gods sake! let him make his prentise his sonne, for Gods sake! give away his daughter, for Gods sake! and when they come a begging to us for Gods sake, let 's laugh at their good husbandry for Gods sake! Farewell. Sweete knight, pray thee make haste after.

Pet. What shall I say?—I would not have thee goe.

Quick. No, O now, I must depart. "Parting though it absence move."

This dittie, knight, doe I see in thy lookes in capitall letters.

"What a griefe tis to depart, and leave the flower that has my heart?

My sweete lady, and alacke for woe, why should we part so."

Tell truth, knight, and shame all dissembling lovers; does not your paine lye on that side?

Pet. If it doe, canst tell me how I may cure it?

Quick. Excellent easily. Devide your selfe in two halfes, just by the girdlestead; send one halfe with your lady, and keepe the tother your selfe; or else do as all true lovers doe—part with your heart, and leave your body behind. I have seen 't done a hundred times: tis as easie a matter for a lover to part without a heart from his sweet-heart, and he nere the worse, as for a mouse to get from a trap and leave her taile behind him. See, here comes the writings.

Enter SECURITY *with a Scrivener.*

Sec. Good morrow to my worshipfull lady. I present your ladyship with this writing, to which if you please to

set your hand with your knights, a velvet gowne shall attend your journey a' my credit.

Gir. What writing is it, knight?

Pet. The sale (sweete-heart) of the poore tenement I told thee off, onely to make a little money to send thee downe furniture for my castle, to which my hand shall lead thee.

Gir. Very well. Now give me your pen, I pray.

Quick. It goes downe without chewing, y'faith.

Scri. Your worships deliver this as your deede?

Ambo. We doe.

Gir. So now, knight, farwell till I see thee.

Pet. All farewell to my sweet-heart!

Mist. T. God-boy, sonne knight.

Pet. Farewell, my good mother.

Gir. Farewell, Franck; I would faine take thee downe if I could.

Quick. I thanke your good ladiship; farewell, Mistress Sindefy. [*Exeunt.*

Pet. O tedious voyage, wherefore there is no ende! What will they thinke of me?

Quick. Thinke what they list. They long'd for a vagarie into the country, and now they are fitted. So a woman marry to ride in a coach, she cares not if she ride to her ruine. Tis the great end of many of their marriages. This is not first time a lady has ridde a false journey in her coach, I hope.

Pet. Nay, tis no matter, I care little what they thinke; hee that waies mens thoughts has his hands ful of nothing. A man, in the course of this world, should be like a surgions instrument—worke in the wounds of others, and feele nothing himselfe. The sharper and subtler, the better.

Quick. As it falls out now, knight, you shall not to devise excuses, or endure her out-cries, when s turnes: we shal now begone before, where they reach us.

Pet. Well, my kind compere, you have now th' ance wee both can make you; let me now intreat y money we agreed on may be brought to the Blew A near to Billingsgate, by sixe a clocke; where I ar chiefe friends, bound for this voyage, will with feast you.

Sec. The money, most honourable compere, shal out faile observe your appointed howre.

Pet. Thankes, my deere gossip. I must now im
To your approved love, a loving secret,
As one on whome my life doth more rely
In friendly trust then any man alive.
Nor shall you be the chosen secretary
Of my affections for affection onely:
For I protest (if God blesse my returne)
To make you partner in my actions gaine
As deepely as if you had ventur'd with mee
Halfe my expences. Know then, honest gossip,
I have injoyed with such divine contentment
A gentlewomans bedde whome you well know,
That I shall nere injoy this tedious voyage,
Nor live the lest part of time it asketh,
Without her presence: so I thirst and hunger
To taste the deare feast of her company.
And if the hunger and the thirst you vow
(As my sworne gossip) to my wished good
Be (as I know it is) unfaind and firme,
Do me an easie favour in your power.

Sec. Be sure, brave gossip, all that I can do,
To my best nerve, is wholy at your service.
Who is the woman (first) that is our friend?

Pet. The woman is your learned councels wife,
The lawyer, Maister Bramble; whom would you
Bring out this even in honest neighbourhood,
To take his leave with you, of me your gossip,
I, in the meane time, will send this my friend
Home to his house, to bring his wife disguis'd,
Before his face, into our companie;
For love hath made her looke for such a wile
To free her from this tyranous jelousie.
And I would take this course before another,
In stealing her away to make us sport,
And gull his circumspection the more grosely.
And I am sure that no man like your selfe
Hath credit with him to intise his jelousie
To so long stay abroad as may give time
To her enlardgement in such safe disguise.

Sec. A pretty, pithy, and most pleasant project!
Who would not straine a point of neighbour-hood
For such a point, de-vice? that as the shippe
Of famous Draco went about the world,
Will wind about the lawyer, compassing
The world himselfe; he hath it in his armes,
And thats enough for him, without his wife.
A lawyer is ambitious, and his head
Cannot be prais'de, nor raisde too high,
With any forcke of highest knavery.
Ile go fetch her straight. [*Exit* Security.

Pet. So, so. Now, Francke, go thou home to his house,

Stead of his lawyers, and bring his wife hether,
Who, just like to the lawyers wife, is prison'd
With eyes sterne usurous jelousie, which could never
Be over-reacht thus but with over-reaching.

Enter SECURITY.

Sec. And, M. Francis, watch you th' instant time
To enter with his exit: t' will be rare
To find hornd beasts!—a cammel and lawyer!

Quick. How the old villaine jopes in villany?

Sec. And harke you, gossip, when you have her here,
Have your bote ready, shippe her to your ship
With utmost hast, lest M. Bramble stay you.
To o're-reach that head that outreacheth all heads,
Tis a trick rampant!—tis a very quiblyn!
I hope this harvest to pitch cart with lawyers,
Their heads will be so forked. This slie tooche
Will get apes to invent a number such. [*Exit.*

Quick. Was ever rascall honnied so with poison?

"He that delights in slavish avarice,
Is apt to joy in every sort of vice."

Well, ile goe fetch his wife, whilst he the lawyers.

Pet. But stay, Franck; lets thinke how we may disguise her upon this sodaine.

Quick. Gods me! there 's the mischiefe! But harke you, her 's an excellent device: fore God, a rare one! I will carry her a sailers gowne and cap, and cover her, and a players beard.

Pet. And what upon her head?

Quick. I tell you, a saylers cap! Slight, God forgive me! what kind of figent memory have you?

Pet. Nay, then, what kind of figent wit hast thou?

. saylers cap?—how shall she put it off
Vhen thou presentst her to our company?
Quick. Tush, man, for that! Make her a sawcie sayler.
Pet. Tush, tush! tis no fit sawce for such sweete utton. I know not what t' advise.

Enter SECURITY, *with his Wives gowne.*

Sec. Knight, knight, a rare devise!
Pet. Swones, yet againe!
Quick. What stratageme have you now?
Sec. The best that ever. You talkt of disguising?
Pet. I, marry, gossip, thats our present care.
Sec. Cast care away then; here 's the best device
ore plaine Security (for I am no better)
thinke that ever liv'd: heer 's my wives gowne,
hich you may put upon the lawyers wife,
nd which I brought you, sir, for two great reasons:
ne is, that Maister Bramble may take hold
f some suspicion that it is my wife,
nd gird me so perhappes with his law wit;
ie other (which is policy indeed)
, that my wife may now be tied at home,
aving no more but her olde gowne abroad,
id not showe me a quirck, whiles I fyrke others.
not this rare?
Ambo. The best that ever was.
Sec. Am I not borne to furnish gentlemen?
Pet. O my deare gossip!
Sec. Well hold, Maister Francis, watch when the yer 's out, and put it in. And now I will go fetch him.
[*Exit.*
Quick. O my dad! hee goes as 'twere the devill to

fetch the lawyer; and devill shall he be, if hornes will make him.

Pet. Why, how now, gossip?—why stay you there musing?

Sec. A toy, toy runnes in my hed, yfaith.

Quick. A pox of that head! is there more toyes yet?

Pet. What is it, pray thee, gossip?

Sec. Why, sir, what if you should slip away now with my wives best gowne, I having no security for it?

Quick. For that I hope, dad, you will take our words.

Sec. I, by th' masse, your word—thats a proper staffe
For wise Security to leane upon!
But tis no matter, once ile trust my name
On your crakt credits; let it take no shame.
Fetch the wench, Francke. [*Exit.*

Quick. Ile waite upon you, sir,
And fetch you over, you were never so fetcht.
Go to the taverne, knight; your followers
Dare not be drunke, I thinke, before their captaine. [*Exit.*

Pet. Would I might lead them to no hotter service,
Til our Virginian gould were in our purses! [*Exit.*

Enter SEAGULL, SPENDAL, *and* SCAPETHRIFT, *in the Taverne, with a Drawer.*

Sea. Come, drawer, pierce your neatest hogsheads, and lets have cheare—not fit for your Billingsgate taverne, but for our Virginian colonel; he will be here instantly.

Draw. You shal have al things fit, sir; please you have any more wine?

Spend. More wine, slave! whether we drinke it or no, spill it, and drawe more.

Scap. Fill al the pottes in your house with al sorts of

licour, and let 'hem waite on us here like souldiers in their pewter coates; and though we doe not emploie them now, yet we will maintaine 'hem till we doe.

Draw. Said like an honourable captaine; you shal have al you can commaund, sir. [*Exit* Drawer.

Sea. Come, boyes, Virginia longs till we share the rest of her maiden-head.

Spend. Why, is she inhabited alreadie with any English?

Sea. A whole countrie of English is there, man, bread of those that were left there in '79; they have married with the Indians, and make 'hem bring forth as beautifull faces as any we have in England; and therefore the Indians are so in love with 'hem, that all the treasure they have they lay at their feete.

Scap. But is there such treasure there, captaine, as I have heard?

Sea. I tell thee, golde is more plentifull there then copper is with us; and for as much redde copper as I can bring, Ile have thrise the waight in gold. Why, man, all their dripping-pans and their chamber-potts are pure gould; and all the chaines with which they chaine up their streets are massie gold; all the prisoners they take are feterd in gold; and for rubies and diamonds, they goe forth on holydayes and gather 'hem by the sea-shore, to hang on their childrens coates, and sticke in their childrens caps, as commonly as our children weare saffron-gilt brooches and groates with hoales in 'hem.

Scap. And is it a pleasant countrie withall?

Sea. As ever the sunne shind on: temperate and ful of all sorts of excellent viands; wilde bore is as common there as our tamest bacon is here; venison, as mutton.

And then you shall live freely there, without sargeants, or courtiers, or lawyers, or intelligencers. Then for your meanes to advancement, there it is simple, and not preposterously mixt. You may bee an alderman there, and never be scavinger; you may bee any other officer, and never be a slave. You may come to preferment enough, and never be a pandar; to riches and fortune enough, and have never the more villanie nor the lesse witte. Besides, there wee shall have no more law then conscience, and not too much of eyther; serve God enough, eate and drinke inough, and "enough is as good as a feast."

Spend. Gods me! and how farre is it thether?

Sea. Some six weekes saile, no more, with any indifferent good winde. And if I get to any part of the coaste of Affrica, ile saile thether with any winde; or when I come to Cape Finister, ther 's a foreright winde continuall wafts us till we come to Virginia. See, our collonell's come.

Enter Sir PETRONELL *with his followers.*

Pet. Well met, good Captaine Seagull, and my noble gentlemen! Now the sweete houre of our freedome is at hand. Come, drawer, fill us some carowses, and prepare us for the mirth that will be occasioned presently. Here will be a pretty wenche, gentlemen, that will beare us company all our voyage.

Sea. Whatsoever she be, here 's to her health, noble colonell, both with cap and knee.

Pet. Thankes, kinde Captain Seagull; shee 's one I love dearly, and must not be knowne till we be free from all that knowe us. And so, gentleman, heer 's to her health.

Ambo. Let it come, worthy collonnell; "Wee doe hunger and thirst for it."

Pet. Afore Heaven! you have hitte the phrase of one that her presence will touch from the foote to the forhead, if yee knew it,

Spend. Why, then, we will not joyne his forhead with her health, sir; and Captaine Scapethrift, heer's to them both.

Enter SECURITIE *and* BRAMBLE.

Sec. See, see, Maister Bramble; fore Heaven! their voyage cannot but prosper; they are o' their knees for successe to it!

Bram. And they pray to God Bacchus.

Sec. God save my brave colonell, with all his tall captaines and corporalls! See, sir, my worshipfull learned counsaile, M. Bramble, is come to take his leave of you.

Pet. Worshipful M. Bramble, how farre doe you draw us into the sweete bryer of your kindnes? Come, Captain Seagul, another health to this rare Bramble that hath never a pricke about him.

Sea. I pledge his most smooth disposition, sir. Come, Maister Securitie, bend your supporters, and pledge this notorious health here.

Sec. Bend you your likewise, M. Bramble; for it is you shall pledge me.

Sea. Not so, M. Securitie, he must not pleadge his owne health.

Sec. No, Maister Captaine.

Enter QUICKESILVER, *with* WINNY *disguised.*

Why, then, here's one is fitly come to doe him that honour.

Quick. Here 's the gentlewoman, your cosin, sir, with much entreatie I have brought to take her le you in a taverne; ashamed whereof, you must pard if she put not off her maske.

Pet. Pardon me, sweet cosen; my kinde desire you before I went, made me so importunate to e your presence here.

Sec. How now, M. Francis, have you honour' presence with a faire gentlewoman?

Quick. Pray, sir, take you no notice of her, for sl not be knowne to you.

Sec. But my learn'd counsaile, M. Bramble h hope may know her.

Quick. No more then you, sir, at this time; his ing must pardon her.

Sec. Well, God pardon her for my part, and I be sworne; and so, Maister Francis, heer 's to all t going eastward to-night towards Cuckolds Haven so to the health of Maister Bramble.

Quick. I pledge it, sir; hath it gone round, capt

Sea. It has, sweet Franck; and the round close thee.

Quick. Well, sir, here 's to al eastward, and cuckolds, and so to famous Cuckolds Haven, so fat membred. [

Pet. Nay, pray thee, coz, weepe not, gossip Secu

Sec. I, my brave gossip.

Pet. A word, I beseech you, sir; our friend, Mi Bramble here, is so dissolv'd in teares, that she the whole mirth of our meeting. Sweet gossip, ta aside and comfort her.

Sec. Pitty of all true love, Mistresse Bramble;

weepe you to injoy your love? Whats the cause, lady? ist because your husband is so neere, and your heart earnes to have a little abus'd him! Ahlas, ahlas! the offence is too common to bee respected. So great a grace hath seldome chanc'd to so unthankfull a woman, to be rid of an old jealous dotard; to injoy the armes of a loving young knight, that when your prick-lesse Bramble is withered with griefe of your losse, will make you florish a fresh in the bed of a lady.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir Petronel, here 's one of your watermen come to tell you it wil be flood these three howres; and that 'twill be dangerous going against the tide, for the skie is overcast, and there was a porpisce even now seene at London Bridge, which is alwayes the messenger of tempests, he sayes.

Pet. A porpisce!—whats that to th' purpose? Charge him, if hee love his life, to attend us; can we not reach Blackwall (where my ship lies) against the tide, and in spight of tempests? Captaynes and gentlemen, wee 'll begin a new ceremonie at the beginning of our voyage, which I beleeve will be followed of all future adventures.

Sea. Whats that, good colonell?

Pet. This, Captaine Seagull. Wee'll have our provided supper brought a bord Sir Francis Drakes ship, that hath compast the world, where, with full cups and banquets, wee will doe sacrifice for a prosperous voyage. My mind gives me that some good spirits of the waters should haunt the desart ribs of her, and be auspicious to all that

honour her memory, and will with like orgies enter their voyages.

Sea. Rarely concepted! One health more to this motion, and aboard to performe it. He that wil not this night be drunke, may he never be sober.

[*They compasse in* Wynnifrid, *daunce the dronken round, and drinke carowses.*

Bram. Sir Petronell and his honourable captaines, in these young services we old servitors may be spared. We onely came to take our leaves, and with one health to you all, Ile be bold to do so. Here, neighbour Security, to the health of Sir Petronell and all his captaines.

Sec. You must bend then, Maister Bramble; so now I am for you. I have one corner of my braine, I hope, fit to beare one carouse more. Here, lady, to you that are incompast there, and are asham'd of our company. Ha, ha, ha! by my troth, my learnd counsaile, Maister Bramble, my mind runnes so to Cuckholdes Haven to-night, that my head runnes over with admiration.

Bram. But is not that your wife, neighbour?

Sec. No, by my troth, Maister Bramble. Ha, ha, ha! a pox of all Cuckholds Havens, I say.

Bram. A' my faith, her garments are exceeding like your wives.

Sec. Cucullus non facit Monachum, my learned counsaile; all are not cuckholds that seeme so, nor al seeme not that are so. Give me your hand, my learned counsaile, you and I will suppe some where else then at Sir Francis Drakes ship to-night. Adue, my noble gossip.

Bram. Good fortune, brave captaines; faire skies God send you!

Omnes. Farewell, my hearts, farewell!

Pet. Gossip, laugh no more at Cuckholds Haven, gossip.

Sec. I have done, I have done, sir; will you lead Maister Bramble? Ha, ha, ha! [*Ex.*

Pet. Captaine Seagull, charge a boate.

Omnes. A boate, a boate, a boate! [*Exeunt.*

Dra. Y' are in a proper taking indeed, to take a boate, especially at this time of night, and against tide and tempest. They say yet, "Drunken men never take harme." This night will trie the truth of that proverbe. [*Exit.*

Enter SECURITIE.

Sec. What, Winny?—wife, I say? out of dores at this time! where should I seeke the gad-flie? Billinsgate, Billinsgate, Billinsgate! Shee 's gone with the knight, shee 's gone with the knight; woe be to the Billingsgate! A boate, a boate, a boate, a full hundred markes for a boate! [*Exit.*

ACTUS QUARTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter SLITGUT, *with a paire of oxe hornes, discovering Cuckholds Haven above.*

Slit. ALL haile, faire haven of married men onely! for there are none but married men cuckolds. For my part, I presume not to arrive here, but in my maisters behalfe (a poore butcher of East-cheape), who sends me to set up (in honour of Saint Luke) these necessary ensignes of his homage. And up I gat this morning, thus early, to get up to the top of this famous tree, that is all fruite and no leaves, to advance this crest of my maisters occupation. Up then, Heaven and Saint Luke blesse me, that I be not blown into the Thames as I clime, with this furious tempest! Slight! I thinke the divell be abroade, in likenesse of a storme, to robbe me of my hornes! Harke how he roares. Lord! what a coyle the Thames keeps! shee beares some unjust burthen, I beleeve, that shee kicks and curvets thus to cast it. Heaven blesse all honest passengers that are upon her back now; for the bitte is out of her mouth, I see, and shee will runne away with 'hem! So, so, I thinke I have made it looke the right way; it runnes against London Bridge (as it were) even full butt. And nowe let me discover from this lofty

ırospect, what pranckes the rude Thames plaies in her lesperate lunacie. O me! heers a boate has beene cast ıway hard by. Alas, alas! see one of her passengers abouring for his life to land at this haven here! pray Ieaven hee may recover it! His next land is even just ınder me; hold out a little, whatsoever thou art; pray, ınd take a good heart to thee. Tis a man; take a mans ıeart to thee yet; a little further, get up a' thy leggs, nan; now tis shallow enought. So, so, so. Alas! hee 's lowne againe. Hold thy winde, father: tis a man in a ıight-cap. So! now hee's got up againe; now hee 's past he worst: yet, thankes be to Heaven, he comes toward ne prety and strongly.

Enter SECURITY *without his hat, in an night-cap, wett band, &c.*

Sec. Heaven, I beseech thee, how have I offended thee! vhere am I cast a shore now, that I may goe a righter ıay home by land? Let me see; O I am scarce able to ɔoke about me: where is there any sea marke that I am cquainted with all?

Slit. Looke up, father, are you acquainted with this ıarke?

Sec. What! landed at Cuckolds Haven! Hell and amnation! I will runne backe and drowne my selfe.

[*He falls downe.*

Slit. Poore man, how weake he is! the weake water as washt away his strength.

Sec. Landed at Cuckholds Haven! If it had not bin ı die twenty times alive, I shold never have scapt death! wil never arise more; I wil grovell here, and eate durt

til I be choakt; I will make the gentle earth do that the cruell water has denied me!

Slit. Alas! good father, be not so desperate! Rise, man; if you wil, ile come presently and lead you home.

Sec. Home! shall I make any know my home, that has knowne me thus abrode? How lowe shal I crouch away, that noe eye may see me! I wil creepe on the earth while I live, and never looke heaven in the face more!

[*Exit creeping.*

Slit. What young planet raignes now troe, that old men are so foolish? What desperate young swaggerer would have beene abroad such a weather as this, upon the water? Ay me! see another remnant of this unfortunate ship-wrack, or some other. A woman, yfaith, a woman; though it be almost at S. Katherns, I discerne it to be a woman, for al her body is above the water, and her cloths swim about her most handsomely. O, they beare her up most bravely! has not a woman reason to love the taking up of her cloaths the better while she lives, for this? Alas! how busie the rude Thames is about her! A pox a' that wave! it will drowne her, yfaith, twill drowne her! Crye God mercy, shee has scapt it—I thank Heaven she has scapt it! O how she swims like a mermaid! some vigilant body looke out and save her. Thats well said; just where the priest fell in, theres one sets downe a ladder, and goes to take her up. Gods blessing a thy heart, boy! Now take her up in thy armes and to bed with her; shees up, shees up! Shees a beautifull woman, I warrant her; the billowes durst not devoure her.

Enter the Drawer in the Taverne before, with WINNIFRID.

Dra. How fare you now, lady?

Wyn. Much better, my good friend, then I wish; as one desperate of her fame, now my life is preserved.

Dra. Comfort your selfe: that Power that preserved you from death, can likewise defend you from infamie, howsoever you deserve it. Were not you one that tooke bote late this night, with a knight and other gentlemen at Billings-gate?

Wyn. Unhappy that I am, I was.

Dra. I am glad it was my good happe to come downe thus farre after you, to a house of my friends heere in S. Katherines, since I am now happily made a meane to your rescue from the ruthlesse tempest, which (when you tooke boate) was so extreame, and the gentleman that brought you forth so desperate and unsober, that I fear'd long ere this I should heare of your ship-wracke, and therefore (with little other reason) made thus farre this way. And this I must tell you, since perhaps you may make use it, there was left behind you at our taverne, brought by a porter (hir'd by the young gentleman that brought you), a gentlewomans gowne, hat, stockins, and shooes; which if they bee yours, and you please to shift you, taking a hard bed here in this house of my friend, I will presently go fetch you.

Wyn. Thankes, my good friend, for your more then good newes. The gowne with all things bound with it are mine; which if you please to fetch as you have promist, I will bouldly receive the kinde favour you have offered, till your returne; intreating you, by all the good you have done in preserving mee hitherto, to let none take knowledge of what favour you do me, or where such a one as I am bestowed, least you incurre me much more damage in my fame then you have done mee pleasure in preserving my life.

Dra. Come in, lady, and shift your selfe; resolve that nothing but your owne pleasure shall be usde in your discovery.

Wyn. Thanke you, good friend; the time may come when I shall requite you. [*Exeunt.*

Slit. See, see, see! I hold my life, there's some other taking up at Wapping now! Looke, what a sort of people cluster about the gallows there! in good troth it is so. O me! a fine young gentleman! What, and taken up at the gallowes! Heaven graunt he be not one day taken downe there! A, my life it is ominous! Well, he is delivered for the time; I see the people have al left him; yet wil I keepe my prospect a while, to see if any more have bin ship-wrackt.

Enter QUICKSILVER, *bare head.*

Quick. Accurs't that ever I was sav'd or borne!
How fatall is my sad arrival here!
As if the starres and Providence spake to me,
And said, "The drift of all unlawfull courses
(What ever end they dare propose themselves,
In frame of their licentious policyes),
In the firme order of just destinie,
They are the ready high wayes to our ruines."
I know not what to doe; my wicked hopes
Are, with this tempest, torne up by the rootes.
O! which way shall I bend my desperate steppes,
In which unsufferable shame and miserie
Will not attend them? I will walke this banck,
And see if I can méete the other reliques
Of our poore ship-wrackt crew, or heare of them.
The knight, alas! was so farre gone with wine,

And th' other three, that I refusde their boate,
And tooke the haplesse woman in another,
Who cannot but be suncke, what ever fortune
Hath wrought upon the others desperate lives.

Enter PETRONEL *and* SEAGUL, *bareheaded.*

Pet. Zounds! captaine, I tell thee, we are cast up o'the coast of France. Sfoote! I am not drunke still, I hope. Dost remember where we were last night?

Sea. No, by my troth, knight, not I; but me thinks we have bin a horrible while upon the water and in the water.

Pet. Aye mee! we are undone for ever! Hast any money about thee?

Sea. Not a penny, by Heaven!

Pet. Not a penny betwixt us, and cast ashore in France!

Sea. Faith, I cannot tell that; my braines nor mine eyes are not mine owne yet.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Pet. Sfoote! wilt not beleeve me? I know 't by th' elevation of the pole, and by the altitude and latitude of the climate. See, here comes a coople of French gentlemen; I knew we were in France; dost thou think our Englishmen are so Frenchyfied, that a man knowes not whether he be in France or in England, when he sees 'hem? What shall we do? We must eene to 'hem, and intreat some reliefe of 'hem. Life is sweete, and wee have no other meanes to relieve our lives now but their charities.

Sea. Pray you, do you beg an 'hem then; you can speak French.

Pet. Monsieur, plaist il davoir pity de nostre grande

infortunes. Je suis un poure chevalier d'Angleterre qui a suffril infortune de naufrage.

1 *Gen.* Un poure chevalier d'Angliterre?

Pet. Oui, monsieur, i'l est trop vray; mais vous scaves bien nous somes toutes subject à fortune.

2 *Gen.* A poore knight of England?—a poore knight of Windsore, are you not? Why speake you this broken French, when y'are a whole Englishman? On what coast are you, thinke you?

1 *Gen.* On the coast of Dogges, sir; y'are ith' Ile a Dogges, I tel you I see y'ave bin washt in the Thames here, and I beleeve yee were drownd in a taverne before, or els you would never have toke boat in such a dawning as this was. Farewell, farewel; we wil not know you for shaming of you. I ken the man weel; hees one of my thirty pound knights.

2 *Gen.* Now this is hee that stole his knighthood o'the grand day for foure pound giving to a page; al the monie in's purse, I wot wel. [*Exeunt.*

Sea. Death! collonel, I knew you were over-shot!

Pet. Sure I thinke now, indeed, Captaine Seagul, we were some thing over-shot.

Enter QUICKESILVER.

What! my sweete Franck Quicksilver! does thou survive to rejoyce me? But what! no body at thy heels, Franck? Ay mee! what is become of poore Mistresse Security?

Quick. Faith, gone quite from her name, as shee is from her fame, I thinke; I left her to the mercie of the water.

Sea. Let her goe, let her goe! Let us go to our ship at Blackwall, and shift us.

Pet. Nay, by my troth, let our cloaths rotte upon us, and let us rotte in them; twenty to one our ship is attacht by this time! If we set her not undersaile this last tide, I never looke for any other. Woe, woe is me! what shall become of us? The last money we could make, the greedy Thams has devoured; and if our ship be attacht, there is no hope can relieve us.

Quick. Sfoot! knight, what an unknightly faintnesse transports thee! Let our shippe sincke, and all the world thats without us be taken from us, I hope I have some trickes in this braine of mine shall not let us perish.

Sea. Wel said, Franck, yfaith. O, my nimble-spirited Quicksilver! Foregod! would thou hadst beene our collonell!

Pet. I like his spirit rarely; but I see no meanes he has to support that spirit.

Quick. Go too, knight! I have more meanes then thou art aware off. I have not liv'd amongst gouldsmiths and gouldmakers all this while, but I have learned something worthy of my time with 'hem. And not to let thee stincke wherh thou standst, knight, Ile let thee know some of my skill presently.

Sea. Doe, good Francke, I beseech thee.

Quick. I will blanch copper so cunningly that it shall endure all proofees but the test: it shall endure malleation, it shall have the ponderositie of Luna, and the tenacity of Luna—by no means friable.

Pet. Slight! where learnst thou these tearmes, tro?

Quick. Tush, knight! the tearmes of this art every quack-salver is perfect in; but ile tell you how your selfe shall blanch copper thus cunningly. Take arsnicke, otherwise called realga (wkich indeed is plaine ratsbane);

sublime 'hem three or foure times, then take the sublimat of this realga, and put 'hem into a glasse, into chymis and let them have a convenient decoction natural, foure and-twenty howres, and he wil become perfectly fixt; the take this fixed powder, and project him upon wel-purg copper, *et habebis magisterium.*

Ambo. Excellent Franck, let us hugge thee!

Quick. Nay, this I wil do besides: Ile take you of twelve pence from every angell, with a kinde of aqua fortis and never deface any part of the image.

Pet. But then it will want weight.

Quick. You shall restore that thus: Take your sa achime prepar'd, and your distild urine, and let you angels lie in it but foure-and-twenty houres, and they shall have their perfect weight againe. Come on now; holde this is enough to put some spirit into the livers o you; Ile infuse more an other time. Wee have salute the proud ayre long enough with our bare skonces; now will I have you to a wenches house of mine at London there make shift to shift us, and after, take such fortune as the starres shall assign us.

Ambo. Notable Franck, we will ever adore thee!

[*Exeunt*

Enter Drawer, with WYNNIFRID *new attired.*

Win. Now, sweete friend, you have brought me neer enough your taverne, which I desired I might with som colour bee seene neare, inquiring for my husband, who must tell you stole thether the last night with my we gowne we have left at your friends, which, to continu your former honest kindnes, let me pray you to keep close from the knowledge of any; and so, with all vow o

your requitall, let me now entreat you to leave me to my womans wit and fortune.

Draw. Al shal be done you desire; and so al the fortune you can wish for, attend you. [*Exit* Drawer.

Enter SECURITY.

Sec. I wil once more to this unhapyy taverne before I shift one ragge of me more; that I may there know what is left behind, and what newes of their passengers. I have bought me a hat and band with the little money I had about me, and made the streats a litle leave staring at my night-cap.

Wyn. O, my deare husband! where have you bin to-night? All night abroade at tavernes! Rob me of my garments! and fare as one run away from me! Ahlas! is this seemely for a man of your credit, of your age, and affection to your wife?

Sec. What should I say?—how miruculously sorts this?—was not I at home, and cald thee last night?

Win. Yes, sir, the harmelesse sleepe you broke; and my answer to you would have witnest it, if you had had the patience to have staid and answered me; but your so sodain retrait made me imagine you were gone to M. Brambles, and so rested patient and hopefull of your comming againe, till this your unbeleeved absence brought me abrode with no less than wonder, to seeke you where the false knight had carried you.

Sec. Villaine and monster that I was! how have I abus'd thee? I was suddenly gone indeed; for my sodaine jelousie transferred me. I will say no more but this: deare wife, I suspected thee.

Wyn. Did you suspect me?

Sec. Talke not of it, I beseech thee; I am ashamed to imagine it. I will home, and every morning on my knees aske thee heartelie, forgivenesse. [*Exeunt.*

Now will I descend my honourable prospect; the farthyest seeing sea mark of the world; noe marvaile, then, if I could see two miles about me. I hope the redde tempests anger be nowe over blowne, which sure, I thinke, Heaven sent as a punishment for prophaning holie Saint Lukes memorie with so ridicolous a custome. Thou dishonest satire! farewell to honest married men, farewell to all sorts and degrees of thee! Farewell, thou horne of hunger, that calst th' innes a court to their manger! Farewell, thou horne of aboundance, that adornest the headsmen of the common wealth! Farewell, thou horne of direction, that is the Citty lanthorne! Farewell, thou horne of pleasure, the ensigne of the huntsman! Farewell, thou horne of destiny, th' ensigne of the married man! Farewell, thou horne tree, that bearest nothing but stone-fruite! [*Exit.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Touch. Ha, sirah! thinkes my knight adventurer we can no point of our compasse? Doe wee not knowe north-north-east, north-east-and-by-east, east-and-by-north? nor plaine eastward? Ha! have we never heard of Virginia? nor the Canallaria? nor the Colonoria? Can we discover no discoveries? Well, mine errant Sir Flash, and my runnagate Quicksilver, you may drinke dronke, cracke cannes, hurle away a browne dozen of Monmouth capps or so, in sea ceremony to your *bone voyage*; but for reaching any coast, save the coast of Kent or Essex, with this tide, or with this fleete, Ile bee your warrant for a Gravesend tost. Ther 's that gone afore will stay your

admirall and vice-admirall and rere-admirall, were they all (as they are) but one pinnace, and under saile, as well as a Romôra, doubt it not; and from this sconce, without either pouder or shot. Worke upon that now. Nay, and you 'le shew trickes, weele vie with you a little. My daughter, his lady, was sent eastward by land, to a castle of his, i' the aire (in what region I know not), and (as I heare) was glad to take up her lodging in her coach, she and her two waiting-women, her mayd, and her mother, like three snailes in a shell, and the coachman a-topp on 'hem, I thinke, since they have al found the way backe againe, by Weeping Crosse; but ile not see 'hem. And for two of 'hem, madam and her malkin, they are like to bite o' the bridle for William, as the poore horses have done all this while they hurried 'hem, or else to graze o' the common. So should my Dame Touchstone too; but she has beene my crosse these 30 yeeres, and ile now keepe her to fright away sprights, yfaith. I wonder I heare no newes of my sonne Golding. Hee was sent for to the Guild-hall this morning betimes, and I marvaile at the matter; if I had not laide up comfort and hope in him I should growe desperate of all. See! he is come i' my thought. How now, sonne? What newes at the Court of Aldermen?

Enter GOLDING.

Goul. Troth, sir, an accident some what strange, els it hath litle in it worth reporting.

Touch. What—it is not borrowing of money, then?

Goul. No, sir; it hath pleasde the worshipful commoners of the Cittie to take me one i' their number at presentation of the inquest ——

Touch. Ha!

Goul. And the alderman of the warde wherein I dwel tc appoint me his deputy ——

Touch. How?

Goul. In which place I have had an oath ministred me since I went.

Touch. Now, my deare and happy sonne, let me kisse thy newe worship, and a little boast mine owne happines in thee. What a fortune was it (or rather my judgment indeed) for me, first to see that in his disposition which t whole city so conspires to second! Tane into the livori of his company the first day of his freedome! Now (no a weeke married) chosen commoner and aldermans deputy in a day! Note but the reward of a thriftie course! Th wonder of his time! Well, I wil honour M. Alderman fo this act (as becomes me), and shall thinke the better of th Common Councels wisdom and worship while I live, fo thus meeting, or but comming after me, in the opinion o his desert. Forward, my sufficient sonne! and as this i the first, so esteeme it the least step to that high and prime honour that expects thee.

Goul. Sir, as I was not ambitious of this, so I covet n higher place; it hath dignity enough, if it will but save me from contempt; and I had rather my bearing in thi or any other office should adde worth to it, then the plac give the least opinion to me.

Touch. Excellently spoken! This modest answer o thine blushes, as if it said, I wil weare scarlet shortly Worshipfull sonne! I cannot containe my selfe, I must tell thee; I hope to see thee one o' the monuments of our citty, and reckon'd among her worthies to be remembred the same day with the Lady Ramsey and grave Gresham,

when the famous fable of Whittington and his pusse shal be forgotten, and thou and thy acts become the posies for hospitals; when thy name shall be written upon conduits, and thy deeds plaid i' thy lifetime by the best companies of actors, and be calld their get-penie. This I divine and prophesie.

Goul. Sir, engage not your expectation farder then my abilities wil answer; I, that know mine own strengths, feare 'hem; and there is so seldom a losse in promising the least, that commonly it brings with it a welcome deceipt. I have other newes for you, sir.

Touch. None more welcome, I am sure?

Gould. They have their degree of welcome, I dare affirme. The colonell and al his company, this morning putting forth drunk from Belingsgate, had like to have beene cast away o' this side Greenwich, and (as I have intelligence by a false brother) are come dropping to towne like so many maisterless men, 'itheir doublets and hose, without hat, or cloake, or any other ——

Touch. A miracle! the justice of Heaven! Where are they? lets goe presently and lay for 'hem.

Goul. I have done that already, sir, both by constables and other officers, who shall take 'hem at their old Anchor, and with less tumult or suspition then if your selfe were seene int—and under colour of a great presse that is now abroad, and they shall here be brought afore me.

Touch. Prudent and politique sonne! Disgrace 'hem all that ever thou canst; their ship I have already arrested. Howe to my wish it fals out, that thou hast the place of a justicer upon them! I am partly glad of the injurie done to me, that thou maist punish it. Be severe ithy place, like a new officer o the first quarter, un-

reflected. You heare how our lady is come back with her traine, from the invisible castle?

Goul. No; where is she?

Touch. Within; but I ha not seene her yet, nor her mother, who now beginnes to wish her daughter undubd, they say, and that she had walked a foot-pase with her sister. Here they come; stand back.

TOUCHSTONE, *Mistresse* TOUCHSTONE, GIRTRUDE, GOULDING, MILDRED, SYNDEFY.

God save your lidiship—save your good ladiship! Your ladiship is welcome from your inchanted castle, so are your beatious retinew. I heare your knight errant is traveld on strange adventures. Surely, in my mind, your ladiship hath "fisht faire, and caught a frogge," as the saying is.

Mist. T. Speake to your father, madam, and kneele downe.

Gir. Kneele? I hope I am not brought so low yet; though my knight be run away, and has sold my land, I am a lady still.

Touch. Your ladiship saies true, madam; and it is fitter and a greater decorum, that I should curtsie to you that are a knights wife and a lady, then you be brought a your knees to me, who am a poore cullion and your father.

Gir. Low!—my father knowes his duty.

Mist. T. O, child!

Touch. And therefore I doe desire your ladiship, my good Lady Flash, in all humility, to depart my obscure cottage, and returne in quest of your bright and most trantsparent castell, how ever presently conceald to mortall

s. And as for one poore woman of your traine here, I ll take that order, shee shall no longer be a charge unto u, nor helpe to spend your ladiship; she shall stay at me with me, and not goe abroad, nor put you to the wning of an odde coach-horse or three wheeles, but ke part with the Touchstones. If we lacke, we wil not mplaine to your ladiship. And so, good madam, with ur damosell here, please you to let us see your straight cks in equipage; for truly here is no roust for such ickens as you are, or birds o' your feather, if it like your diship.

Gir. Mary, fyste o' your kindnesse! I thought as uch. Come away, Sinne, we shall as soone get a fart om a dead man as a farthing of court'sie here.

Mil. O, good sister!

Gir. Sister Sir Reverence! Come away, I say, hunger ops out at his nose.

Goul. O, madam, "Faire words never hurt the ngue."

Gir. Howe say you by that? You come out with ur golde ends now!

Mist. T. Stay, lady-daughter; good husband!

Touch. Wife, no man loves his fetters, be they made of ld. I list not ha' my head fastned under my childs rdle; as shee has brew'd, so let her drinke, a Gods me. She went witlesse to wedding, now she may goe isely a begging. It 's but hony-moone yet with her ladi-ip; she has coach horses, apparel, jewels yet left; she eds care for no friends, nor take knowledg of father, other, brother, sister, or any body. When those are wn'd or spent, perhaps we shall returne into the list of r acquaintance.

Gir. I scorne it, ifaith. Come, Sinne. [*Exit*

Mist. T. O, madam, why doe you provoke your f thus?

Touch. Nay, nay, eene let pride go afore; sham follow after, I warrant you. Come, why doest thou v now? Thou are not the first good cow hast had calfe, I trust. What 's the newes with that fellow?

Enter Constable.

Gou. Sir, the knight and your man Quicksilve without; will 'hem brought in?

Touch. O, by any meanes. And, sonne, hee chaire; appeare terrible unto 'hem on the first enter Let them behold the melancholy of a magistrate, taste the fury of a citizen in office.

Gou. Why, sir, I can do nothing to 'hem, except charge them with somewhat.

Touch. I will charge 'hem and recharge 'hem, t then authoritie should want foile to set it off.

Gou. No, good sir, I wil not.

Touch. Sonne, it is your place; by any meanes —

Gou. Beleeve it, I will not, sir.

Enter Knight PETRONELL, QUICKSILVER, *Consta Officers.*

Pet. How misfortune pursues us still in our mise

Quick. Would it had bin my fortune to have bin up at Wapping, rather then ever ha come here!

Pet. Or mine to have famisht in the iland!

Quick. Must Goulding sit upon us?

Con. You might carry an M. under your girdle t Deputies worship.

Gou. What are those, Mr. Constable?

Con. An 't please your worship, a couple of maisterles men, I prest for the Low Countries, sir.

Gou. Why do you not carry 'hem to Bridewell according to your order, they may be shipt away?

Con. An 't please your worship, one of hem says he is a knight; and we thought good to shew him your worship, for our discharge.

Gou. Which is he?

Con. This, sir.

Gou. And what 's the other?

Con. A knights fellow, sir, an 't please you.

Gou. What, a knight and his fellow thus accoutred? Where are their hats and feathers, their rapiers and cloakes?

Quick. O, they mock us!

Con. Nay, truely, sir, they had cast both their feathers and hattes too, before we did see 'hem. Here's all their furniture, an 't please you, that we found. They say, knights are now to be knowne without feathers, like cockrels by their spurres, sir.

Gou. What are their names, say they?

Touch. Very wel this. He should not take knowledge of 'hem in his place, indeed.

Con. This is Sir Petronell Flash.

Touch. How!

Con. And this Francis Quickesilver.

Touch. Is 't possible? I thought your worship had beene gone for Virginia, sir; you are welcome home, sir. Your worshippe haz made a quicke returne, it seemes, and no doubt a good voyage. Nay, pray you be cover'd, sir. How did your bisquet hold out, sir? Me thought I had seene this gentleman afore—good M. Quickesilver! How a degree to the *southward* haz chang'd you!

Gou. Doe you know 'hem, father? Forb offers a little, you shall be heard anone.

Touch. Yes, M. Deputie; I had a small ve them in the voyage—a thing call'd a son-in-l Officers, you may let 'hem stand alone, they will away; Ile give my word for them. A coup honest gentlemen. One of 'hem was my pr Quicksilver here; and when he had two yeare kept his whore and his hunting nag, would pla dred pound at gresco, or primero, as familiarl a' my purse) as any bright peece of crimson on had his changeable trunks of apparel standing with his mare, his chest of perfumed linnen bathing tubs, which when I told him of, why he a gentleman, and I a poore Cheapeside groc remedy was, we must part. Since when, he ha gift of gathring up som smal parcells of mine, t of five hundred pound disperst among my cus furnish this his Virginian venture; wherein t was the chief, Sir Flash—one that married a d mine, ladified her, turnd two thousand pounds good land of hers into cash within the first wee her a new gowne and a coach; sent her to seek l by land, whilst himselfe prepared for his fortu tooke in fresh flesh at Belinsgate, for his own serve him the whole voyage—the wife of a certa calld Securitie, who hath been the broker for ' this businesse. Please, Maister Deputie, worke now.

Gou. If my worshipfull father have ended.

Touch. I have, it shall please Mr. Deputy.

Gou. Well then, under correction ——

Touch. Now, son, come over 'hem with some fine guird, as thus, "Knight, you shall be encountred," that is, had to the Counter; or, "Quicke-silver, I will put you in a crucible," or so.

Gou. Sir Petronell Flash, I am sorry to see such flashes as these proceede from a gentleman of your quality and rancke; for mine own part, I could wish, I could say, I could not see them; but such is the misery of magistrates and men in place, that they must not winke at offenders. Take him aside; I will heare you anone, sir.

Touch. I like this well yet; there 's some grace i' the knight left—he cries.

Gou. Francis Quicksilver, would God thau hadst turnd Quacksalver, rather then run into these dissolute and lewd courses! It is great pitty; thou art a proper young man, of an honest and clean face, somewhat neare a good on; God hath done his part in thee; but thou hast made too much, and been too prowd of that face, with the rest of thy bodie; for maintainance of which in neate and garish attire, onely to be looked upon by some light housewifes, thou hast prodigally consumed much of thy masters estate; and, being by him gently admonish'd at severall times, hast returnd thy selfe haughty and rebellious in thine answers, thundring out uncivil comparisons, requiting all his kindnesse with a course and harsh behaviour; never returning thanks for any one benefit, but receiving all as if they had bin debts to thee, and no courtesies. I must tell thee, Francis, these are manifest signes of an ill nature; and God doth often punish such pride and *outrecuidance* with scorne and infamie, which is the worst of misfortune. My worshipfull father, what doe you please to charge them withall? From the presse I will free 'hem, *Maister Constable.*

Con. Then Ile leave your worship, sir.

Gou. No, you may stay; there will be other matters against 'hem.

Touch. Sir, I do charge this gallant, M. Quicksilver, on suspition of felony; and the knight as being accessarie, in the receipt of my goods.

Quick. O, good sir!

Touch. Hold thy peace, impudent varlot, hold thy peace! With what forehead or face dost thou offer to choppe logicke with me, having run such a race of riot as thou hast done? Do's not the sight of this worshipfull mans fortune and temper confound thee, that was thy yonger fellow in household, and nowe come to have the place of a judge upon thee? Dost not observe this? Which of all thy gallants and gamsters, thy swearers and thy swaggerers, will come now to mone thy misfortune, or pitty thy penurie? Theyle looke out at a window, as thou rid'st in triumph to Tiborne, and crie, "Yonder goes honest Franck, mad Quicksilver!" "He was a free borne companion, when he had money," sayes one; "Hang him, foole!" sayes another, "hee could not keepe it when he had it!" "A pox oth cullion, his Mr. (saies a third) has brought him to this;" when their pox of pleasure, and their piles of perdition, would have bin better bestowed upon thee, that hast ventred for 'hem with the best, and by the clew of thy knaverie brought thy selfe weeping to the cart of calamitie ——

Quick. Worshipfull maister!

Touch. Offer not to speake, crocodile; I will not heare a sound come from thee. Thou has learnt to whine at the play yonder. Maister Deputie, pray you commit hem both to safe custodie, till I be able farther to charge 'hem.

Quick. O me! what an unfortunate thing am I!

Pet. Will you not take securitie, sir?

Touch. Yes, mary, will I, Sir Flash, if I can find him, ıd charge him as deepe as the best on you. He has ɔene the plotter of all this; he is your inginer, I heare. laister Deputie, you 'le dispose of these. In the meane me, Ile to my Lord Maior, and get his warrant to ize that serpent Securitie into my hands, and seale up ɔth house and goods to the kings use or my satisfaction.

Gou. Officers, take 'hem to the Counter.

Quick. Pet. O God!

Touch. Nay, on, on! you see the issue of your sloth. f sloth commeth pleasure, of pleasure commeth riot, ' riot comes whoring, of whoring comes spending, of ɐnding comes want, of want comes theft, of theft comes ɯging; and there is my Quicksilver fixt! [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter GYRTRUDE *and* SYNDEFIE.

Gyr. AH, Synne! hast thou ever read i'th chronicle of any ladie and her waitin women driven to that extremitie th we are, Synne?

Syn. Not I, truely, madam; and if I had, it were b cold comfort should come out of the bookes now.

Gyr. Why, good faith, Syn, I could dine with lamentable storie, now—*O hone, hone, o no nera!* & Canst thou tell nere a one, Syn?

Syn. None but mine owne, madam, which is lamental inough: first to be stolne from my friends, which we worshipfull and of good accompt, by a prentise, in t habite and disguise of a gentleman, and here broug up to London, and promis'd marriage, and now likely be forsaken (for he is in possibilitie to be hangd)!

Gyr. Nay, weepe not, good Synne; my Petronell in as good possibility as he. Thy miseries are nothi to mine, Synne: I was more then promis'd marria Synne, I had it, Synne; and was made a lady; and a knight, Syn: which is now as good as no knig Syn. And I was borne in London, which is more th brought up, Syn; and alreadie forsaken, which is p likelihood, Syn; and in stead of land i' the countrey,

my knights living lies i' the Counter, Syn: there 's his castle now!

Syn. Which he cannot be forc'd out of, madam.

Gyr. Yes, if he would live hungrie a weeke or two. "Hunger," they say, "breakes stone wals." But he is eene well inough serv'd, Syn, that so soone as ever he had got my hand to the sale of my inheritance, ran away from me, and I had beene his puncke, God blesse us! Would the knight o' the Sun, or Palmerine of England, have used their ladies so, Syn, or Sir Lancelot? or Sir Tristram?

Syn. I do not know, madam.

Gyr. Then thou knowest nothing, Syn. Thou art a foole, Syn. The knighthood, now adayes, are nothing like the knighthood of olde time. They ride a hors-backe; ours goe a foote. They were atteuded by their squires; ours by their lackies. They went buckled in their armour; ours muffled in their cloaks. They travaild wildernesses and desarts; ours dare scarce walke the streets. They were still prest to engage their honor; ours still ready to pawne their cloaths. They would gallop on at sight of a monster; ours runs away at sight of a serjeant. They wold helpe poore ladies; ours make poore ladies.

Syn. I, madam, they were knights of the Round Table at Winchester, that sought adventures; but these of the Square Table at ordinaries, that sit at hazard.

Gyr. Trie, Syn, let him vanish. And tel me, what shal we pawn next?

Syn. I, mary, madam, a timely consideration; for our hostesse (prophane woman!) haz sworne by bread and salt, she will not trust us another meale.

Gir. Let it stinke in her hand then. Ile not be l holding to her. Let me see, my jewels be gone, and gowne, and my red velvet petticote that I was married and my wedding silke stockings, and all thy best appar Poore Syn! Good faith, rather then thou should pawne a rag more, i'le lay my ladiship in lavender- I knew where.

Syn. Alas, madam, your ladiship!

Gir. I—why?—you do not scorne my ladiship, thou it is in a wastcoate? Gods my life! you are a pe indeed! Doe I offer to morgage my ladiship for you for your availe, and do you turne the lip and the alas my ladiship?

Syn. No, madam; but I make question who will l any thing upon it?

Gir. Who?—mary, inow, I warrant you, if you seeke 'hem out. I'm sure I remember the time wh I would ha' given one thousand pound (if I had had to have bin a ladie; and I hope I was not bred and b with that appetite alone: some other gentle borne the Cittie have the same longing, I trust. And for part, I wold afford 'hem a peni'rth; my ladiship is li the worse for the wearing, and yet I would bate a g deale of the summe. I would lend it (let me see) 40 li. in hand, Syn, that would apparell us; and 10 a yeare, that would keepe me and you, Syn (with needles); and we should never need to be beholding our scirvy parents. Good Lord! that there are no fa now a daies, Syn!

Syn. Why, madam?

Gir. To doe miracles, and bring ladies money. Si if wee lay in a cleanly house, they would haunt it, Syn

Ile trie. Ile sweepe the chamber soone at night, and set a dish of water o' the hearth. A fayrie may come, and bring a pearle or a diamond. We do not know, Synne. Or, there may be a pot of gold hid o' the backside, if we had tooles to digge for 't? Why may not we two rise earely i' the morning, Synne, a fore any bodie is up, and find a jewell i' the streetes worth a 100 li? May not some great court-lady, as she comes from revels at midnight, looke out of her coach as 'tis running, and loose such a jewell, and we find it? Ha!

Syn. They are prettie waking dreams, these.

Gir. Or may not some olde usurer be drunke overnight, with a bagge of money, and leave it behinde him on a stall? For God sake, Syn, let 's rise to-morrow by breake of day, and see. I protest, law, if I had as much money as an alderman, I would scatter some on 't i' th' streetes for poore ladies to finde, when their knights were laid up. And, now I remember my song o' the Golden Showre, why may not I have such a fortune? Ile sing it, and try what luck I shal have after it.

"Fond fables tell of olde,
How Jove in Danaes lappe
Fell in a showre of gold,
By which shee caught a clappe;
O had it beene my hap
(How ere the blow doth threaten),
So well I like the play,
That I could wish all day
And night to be so beaten."

Enter Mistresse TOUCHSTONE.

O heers 's my mother! good lucke, I hope. Ha' you

brought any money, mother? Pray you, mother, your blessing. Nay, sweete mother, do not weepe.

Mist. T. God blesse you! I would I were in my grave!

Gir. Nay, deare mother, can you steale no more money from my father? Dry your eyes, and comfort me. Alas! it is my knights fault, and not mine, that I am in a wast-coate, and attyred thus simply.

Mist. T. Simply, tis better then thou deserv'st. Never whimper for the matter. "Thou shouldst have look't before thou hadst leap't." Thou wert afire to be a ladie, and now your ladiship and you may both blowe at the cole, for aught I know. "Selfe doe, selfe have." "The hastie person never wants woe," they say.

Gir. Nay, then, mother, you should ha look't to it. A bodie would thinke you were the older; I did but my kinde; I, he was a knight, and I was fit to be a ladie. Tis not lacke of liking, but lacke of living, that severs us. And you talke like your self and a cittiner in this, yfaith. You shew what husband you come on, i wis? You smell the Touchstone—he that will do more for his daughter that he has married a scirvy gold-end man and his prentise, then he will for his t'other daughter, that has wedded a knight and his customer. By this light, I thinke he is nót my legitimate father ——

Syn. O, good madam, doe not take up your mother so!

Mist. T. Nay, nay, let her eene alone. Let her ladiship grieve me still, with her bitter taunts and termes. I have not dole inough to see her in this miserable case, I—without her velvet gownes, without ribbands, without jewels, without French-wires, or cheat-bread, or quailes, or a little dog, or a gentleman usher, or anything indeed *that 's fit for* a lady ——

Syn. Except her tongue.

Mist. T. And I not able to relieve her neither, being kept so short by my husband. Well, God knowes my heart: I did litle thinke that ever she should have had need of her sister Golding!

Gyr. Why, mother, I ha not yet. Alas! good mother, be not intoxicate for me; I am well inough; I would not change husbands with my sister; I, "The legge of a larke is better then the body of a kite."

Mist. T. Know that: but ——

Gyr. What, sweet mother, what?

Mist. T. It 's but ill food when nothing 's left but the claw.

Gyr. That 's true, mother. Aye me!

Mist. Touch. Nay, sweet lady-bird, sigh not. Child, madame—why do you weepe thus? Be of good cheere; I shall die if you cry and mar your complexion thus.

Gyr. Alas, mother! what should I do?

Mist. T. Go to thy sister, child; shee 'le be prowd thy lady-ship wil come under her roof. Shee 'l win thy father to release thy knight, and redeeme thy gownes and thy coach and thy horses, and set thee up againe.

Gyr. But will she get him to set my knight up too?

Mist. T. That she will, or any thing else thou 'lt aske her.

Gyr. I will begin to love her if I thought she would doe this.

Mist. T. Try her, good chucke; I warrant thee.

Gyr. Doost thou thinke shee 'le doo 't?

Syn. I, madame, and be glad you will receive it.

Mist. T. That 's a good mayden; she tells you trew. Come, ile take order for your debts i' the ale-house.

Gyr. Goe, Syn, and pray for thy Franck, as I will f my Pet.

Enter TOUCHSTONE, GOULDING, WOOLFE.

Touch. I will receive no letters, M. Woolfe; you sh pardon me.

Gou. Good father, let me entreat you?

Touch. Son Goulding, I wil not be tempted; I fi mine own easie nature, and I know not what a well-pe subtle letter may work upon it; there may be tric packing, do you see? Returu with your packet, sir.

Woo. Beleeve it, sir, you need feare no packing her these are but letters of submission, all.

Touch. Sir, I do looke for no submission. I wil bea my self in this like Blind Justice. Worke upon th now. When the sessions come they shall heare from m

Gou. From whom come your letters, M. Wolfe?

Woo. And 't please you, sir, one from Sir Petronel, a ther from Fra. Quicksilver, and a third from old Securit who is almost mad in prison. There are two to yo worship: one from M. Francis, sir, another from t knight.

Touch. I doe wonder, M. Woolfe, why you shou travaile thus, in a businesse so contrarie to kinde, or t nature o' your place: that you, being the keeper of prison, should labour the release of your prisone whereas me thinks it were farre more naturall and kind in you to be ranging about for more, and not let th scape you have alreadie under the tooth. But they s you Wolves, when you ha suck't the blood once, that th are drie, you ha done.

Woo. Sir, your worship may descant as you please

my name; but I protest I was never so mortified with any mens discourse or behaviour in prison; yet I have had of all sorts of men i' the kingdome under my keyes; and almost of all religions i' the land, as Papist, Protestant, Puritane, Brownist, Anabaptist, Millenary, Famely o' Love, Jewe, Turke, Infidell, Atheist, Good Fellow, &c.

Gou. And which of all these (thinks M. Woolfe) was the best religion?

Woo. Troth, M. Deputie, they that pay fees best: we never examine their consciences farder.

Gou. I beleeve you, M. Woolfe. Good faith, sir, here 's a great deal of humilitie i' these letters!

Woo. Humilitie, sir? I, were your worship an eye-witnesse of it you would say so. The knight will i' the Knights Ward, doe what we can, sir; and Maister Quickesilver would be i' the Hole if we would let him. I never knew or saw prisoners more penitent, or more devout. They will sit you up all night singing of psalmes and edifying the whole prison; onely Securitie sings a note too high sometimes, because hee lyes i' the Twopenny Ward, farre off, and cannot take his tune. The neighbors cannot rest for him, but come everie morning to aske what godly prisoners we have.

Touch. Which on 'hem is 't is so devout—the knight or the t'other?

Woo. Both, sir; but the young man especially. I never heard his like. He has cut his hayre too. He is so well given, and has such good gifts, he can tell you almost all the stories of the Booke of Martyrs, and speake you all the Sicke-mans Salve without booke.

Touch. I, if he had had grace—he was brought up where it grew, I wis. On, Maister Wolfe.

Woo. And he has converted one Fangs, a sarjea fellow could neither write nor read; he was call'd Bandog o' the Counter; and he has brought him al to pare his nailes and say his prayers; and 'tis hop' will sell his place shortly, and become an intelligencer

Touch. No more; I am comming already. If I sl give any farder care I were taken. Adue, good M Wolfe. Sonne, I doe feele mine own weakenesses; d importune me. Pity is a rheume that I am subjec but I will resist it. Maister Wolfe, "Fish is cast that is cast in drye pooles." Tell Hipocrisie it wil doe; I have touchd and tried too often; I am yet p and I will remaine so: when the sessions come they heare from me. In the meane time, to all suites, t intreaties, to all letters, to all trickes, I will be deafe adder, and blinde as a beetle, laye my eares tc ground, and lock mine eyes i' my hand against all ter tions. [

Gou. You see, Maister Woolfe, how inexorable l There is no hope to recover him. Pray you commer to my brother knight, and to my fellow Francis; p 'hem with this small token of my love; tel 'hem, I w could do 'hem any worthier office; but in this, tis c rate: yet I will not faile to trie the uttermost of my for 'hem. And sir, as farre as I have any credite you, pray you let 'hem want nothing: though I a ambitious they should know so much.

Woo. Sir, both your actions and words speake y be a true gentleman. They shall know only what and no more. [*E*

Enter HOLDFAST, BRAMBLE, SECURITIE.

Hol. Who would you speake with, sir?

Bra. I would speak with one Security, that is prisoner here.

Hol. Y'are welcome, sir. Stay there, Ile call him to you. M. Security!

Sec. Who calls?

Hol. Here 's a gentleman would speak with you.

Sec. What is hee? Is 't one that grafts my forehead now I am in prison, and comes to see how the hornes shoote up and prosper?

Hol. You must pardon him, sir: the olde man is a little crazd with his imprisonment.

Sec. What say you to me, sir? Looke you here. My learned counsaile, M. Bramble! Cry for mercy, sir! when saw you my wife?

Bra. She is now at my house, sir, and desir'd mee that would come to visite you, and inquire of you your case, that wee might worke some meanes to get you forth.

Sec. My case, M. Bramble, is stone walles and yron grates; you see it, this is the weakest part on 't. And, for getting mee forth, no meanes but hang my selfe, and so be carried forth, from which they have heere bound me in intollerable bands.

Bra. Why, but what is 't you are in for, sir?

Sec. For my sinnes, for my sinnes, sir, whereof marriage is the greatest. O, had I never marryed, I had never knowne this purgatory, to which hell is a kinde of coole bath in respect! My wives confederacie, sir, with old Touchstone, that shee might keepe her jubilee and the feast of her new moone! Doe you understand me, sir?

Enter QUICKESILVER.

Quick. Good sir, goe in and talke with him. The li do's him harme, and his example will be hurtfull to weake prisoners. Fie! father Securitie, that you 'le still so prophane! will nothing humble you?

Enter two Prisoners, with a Friend.

Fri. What 's he?

Pri. 1. O, he is a rare yong man! Doe you not k him?

Fri. Not I; never saw him, I can remember.

Pri. 2. Why, it is he that was the gallant prentis London—M. Touchstones man.

Fri. Who?—Quickesilver?

Pri. 1. I, this is hee.

Fri. Is this hee? They say he has beene a gal indeede.

Pri. 1. O, the royallest fellow that ever was bred i' the City! He would play you his thousand pou night at dice; keepe knights and lords company; go them to baudy-houses; had his six men in a liverie; a stable of hunting horses, and his wench in her v gowne and her cloth of silver. Heres one knight him here in prison.

Fri. And how miserably he has chang'd!

Pri. 1. O, that 's voluntary in him; he gave awa his rich clothes as soone as ever he came in here, an the prisoners; and will eate o' the basket for humiliti

Fri. Why, will he doe so?

Pri. 2. Alas, he has no hope of life! He mor himselfe. He do's but linger on till the sessions.

Pri. 2. O, he has pen'd the best thing, that he calls his *pentance* or his *Last Fare-well*, that ever you heard. ɜ is a pretie poet; and for prose—you would wonder ow many prisoners he has help't out, with penning titions for 'hem, and not take a penny. Looke! this is e knight in the rugge gowne. Stand by.

Enter PETRONEL, BRAMBLE, QUICKESILVER, WOOLFE.

Bram. Sir, for Securities case, I have told him. Say ee should be condemned to be carted or whipt for a awde, or so, why, Ile lay an execution on him o' two undred pound; let him acknowledge a judgement, he hall doe it in halfe an houre; they shall not all fetch him ut without paying the execution, o' my word.

Pet. But can we not be bayl'd, M. Bramble?

Bram. Hardly; there are none of the judges in towne, lse you should remove your selfe (in spight of him) with *habeas corpus*. But if you have a friend to deliver your ale sensibly to some justice o' the towne, that hee may ave feeling of it (doe you see), you may be bayl'd; for as understand the case, tis onely done *in terrorem;* and ou shall have an action of false imprisonment against im when you come out, and perhaps a thousand pound osts.

Enter M. WOOLFE.

Quick. How now, M. Woolfe?—what newes?—what eturne?

Woo. Faith, bad all: yonder will be no letters received. He sayes the sessions shall determine it. Onely, M. Deputy Goulding commends him to you, and with this token, wishes he could doe you other good.

Quick. I thanke him. Good M. Bramble, trouble our quiet no more; doe not molest us in prison thus, with your winding devises; pray you, depart. For my part, I commit my cause to Him that can succour me; let God worke his will. M. Woolfe, I pray you let this be distributed among the prisoners, and desire 'hem to pray for us.

Woo. It shall be done, M. Francis.

Pri. 1. An excellent temper!

Pri. 2. Now God send him good lucke. [*Exeunt.*

Pet. But what said my father-in-law, M. Woolfe?

Enter HOLDFAST.

Hold. Here's one would speake with you, sir.

Woo. Ile tell you anon, Sir Petronell; who is't?

Hold. A gentleman, sir, that will not be seene.

Enter GOULDING.

Woo. Where is he? M. Deputie! your worship is wel-come——

Gou. Peace!

Woo. Away, sirha!

Gou. Good faith, M. Woolfe, the estate of these gentlemen, for whom you were so late and willing a sutor, doth much affect me; and because I am desirous to do them some faire office, and find there is no meanes to make my father relent so likely as to bring him to be a spectator of their misery, I have ventur'd on a device, which is, to make my selfe your prisoner: entreating you will presently goe report it to my father, and (fayning an action at sute of some third person) pray him by this token, that he will presently, and with all secrecie, come hether for my

sayle; which trayne (if any) I know will bring him abroad; and then, having him here, I doubt not but we shall be all fortunate in the event.

Woo. Sir, I will put on my best speed to effect it. Please you, come in.

Gou. Yes; and let me rest conceal'd, I pray you.

Woo. See here a benefit truely done, when it is done timely, freely, and to no ambition. [*Exit.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE, *Wife, Daughters,* SYNDEFIE, WINYFRID.

Touch. I will sayle by you, and not heare you, like the wise Ulysses.

Mil. Deare father!

Mist. T. Husband!

Gyr. Father!

Win. and Syn. M. Touchstone!

Touch. Away, syrens, I will immure my selfe against your cryes, and locke my selfe up to our lamentations.

Mist. T. Gentle husband, heare me!

Gyr. Father, it is I, father; my Lady Flash. My sister and I am friends.

Mil. Good father!

Win. Be not hardned, good M. Touchstone!

Syn. I pray you, sir, be mercifull!

Touch. I am deafe; I doe not heare you; I have stopped mine eares with shoomakers waxe, and drunke lethe and nandragora to forget you. All you speake to me I commit to the ayre.

Enter WOOLFE.

Mil. How now, M. Woolfe?

Woo. Where 's M. Touchstone? I must speal him presently; I have lost my breath for haste.

Mil. What 's the matter, sir? Pray all be well.

Woo. Maister Deputie Goulding is arrested u execution, and desires him presently to come t forthwith.

Mil. Aye me! doe you heare, father?

Touch. Tricks, tricks, confederacie, tricks! 'hem in my nose—I sent 'hem!

Woo. Who 's that? Maister Touchstone?

Mist. T. Why, it is M. Woolfe himselfe, husban

Mil. Father!

Touch. I am deafe still, I say. I will neither y the song of the syren nor the voyce of the hye teares of the crocadile nor the howling o' the Avoid my habitation, monsters!

Woo. Why, you are not mad, sir? I pray you forth, and see the token I have brought you, sir.

Touch. Ha! what token is it?

Woo. Doe you know it, sir?

Touch. My sonne Gouldings ring! Are you in e M. Wolfe?

Woo. I, by my faith, sir. He is in prison, and r me to use all speed and secrecie to you.

Touch. My cloake, there (pray you be patient). plagu'd for my austeritie. My cloake! At whos Maister Wolfe?

Woo. Ile tell you as we goe, sir. [

Enter Friend, Prisoners.

Fri. Why, but is his offence such as he cannot l life?

Pri. 1. Troth it should seeme so; and 'tis a great pity, for he is exceedingly penitent.

Fri. They say he is charg'd but on suspicion of felony yet.

Pri. 2. I, but his maister is a shrewd fellow; hee'le prove great matter against him.

Fri. I'de as live as any thing, I could see his *Farewell.*

Pri. 1. O, tis rarely written; why, Tobie may get him to sing it to you; hee 's not curious to any body.

Pri. 2. O no. He would that all the world should take knowledge of his repentance, and thinks he merits in 't the more shame he suffers.

Pri. 1. Pray thee, try what thou canst do.

Pri. 2. I warrant you, he will not denie it, if hee be not hoarce with the often repeating of it. [*Exit.*

Pri. 1. You never saw a more curteous creature then he is, and the knight too: the poorest prisoner of the house may command 'hem. You shall heare a thing admirably pend.

Fri. Is the knight any scholler too?

Pri. 1. No, but he will speake very well, and discourse admirably of running horses and White-Friers, and against bauds; and of cocks; and talke as loude as a hunter, but is none.

Enter WOLFE *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Wolf. Please you, stay here; ile call his worship downe to you.

Pri. 1. See, he has brought him, and the knight too; salute him, I pray. Sir, this gentleman, upon our report, is verie desirous to heare some piece of your *Repentance.*

Enter QUICKSILVER, PETRONEL, *&c.*

Quick. Sir, with all my heart; and, as I told M. Tobie I shal be glad to have any man a witnesse of it. And the more openly I professe it, I hope it will appeare the hartier, and the more unfained.

Touch. Who is this?—my man Francis, and my sonne-in-law?

Quick. Sir, it is all the testimonie I shall leave behinde me to the world, and my maister that I have so offended.

Friend. Good sir.

Quick. I writ it when my spirits were opprest.

Pet. I, ile be sworne for you, Francis.

Quick. It is in imitation of Manningtons, he that was hangd at Cambridge, that cut off the horses head at a blow.

Friend. So, sir.

Quick. To the tune of "I waile in woe, I plunge in paine."

Pet. An excellent dittie it is, and worthy of a new tune.

Quick. "In Cheapside, famous for gold and plate,
Quicksilver I did dwell of late;
I had a maister good and kinde,
That would have wrought me to his mind.
He bade me still worke upon that,
But alas! I wrought I know not what.
He was a Touchstone blacke, but true,
And told me still what would insue;
Yet, woe is me! I would not learne;
I saw, alas! but could not discerne!"

Friend. Excellent, excellent well!

Gou. O let him alone; hee is taken alreadie.

Quick. "I cast my coat and cap away,
I went in silkes and sattens gay;
False mettall of good manners I
Did dayly coine unlawfully.
I scornd my maister, being drunke;
I kept my gelding and my punke;
And with a knight, Sir Flash by name,
Who now is sorie for the same."

Pet. I thanke you, Francis.
"I thought by sea to runne away,
But Thames and tempest did me stay."

Touch. This cannot be fained, sure. Heaven pardon my severitie! "The ragged colt may prove a good horse."

Gou. How he listens, and is transported! He has forgot mee.

Quick. "Still 'Eastward hoe' was all my word:
But westward I had no regard,
Nor never thought what would come after,
As did alas! his yongest daughter.
At last the black oxe trode o' my foote,
And I saw then what longd untoo't;
Now crie I, 'Touchstone, touch me still,
And make me currant by thy skill.'"

Touch. And I will do it, Francis.

Wolf. Stay him, M. Deputie; now is the time: wee shall loose the song else.

Friend. I protest it is the best that ever I heard.

Quick. How like you it, gentlemen?

All. O admirable, sir!

Quick. This stanze now following, alludes to the storie

of Mannington, from whence I tooke my project for i
invention.

Friend. Pray you go on, sir.

Quick. "O Mannington, thy stories show,
Thou cutst a horse-head off at a blow!
But I confesse, I have not the force
For to cut off the head of a horse;
Yet I desire this grace to winne,
That I may cut off the horse-head of Sin,
And leave his bodie in the dust
Of sinnes highway and bogges of lust,
Whereby I may take Vertues purse,
And live with her for better for worse."

Frin. Admirable, sir, and excellently conceited.

Quick. Alas, sir!

Touch. Sonne Goulding and M. Wolfe, I thank y
the deceipt is welcome, especially from thee, whose c
ritable soule in this hath shewne a high point of wisd
and honestie. Listen, I am ravished with his repenta
and could stand here a whole prentiship to heare him.

Friend. Forth, good sir.

Quick. This is the last, and the *Farewell.*

"Farewell, Cheapside, farewell, sweet trade
Of goldsmithes all, that never shall fade;
Farewell, deare fellow prentises all,
And be you warned by my fall:
Shun usurers. bauds, and dice, and drabs,
Avoid them as you would French scabs.
Seeke not to goe beyond your tether,
But cut your thongs unto your lether;
So shall you thrive by little and little,
Scape Tiborne, Counters, and the Spittle!"

ouch. An scape them shalt thou, my penitent and
e Francis!
uick. Maister!
et. Father!
ouch. I can no longer forbeare to do your humilitie
t. Arise, and let me honour your repentance with
heartie and joyfull embraces of a father and friends
Quickesilver, thou hast eate into my breast, Quicke-
r, with the droppes of thy sorrow, and kild the despe-
opinion I had of thy reclaime.
uick. O, sir, I am not worthie to see your worshipfull
!
et. Forgive me, father.
ouch. Speake no more; all former passages are for-
n; and here my word shall release you. Thanke
worthie brother and kind friend, Francis.—M. Wolfe,
their baile. [*A showte in the prison.*
c. Maister Touchstone! Maister Touchstone!
ouch. Who 's that?
Wolf. Securitie, sir.
c. Pray you, sir, if youle be wonne with a song, heare
amentable tune, too.

SONG.

" O Maister Touchstone,
My heart is full of woe;
Alas, I am a cuckold!
And why should it be so?
Because I was a usurer
And bawd, as all you know,
For which, againe I tell you,
My heart is full of woe."

ouch. Bring him foorth, M. Wolfe, and release his

bands. This day shall be sacred to Mercie, and the mirth of this encounter in the Counter. See, we are encountred with more suters!

Enter Mistresse TOUCHSTONE, GYRTRED, MILDRED, SYNDEFIE, WINNIFRID, *&c.*

Save your breath, save your breath! All things have succeeded to your wishes; and we are heartily satisfied in their events.

Gyr. Ah, runaway, runaway! have I caught you? And how has my poore knight done all this while?

Pet. Dear lady wife, forgive me!

Gyr. As heartily as I would be forgiven, knight. Dear father, give me your blessing, and forgive me too; I have bin prowd and lascivious, father; and a foole, father, and being raisd to the state of a wanton coy thing, calld lady, father, have scornd you, father, and my sister, and my sisters velvet cap too; and woulde make a mouth at the Citty as I rid through it; and stop mine eares at Bow bell. I have saide your bearde was a base one, father, and that you lookt like Twierpipe the taberer; and that my mother was but my midwife.

Mist. T. Now, God forgi' you, child madam!

Touch. No more repetitions. What is else wanting to make our harmony full?

Gou. Only this, sir, that my fellow Francis may amends to Mistresse Sindefie with marriage.

Quick. With all my heart!

Gou. And Securitie give her a dower, which shall be all the restitution he shal make of that huge masse of hath so unlawfully gotten.

Touch. Excellently devisd! a good motion! What saies M. Security?

Sec. I say anything, sir, what you 'll ha me say. Would I were no cuckold!

Win. Cuckold, husband? Why, I thinke this wearing of yellow has infected you.

Touch. Why, M. Securitie, that should rather be a comfort to you then a corasive. If you be a cuckold, it's an argument you have a beautifull woman to your wife; then you shall be much made of; you shall have store of friends, never want money; you shall be easd of much o' your wedlocke paine; others will take it for you. Besides, you being a usurer (and likely to goe to hell), the divels will never torment you: they 'll take you for one of their owne race. Againe, if you be a cuckold, and know it not, you are an innocent; if you know it and indure it, a true martyr.

Sec. I am resolv'd, sir. Come hither, Winny.

Touch. Well, then, all are pleased, or shall be anone. Maister Wolfe, you looke hungrie, me thinke; have you no apparell to lend Francis to shift him?

Quick. No, sir, nor I desire none; but here make it my suite, that I may goe home through the streetes in these, as a spectacle, or rather an example to the children of Cheapside.

Touch. Thou hast thy wish. Now, London, looke about,
And in this morall see thy glasse runne out:
Behold the carefull father, thrifty sonne,
The solemne deeds which each of us have done:
The usurer punisht, and from fall to steepe
The prodigall child reclaimd, and the lost sheepe!

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUS.

STAY, sir, I perceive the multitude are gatherd gether to view our comming out at the Coun See, if the streetes and the fronts of the houses be stucke with people, and the windowes fill'd with lad as on the solemne day of the Pageant!

O may you finde in this our pageant, heere,
The same contentment which you came to seeke;
And as that shew but drawes you once a yeare,
May this attract you hither once a weeke!

THE

INSATIATE COUNTESSE.

THE

INSATIATE COUNTESSE.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

The Countesse of SWEVIA *discovered sitting at a table covered with blacke, on which stands two black tapers lighted, she in mourning.*

Enter ROBERTO *Count of Cypres,* GUIDO *Count of Arsena, and Signior* MIZALDUS.

Miz. WHAT should we doe in this countesses darke hole? She 's sullenly retyred as the turtle. Every day has beene a blacke day with her since her husband dyed; and what should we unruly members make here?

Gui. As melancholy night masques up heavens face,
So doth the evening starre present herselfe
Unto the carefull shepheards gladsome eyes,
By which unto the folde he leades his flocke.

Miz. Zounds! what a sheepish beginning is here? 'Tis said true, Love is simple; and it may well hold; and thou art a simple lover.

Rob. See how yond starre, like beauty in a cloud,
Illumines darknesse, and beguiles the moone
Of all her glory in the firmament.

Miz. Well said, man i' the moone. Was ever such astronomers? Marry, I feare none of these will fall into the right ditch.

Rob. Madame.

Count. Ha, Anna! what, are my doores unbarr'd?

Miz. Ile assure you the way into your ladiship is open.

Rob. And God defend that any prophane hand
Should offer sacriledge to such a saint!
Lovely Isabella, by this dutious kisse,
That drawes part of my soule along with it,
Had I but thought my rude intrusion
Had wak'd the dove-like spleene harbour'd within you,
Life and my first-borne should not satisfie
Such a transgression, worthy of a checke;
But that immortals wincke at my offence,
Makes me presume more boldly. I am come
To raise you from this so infernall sadnesse.

Isa. My lord of Cypres, doe not mocke my grefe.
Teares are as due as tribute to the dead,
As feare to God, and duty unto kings,
Love to just, or hate unto the wicked.

Rob. Surcease;
Beleeve it is a wrong unto the gods.
They saile against the winde that waile the deade.
And since his heart hath wrestled with deaths pangs,
From whose sterne cave none tracts a backward path,

ave to lament this necessary change,
id thanke the gods, for they can give as good.
Isa. I waile his losse! Sinke him tenne cubites deeper,
nay not feare his resurrection.
will be sworne upon the holy writ,
norne thus fervent cause he di'd no sooner:
e buried me alive,
d mued mee up like Cretan Dedalus,
d with wall-ey'd jelousie kept me from hope
any waxen wings to flye to pleasure;
t now his soule her Argos eyes hath clos'd,
d I am free as ayre. You of my sexe,
the first flow of youth, use you the sweets
e to your proper beauties, ere the ebbe
d long wain of unwelcome change shall come.
re women, play; she 's chaste whom none will have.
re is a man of a most milde aspect,
nperate, effeminate, and worthy love;
e that with burning ardor hath pursued me.
lonative he hath of every god:
ollo gave him lockes; Jove his high front;
god of eloquence his flowing speech;
feminine deities strowed all their bounties
l beautie on his face; that eye was Juno's;
se lips were his that wonne the golden ball;
t virgin-blush, Diana's. Here they meete,
in a sacred synod. My lords, I must intreate
hile your wisht forbearance.
Omnes. We obey you, lady.

[*Ex.* Guido *and* Mizaldus, *man.* Roberto.

Isa. My lord, with you I have some conference.

I pray, my lord, doe you woo every lady
In this phrase you doe me?
Rob. Fairest, till now
Love was an infant in my oratory.
Isa. And kisse thus too?
Rob. I ne'er was so kist; leave thus to please,
Flames into flames, seas thou powrest into seas!
Isa. Pray frowne, my lord: let me see how many wives
You 'll have. Heigh ho! you'll bury me, I see——
Rob. In the swans downe, and tombe thee in mine armes!
Isa. Then folkes shall pray in vaine to send me rest.
Away, you 're such another medling lord!
Rob. By heaven! my love 's as chaste as thou art faire,
And both exceede comparison. By this kisse,
That crownes me monarch of another world
Superiour to the first, faire, thou shalt see
As unto heaven my love, so unto thee!
Isa. Alas! poore creatures, when we are once o' the falling hand,
A man may easily come over us.
It is as hard for us to hide our love
As to shut sinne from the Creators eyes.
I faith, my lord, I had a months minde unto you,
As tedious as a full ri'dd maiden-head;
And, Count of Cypers, thinke my love as pure
As the first opening of the bloomes in May;
Your vertues may; nay, let me not blush to say so:
And see for your sake thus I leave to sorrow.
Beginne this subtile conjuration with mee,
And as this taper, due unto the dead,
I here extinguish, so my late dead lord

; ever from my memory,
remembrance may not wrong our love,
[*Puts out the taper.*
fac'd women, when they wed another,
their husbands with their dead loves heads.
And as I sacrifice this to his ghost,
s expire all corrupt thoughts of youth,
ne-insatiate divell jealousie,
the sparkes that may bring unto flame,
twixt man and wife, or breed defame.

Enter MIZALDUS *and* MENDOSA.

Mary, amen! I say, madame, are you that were
l day, now come to be in for all night? How
)unt Arsena?
Faith, signior, not unlike the condemn'd malefac-
:,
:ares his judgement openly pronounc'd;
scribe to fate. Joy swell your love;
and willow grace my drooping crest.
We doe entend our hymeneall rights
ıe next rising sunne. Count Cypres,
our bride, the welcomst to our feast.
t A. Sancta Maria! what thinkst thou of this
ange?
:rs passion ile beleeve hereafter,
a tragicke sceane weepe for olde Priam,
'ell revenging Pirrhus with supposde
tificiall wounds mangles his breast,
inke it a more worthy act to me,
rust a female mourning ore her love:

Naught that is done of woman shall me please,
Natures step-children rather than her desire.

Miz. Learne of a well-composed epigram,
A womans love, and thus 'twas sung unto us:
The tapers that stood on her husband's hearse,
Isabell advances to a second bed:
Is it not wondrous strange for to rehearse
Shee should so soone forget her husband, dead
One houre? for if the husband's life once fade,
Both love and husband in one grave are laid.
But we forget ourselves: I am for the marriage
Of Signior Claridiana and the fine Mris. Abigall.

Count A. I for his arch-foes wedding, Signior Rogero, and the spruce Mris. Thais: but see, the solemne rites are ended, and from their severall temples they are come.

Miz. A quarell, on my life!

Enter at one doore Signior CLARIDIANA, ABIGAL *his wife; the Lady* LENTULUS, *with rosemary, as from church. At the other doore Signior* ROGERO *and* THAIS *his wife,* MENDOSA FOSCARII, *Nephew to the Duke, from the Bridal; they see one another, and draw, Count* ARSENA *and others step betweene them.*

Clar. Good, my lord, detaine me not; I will tilt at him.

Rog. Remember, sir, this is your wedding day,
And that triumph belongs onely to your wife.

Rog. If you be noble, let me cut off his head.

Clar. Remember, o' the other side, you have a maidenhead of your owne to cut off.

Rog. Ile make my marriage day like to the bloudy bridal Alcides by the fierie Centaurs had!

Tha. Husband, deare husband!

. Away with these catterwallers !
on, sir.
r. Thou sonne of a Jew !
. Alas, poore wench, thy husband's circumcis'd !
r. Begot when thy father's face was toward th' east,
w that thou would'st prove a caterpiller,
essias shall not save thee from me ;
d thee to him in collops !
nt A. O fry not in choler so, sir !
. Mountebancke, with thy pendanticall action—
rix, Buglors, Rhimocers !
. Gentlemen, I conjure you
vertues of men !
. Shall my broken quacksalvers bastard oppose him
e in my nuptials? No; but Ile show him better
. then ere the gallemawfrey his father used. Thou
e of his melting-pots, that wert christned in a
le with Mercuries water, O shew thou wouldest
a stinging aspis ! for all thou spitst is aqua fortis,
y breath is a compound of poysons stillatory : if I
thin thee, hadst thou the scaly hyde of a crocodile,
u art partly of his nature, I would leave thee as bare
anatomy at the scconde veiwing.
r. Thou Jew of the tribe of Gad ! that I were sure
there none here but thou and I, wouldst teach mee
t of breathing, and wouldst runne like a dromidarie !
. Thou that art the tal'st man of Christendome
thou art alone, if thou dost maintaine this to my
le make the skip on ounce.
. Nay, good sir, be you still.
r. Let the quacksalvers sonne be still :
ther was still, and still, and still againe !

Clar. By the Almighty, Ile study negromancy but Ile be reveng'd!

Count A. Gentlemen, leave these dissentions; Signior Rogero, you are a man of worth.

Clar. True, all the citie points at him for a knave.

Count A. You are of like reputation, Signior Claridiana; The hatred twixt your grandsires first beganne, Impute it to the folly of that age. These your dissentions may erect a faction Like to the Capulets and the Montagues.

Men. Put it to equall arbitration, choose your friends; The senators will thinke 'em happy in 't.

Miz. Ile ne're embrace the smoake of a furnace, the quintessence of minerall or simples, or, as I may say more learnedly, nor the spirit of quicksilver.

Cla. Nor I, such a Centaure,—halfe a man, half an asse, and all a Jew!

Count A. Nay, then, we will be constables, and force a quiet. Gentlemen, keepe 'em asunder, and helpe to persuade 'em.

Men. Well, ladies, your husbands behave 'em as lustily on their wedding-dayes as e're I heard any. Nay, lady-widow, you and I must have a falling; you 're of Signior Mizaldus faction, and I am your vowed enemy, from the bodkin to the pincase. Hearke in your eare.

Abi. Well, Thais. O! you 're a cunning carver; we two, that any time these fourteene yeeres have called sisters, brought and bred up together, that have told one another all our wanton dreames, talk't all night-long of yong men, and spent many an idle houre, fasted upon the stones on S. Agnes night together, practised all the petulant amorousnesses that delight young maides, yet have you con-

al'd not onely the marriage, but the man: and well you ght deceive me, for i'le be sworne you never dream'd of m, and it stands against all reason you should enjoy him u never dream'd of.

Tha. Is not all this the same in you? Did you ever anifest your sweet-hearts nose, that I might nose him r't? commended his calfe, or his nether lip? apparant gnes that you were not in love, or wisely covered it. ave you ever said, such a man goes upright, or has a tter gate then any of the rest, as indeed since he is ooved a magnifico. I thought thou would'st have put into my hands what ere 't had beene.

Abi. Well, wench, we have crosse fates; our husbands ch inveterate foes, and we such entire friends; but the st is wee are neighbours, and our backe-arbors may ford visitation freely. Prethee, let us maintaine our miliarity still, whatsoever thy husband doe unto thee, as am afraid he will crosse it i' the nicke.

Tha. Faith, you little one, if I please him in one ing, hee shall please me in all, that 's certaine. Who all I have to keep my counsell if I misse thee? who all teach me to use the bridle when the reynes are in ine own hand? what to long for, when to take phisicke? here to be melancholy? Why, we two are one anothers ounds, without which would be no musick.

Abi. Well said, wench; and the pricke-song we use all be our husbands.

Tha. I will long for swines-flesh o' the first childe.

Abi. Wilt 'ou, little Jew? And I to kisse thy husband pon the least belly-ake. This will mad 'em.

Tha. I kisse thee, wench, for that, and with it confirme ur friendship.

Men. By these sweete lips, widdow!
Lady L. Good, my lord, learne to sweare by rote,
Your birth and fortune makes my braine suppose
That, like a man heated with wines and lust,
Shee that is next your object is your mate,
Till the foule water have quencht out the fire.
You, the dukes kinsman, tell me I am young,
Faire, rich, and vertuous. I my selfe will flatter
My selfe, till you are gone, that are more faire,
More rich, more vertuous, and more debonaire:
All which are ladders to an higher reach.
Who drinkes a puddle that may tast a spring?
Who kiss a subject that may hugge a king?
Men. Yes, the camell alwayes drinkes in puddle-water;
And as for huggings, reade antiquities.
Faith, madam, Ile boord thee one of these dayes.
Lady L. I, but ne're bed mee, my lord. My vow is firme
Since God hath called me to this noble state,
Much to my greefe, of vertuous widdow-hood,
No man shall ever come within my gates.
Men. Wilt thou ram up thy porch-hold? O widdow,
I perceive
You're ignorant of the lovers legerdemaine!
There is a fellow that by magicke will assist
To murder princes invisible; I can command his spirit.
Or what say you to a fine scaling-ladder of ropes?
I can tell you I am a mad wag-halter;
But by the vertue I see seated in you,
And by the worthy fame is blazond of you;
By little Cupid, that is mighty nam'd,
And can command my looser follies downe,
I love, and must enjoy, yet with such limits

s one that knowes inforced marriage
'o be the Furies sister! Thinke of me!

Ambo. Ha, ha, ha!

Men. How now, lady? does the toy take you, as they ıay?

Abi. No, my lord; nor doe we take your toy, as they say.

Γhis is a childes birth that must not be delivered before a man,
Γhough your lordship might be a midwife for your chinne.

Men. Some bawdy riddle, is 't not? You long til 't by night.

Tha. No, my lord, womens longing comes after their narriage night. Sister, see you be constant now.

Abi. Why, dost thinke Ile make my husband a cuckold?), here they come!

Enter at severall doores Count ARSENA *with* CLARIDIANA; GUIDO, *with* ROGERO, *at another doore;* MENDOSA *meetes them.*

Men. Signior Rogero, are you yet qualified?

Rog. Yes; does any man thinke ile goe like a sheepe to he slaughter? Hands off, my lord; your lordship may hance come under my hands. If you doe, I shall shew ny selfe a citizen, and revenge basely.

Cla. I thinke, if I were receiving the Holy Sacrament,
His sight would make me gnash my teeth terribly.
But there 's the beauty without paralell, [*To* Abigail.
In whom the Graces and the Vertues meete!
In her aspect milde Honour sits and smiles;
And who lookes there, were it the savage beare,
But would derive new nature from her eyes.

But to be reconcil'd simply for him,
Were mankinde to be lost againe, I'de let it,
And a new heape of stones should stocke the world.
In heaven and earth this power beauty hath—
It inflames temperance, and temp'rates wrath.
What ere thou art, mine art thou, wise or chaste;
I shall set hard upon thy marriage-vow,
And write revenge high in thy husband's brow
In a strange character. You may beginne, sir.

Men. Signior Claridiana, I hope Signior Rogero
Thus employed me about a good office—
'T were worthy Ciceroes tongue, a famous oration now;
But friendship, that is mutually embraced of the gods,
And is Joves usher to each sacred synod,
Without the which he could not reigne in heaven,
That over-goes my admiration, shall not under-go my censure:
These hot flames of rage, that else will be
As fire mid'st your nuptiall jolitie,
Burning the edge off to the present joy,
And keepe you wake to terror.

Cla. I have not yet swallowed the rhimatrix, nor the Onocentaure—the rhinoceros was monstrous!

Count A. Sir, be you of the most flexible nature, and confesse an error.

Cla. I must—the gods of love command,
And that bright starre, her eye, that guides my fate.
Signior Rogero, joy, then, Signior Rogero!

Rog. Signior, sir? O divell!

Tha. Good husband, shew yourselfe a temperate man!
Your mother was a woman, I dare sweare—
Noe tyger got you, nor noe beare was rivall

ı your conception—you seeme like the issue
he painters limme leaping from Envies mouth,
hat devoures all hee meetes.
Rog. Had the last, or the least syllable
)f this more then immortall eloquence
ommenc'd to me when rage had beene so high
Vithin my bloud, that it ore-topt my soule,
ike to the lyon when he heares the sound
)f Dian's bowstring in some shady wood,
should have couch't my lowly limbe on earth,
ınd held my silence a proud sacrifice.
Cla. Slave, I will fight with thee at any odds;
)r name an instrument fit for destruction,
hat ne're was made to make away a man,
le meete thee on the ridges of the Alpes,
)r some inhospitable wildernesse,
tark-naked, at push of pike, or keene curtl-axe,
t Turkish sickle, Babylonian saw,
he ancient hookes of great Cadwalleder,
r any other heathen invention!
Tha. O, God blesse the man!
Len. Counsell him, good my lord!
Men. Our tongues are weary, and he desperate.
e does refuse to heare. What shall we doe?
Cla. I am not mad—I can heare, I can see, I can feele!
ut a wise rage man, wrongs past compare,
hould be well nourisht as his vertues are.
'de have it knowne unto each valiant spirit,
le wrongs no man that to himselfe does right.
'atzo, I had one; Signior Rogero, I had one!
Count A. By Heaven! this voluntary reconciliation, made

Freely and of it selfe, argues unfaign'd
And vertuous knot of love. Soe, sirs, embrace!

Rog. Sir, by the conscience of a Catholike man,
And by our mother Church, that bindes
And doth attone, in amitie with God,
The soules of men, that they with men be one,
I tread into the center all the thoughts
Of ill in mee toward you, and memory
Of what from you might ought disparage mee;
Wishing unfaignedly it may sinke low,
And, as untimely births, want power to grow.

Men. Christianly said! Signior, what would you have more?

Cla. And so I sweare. You're honest, Onocentaure!

Count A. Nay, see now! Fie upon your turbulent spirit! Did he doo 't in this forme?

Cla. If you thinke not this sufficient, you shall command me to be reconcil'd in another forme—as a rhimatrix or a rhinoceros.

Men. 'Sblood! what will you doe?

Cla. Well, give me your hands first: I am friends with you, i'faith. Thereupon I embrace you. Kisse your wife, and God give us joy! [*To* Thais.

Tha. You meane me and my husband?

Cla. You take the meaning better then the speech, lady.

Rog. The like wish I, but ne'er can be the like,
And therefore wish I thee.

Cla. By this bright light, that is deriv'd from thee——

Tha. So, sir, you make mee a very light creature!

Cla. But that thou art a blessed angell, sent
Downe from the gods t' attone mortall men,
I would have thought deedes beyond all mens thoughts,

d executed more upon his corps.
, let him thanke the beautie of this eye,
d not his resolute swords or destinie!
Count A. What sayst thou, Mizaldus? Come, applaud this jubile—
lay these hundred yeeres before not truely knowne
these divided factions.
Mi. No, nor this day, had it been falsely borne,
t that I meane to sound it with his horne.
Miz. I lik'd the former jarre better. Then they shewd
: men and soldiers, now like cowards and leachers.
Count A. Well said, Mizaldus; thou art like the base
l in a consort—let the other instruments wish and de-
it in your highest sence, thou art still grumbling.
Mi. Nay, sweete, receive it, [*Gives it* Abigail.
l in it my heart:
l when thou read'st a mooving syllable,
nke that my soule was secretary to't.
s your love, and not the odious wish
my revenge, in stiling him a cuckold,
kes me presume thus farre. Then read it, faire,
passion's ample, as our beauties are.
Abi. Well, sir, we will not sticke with you.
Count A. And, gentlemen, since it hath hapt so fortunately,
ɔe entreat we may all meete to-morrow
ɜome heroick masque, to grace the nuptials
the most noble Countesse of Swevia.
Men. Who does the young count marry?
Count A. O sir, who but the very heire of all her sexe,
it beares the palme of beauty from 'em all:
ıers, compar'd to her, shew like faint starres

To the full moone of wonder in her face:—
The Lady Isabella, the late widdow
To the deceast and noble Vicount Hermus.
Men. Law you there, widow, there 's one of the last edition,
Whose husband yet retaines in his cold trunke
Some little ayring of his noble guest,
Yet she a fresh bride as the moneth of May.
Len. Well, my lord, I am none of these
That have my second husband bespoke;
My doore shall be a testimony of it;
And but these noble marriages encite me,
My much abstracted presence should have shew'd it.
If you come to me, hearke in your eare, my lord,
Looke your ladder of ropes be strong,
For I shall tie you to your tackling.
Count A. Gentlemen, your answer to the masque.
Omnes. Your honour leades: wee 'l follow.
Rog. Signior Claridiana.
Cla. I attend you, sir. [*Exeunt omnes.*
Abi. You 'l be constant? [*Manet* Claridiana.
Cla. Above the adamant; the goates bloud shall not breake me.
Yet shallow fooles and plainer morall men,
That understand not what they undertake,
Fall in their owne snares, or come short of vengeance.
No; let the sunne view with an open face,
And afterward shrinke in his blushing cheekes,
Asham'd and cursing of the fixt decree,
That makes his light bawd to the crimes of men,
When I have ended what I now devise.
Apolloes oracle shall sweare me wise,

t his wife, branch my false-seeming friend,
ke him foster what my hate begot—
'd, that when age and sicknesse seaze him,
a corsive to his griping heart.
to her, for what her modesty
permit, nor my adulterate forcing,
ihlesse herald shall not feare to tell.
ihall know yet that his foe 's a man,
at is more, a true Italian! [*Exit.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Enter ROBERTO, *Lord Cardinall*, ISABELLA, *Lady* LENTULUS, ABIGAIL, *and* THAIS. *Lights.*

Rob. MY grave Lord Cardinall, we congratulate,
And zealously doe entertaine your love,
That from your high and divine contemplation
You have vouchsaf'd to consummate a day
Due to our nuptials. O, may this knot you knit—
This individual Gordian grasp of hands,
In sight of God soe fairely intermixt—
Never be sever'd, as Heaven smiles at it,
By all the darts shot by infernall Jove!
Angels of grace, Amen, Amen, say to 't!
Fair lady-widow, and my worthy mistresse,
Doe you keep silence for a wager?

Tha. Doe you aske a woman that question, my lord,
When shee inforcedly pursues what she 's forbidden?
I thinke, if I had beene tyed to silence,
I should have beene worthy the cucking-stoole ere this time.

Rob. You shall not be my orator, lady, that pleades thus for your selfe.

Ter. My lord, the masquers are at hand.

Rob. Give them kinde entertainement. Some worthy friends of mine, my lord, unknowne to mee, to lavish of their loves, bring their owne welcome in a solemne masque.

bi. I am glad there 's noblemen in the masque.
h our husbands to over-rule them,
y had sham'd us else.
ha. Why? for why, I pray?
bi. Why?—marry, they had come in with some city
v else; hired a few tincell coates at the vizard makers,
ch would ha' made them looke for all the world like
ers in their linnen bases and mealy vizards, new come
n boulting. I saw a shew once at the marriage of
nifeceros daughter, presented by Time, which Time
an old bald thing, a servant: 'twas the best man; he
a dier, and came in likenesse of the rainebow, in all
ner of colours, to shew his art; but the rainebow smelt
rin, so we were all affraid the property was changed,
lookt for a shower. Then came in after him, one that,
em'd, feared no collours—a grocer that had trim'd up
selfe hansomly: hee was justice, and shew'd reasons
. And I thinke this grocer—I meane this justice—
borrowed a weather-beaten ballance from some justice
conduit, both which scales were replenisht with the
ce of his ware. And the more liberally to shew his
re, he gave every woman in the roome her handfull.
ha. O great act of justice! Well, and my husband
e cleanely of with this, he shall neere betray his weak-
e more, but confesse himselfe a cittizen hereafter, and
nowledge their wit, for alas! they come short.

er in the Masque, the Count of ARSENA, MENDOSA, CLARIDIANA, *Torch-bearers. They deliver their shields to their severall mistresses—that is to say,* Mendosa *to the Lady* Lentulus, Claridiana *to* Abigall; *to* Isabella, Guido *Count of* Arsena; *to* Thais, Rogero.

Isa. Good, my lord, be my expositer, [To the Cardinall.

Car. The sunne setting, a man pointing at it.
The motto, *Senso tamen ipso calarem.*
Faire bride, some servant of yours, that here imitates
To have felt the heate of love bred in your brightnesse,
But setting thus from him, by marriage,
He onely here acknowledgeth your power;
And I must expect beames of a morrow-sunne.

Len. Lord Bridegroome, will you interpret me?

Rob. A sable shield: the word, *Vidua spes.*
What—the forlorne hope, in blacke, despairing?
Lady Lentulus, is this the badge of all your suitors?

Len. I, by my troth, my lord, if they come to me.

Rob. I could give it another interpretation. Me thinkes this lover has learn'd of women to deale by contraries; if so, then here he sayes, the widdow is his onely hope.

Len. No; good my lord, let the first stand.

Rob. Inquire of him, and hee 'l resolve the doubt.

Abi. What 's here?—a ship sailing nigh her haven?
With good ware belike: tis well ballast.

Tha. O! this your device smells of the merchant.
What 's your ships name, I pray? The Forlorne Hope?

Abi. Noe; The Merchant Royall.

Tha. And why not Adventurer?

Abi. You see no likelyhood of that: would it not faine be in the haven? The word, *Ut tangerem portum.* Marry, for ought I know; God grant it. What 's there?

Tha. Mine 's an azure shield: marry, what else? I should tell thee more then I understand; but the word is, *Aut precio, aut precibus.*

Abi. I, I, some common-counsell device.

[*They take the women, and dance the first change.*

Men. Faire widow, how like you this change?

Len. I chang'd too lately to like any.
Men. O, your husband! you weare his memory like a aths-head.
)r Heavens love, thinke of me as of the man
hose dancing dayes you see are not yet done.
Len. Yet you sinke a pace, sir.
Men. The fault 's in my upholsterer, lady.
Rog. Thou shalt as soone finde truth telling a lye,
ertue a bawd, Honesty a courtier,
s me turn'd recreant to thy least designe.
ove makes me speake, and hee makes love divine.
Tha. Would Love could make you so! but 'tis his guise
o let us surfeit ere he ope' our eyes.
[*Holding her by the hand.*
Abi. You grasp my hand to hard, i'faith, faire sir.
Cla. Not as you grasp my heart, unwilling wanton.
'ere but my breast bare, and anatomized,
hou shouldst behold there how thow tortur'st it;
nd as Apelles limm'd the Queene of Love,
ı her right hand grasping a heart in flames,
) may I thee, fayrer, but crueller.
Abi. Well, sir, your vizor gives you colour for what)u say.
Cla. Grace me to weare this favour; 'tis a gemme
hat vailes to yur eyes, though not to th' eagles,
nd in exchange give me one word of comfort.
Abi. I, marry: I like this woer well:
.ee 'l win's pleasure out o' the stones.
[*The second change,* Isabella *falls in love with* Rogero *when the changers speak.*
Isa. Change is no robbery; yet in this change
hou rob'st me of my heart. Sure Cupid 's here,

Disguis'd like a pretty torch-bearer,
And makes his brand a torch, that with more sleight
He may intrap weake women. Here the sparkes
Fly, as in Ætna, from his fathers anvile.
O, powerfull boy! my heart 's on fire, and unto mine eyes
The raging flames ascend like to two beacons,
Summoning my strongest powers; but all too late;
The conquerour already ope's the gate.
I will not aske his name.

Abi. You dare put it into my hands.

Men. Doe you thinke I will not?

Abi. Then thus: to-morrow (you'll be secret, servant)

Men. All that I doe, Ile doe in secret.

Abi. My husband goes to Mucave to renew the farme he has.

Men. Well, what time goes the jakes-farmer?

Abi. He shall not be long out, but you shall put in, I warrant you. Have a care that you stand just i' the nicke about sixe a clocke in the evening; my maide shall conduct you up. To save mine honour, you must come up darkling, and to avoid suspition.

Men. Zounds! hud winkt; and if you 'l open all, sweet lady——

Abi. But if you faile to doo 't——

Men. The sunne shall faile the day first.

Abi. Tie this ring fast, you may be sure to know.
You 'l brag of this, now you have brought mee to the bay.

Men. Pox o' this masque! Would 'twere done! I might
To my apothecaries for some stirring meats!

Tha. Me thinkes, sir, you should blush e'en through your vizor.
I have scarce patience to daunce out the rest.

ob. The worse my fate that plowes a marble quarry:
ıalion, yet thy image was more kinde,
ough thy love 's not halfe so true as mine.
ce they that list, I saile against the winde.
ha. Nay, sir, betray not your infirmities,
'l make my husband jealous by and by.
will thinke of you, and that presently.
ui. The spheares neer danc'd unto a better tune.
ıd musicke there!

[*The third change ended, Ladies fall off.*

ıa. 'Twas musicke that he spake.
ob. Gallants, I thanke you, and
in a health to your mistresses,
ɜe or four faire thankes, Sir Bride-groome.
ıa. He speakes not to this pledge; has he no mis-
ɜe?
ıld I might chuse one for him! but 't may be
doth adore a brighter starre then we.
ob. Sit, ladies, sit; you have had standing long.

[Rogero *dances a Levalto or a Galliard, and in the midst of it, falleth into the Brides lap, but straight leapes up and danceth it out.*

len. Blesse the man; sprt'ly and nobly done!
ha. What, is your ladyship hurt?
ıa. O no, an easie fall.
ı I not deepe enough, thou god of lust,
I must further wade! I am his now,
ɜure as Junos, Joves! Hymen, take flight,
l see not me, 'tis not my wedding night.

[*Exit* Isabella.

lar. The bride 's departed discontent seemes.
lob. Wee 'l after her. Gallants, unmasque I pray,

And tast a homely banquet, we intreate.

[*Ex.* Roberto, Cardinal.

Cla. Candidi, Erignos, I beseech thee, and lights!

Men. Come, widdow, Ile bee bold to put you in. My lord, will you have a sotiate? [*Ex.* Thais. Lent. Abig.

Rog. Good gentlemen, if I have any interest in you, Let me depart unknowne; 'tis a disgrace Of an eternall memory.

Men. What, the fall, my lord?—as common a thing as can bee. The stiffest man in Italy may fall betweene a womans legges.

Cla. Would I had chang'd places with you, my lord—would it had beene my hap!

Rog. What cuckold layd his hornes in my way? Signior Claridiana, you were by the lady when I fell: Doe you thinke I hurt her?

Cla. You could not hurt her, my lord, betweene the leggs.

Rog. What was 't I fell withall?

Men. A crosse point, my lord.

Rog. Crosse point, indeed. Well, if you love mee, let mee hence unknowne; The silence yours, the disgrace mine owne.

[*Ex.* Car. *and* Mend.

Enter ISABELLA *with a gilt goblet, and meetes* ROGERO.

Isa. Sir, if wine were nectar, Ile begin a health To her that were most gracious in your eye; Yet daigne, as simply 'tis the gift of Bacchus, To give her pledge that drinkes. This god of wine Cannot inflame me more to appetite,

ough he bee to supreme with mighty Love,
ıen thy faire shape.
Rog. Zounds! she comes to deride me.
Isa. That kisse shall serve
› be a pledge, although my lips should starve.
o tricke to get that vizor from his face?
Rog. I will steale hence, and so conceale disgrace.
Isa. Sir, have you left nought behinde?
Rog. Yes, but the fates will not permit
ıs gems once lost are seldome or never found)
should convey it with me. Sweete, good-night!
he bends to me: there's my fall againe. [*Exit.*
Isa. Hee's gon! That lightning that a while doth strike
ur eyes with amaz'd brightnesse, and on a sudden
eaves us in prisoned darknesse! Lust, thou art high;
ly smiles may well come from the sky.
ınna, Anna!

Enter ANNA.

Ann. Madame, did you call?
Isa. Follow yond' stranger; prethee learne his name.
Ve may hereafter thanke him. How I doate! [*Ex.* Anna.
ı hee not a god
hat can command what other men would winne
Vith the hard'st advantage? I must have him,
ır, shaddow-like, follow his fleeting steps.
Vere I as Daphne, and he followed chase,
hough I rejected young Apollo's love,
ınd like a dreame beguile his wandring steps,
ıhould he pursue me through the neighbouring grove,
ach cowslip-stalke should trip a willing fall,

Till hee were mine, who till then am his thrall:
Nor will I blush, since worthy is my chance.
'Tis said that Venus with a Satyre slept;
And how much short came she of my faire aime!
Then, Queene of Love, a president Ile be,
To teach faire women learne to love of mee.
Speake, musicke: what 's his name?

Enter ANNA.

Ann. Madame, it was the worthy Count Massino.

Isa. Blest be thy tongue! The worthy count inde
The worthiest of the worthies. Trusty Anna,
Hast thou pack'd up those monies, plate, and jewels
I gave direction for?

Ann. Yes, madame; I have trust up them, that m
A proper man has beene trust up for.

Isa. I thanke thee. Take the wings of night,
Beloved secretary, and post with them to Swevia;
There furnish up some stately palace
Worthy to entertaine the king of love:
Prepare it for my comming and my loves.
Ere Phœbus steedes once more unharnest be,
Or ere he sport with his beloved Thetis,
The silver-footed goddesse of the sea,
Wee will set forward—fly, like the northern winde,
Or swifter, Anna—fleete, like to my minde.

An. I am just of your minde, madame. I am goi
[*Exit A*

Isa. So to the house of death the mourner goes,
That is bereft of what his soule desir'd,
As I to bed—I to my nuptiall bed,
The heaven on earth: so to thought-slaughters went
The pale Andromeda, bedewed with teares,

hen every minute she expected gripes of a fell monster,
id in vaine bewail'd the act of her creation.
llen Night, that look'st with sunke eyes on my nuptiall bed,
ith ne're a starre that smiles upon the end,
end thy slacke pace, and lend the malecontent,
ie hoping lover, and the wishing bride,
ames that too long thou shaddowest: or, if not,
spight of thy fixt front, when my loath'd mate
all struggle in due pleasure for his right,
think 't my love, and die in that delight! [*Exit.*

Enter, at severall doores, ABIGAIL *and* THAIS.

Abi. Thais, you 're an early riser.
have that to shew will make your hayre stand an-end.

Tha. Well, lady, and I have that to show you will bring ur courage downe. What would you say and I would me a partie saw your husband court, kisse, nay, almost e through for the hole?

Abi. How, how? what would I say? nay, by this light! hat would I not doe? If ever Amazon fought better, or ore at the face, then Ile doe, let me never be thought a w-married wife. Come, unmasque her; tis some admible creature, whose beautie you neede not paint; I arrant you, 'tis done to your hand.

Tha. Would any woman but I be abused to her face? rethee reade the contents. Know'st thou the character?

Abi. 'Tis my husbands hand, and a love-letter; but for e contents I finde none in it. Has the lustfull monster, ll backe and belly, starv'd me thus? What defect does e see in mee? Ile be sworne, wench, I am of as pliant

and yeelding a body to him, e'en which way he will—he may turne me as he list him-selfe. What? and dedicate to thee! I, marry, heere 's a stile so heigh as a man cannot helpe a dog o're it. He was wont to write to me in the citie phrase, My good Abigall. Heere 's astonishment of nature, unparaleld excellency, and most unequall rarity of creation!—three such words will turne any honest woman in the world a whore; for a woman is never won till shee know not what to answere; and beshrew me if I understand any of these. You are the party, I perceive, and heer 'es a white sheete, that your husband has promist me to do penance in: you must not thinke to dance the shaking of the sheetes alone, though their be not such rare phrases in 't—'tis more to the matter: a legible hand, but for the dash or the (hee) and (as) short bawdy parenthesis as ever you saw, to the purpose; he has not left out a pricke, I warrant you, wherein he has promist to doe me any good; but the law 's in mine owne hand.

Tha. I ever thought by his red beard hee would prove a Judas; here am I bought and sold; he makes much of me indeed. Well, wench, wee were best wisely in time seeke for prevention; I should be loath to take drinke and die on 't, as I am afraid I shall, that he will lye with thee.

Abi. To be short, sweete heart, Ile be true to thee, though a lyer to my husband. I have signed your husbands bill like a wood-cocke as hee is held, perswaded him (since nought but my love can asswage his violent passions) he should enjoy, like a private friend, the pleasures of my bed. I told him my husband was to goe to Maurano to-day, to renew a farme he has; and in the meane time hee might be tenant at will to use mine. This false fire has so tooke with him, that hee 's ravisht afore

ɜe come. I have had stones one him all red. Dost know ıis?

Tha. I, too well; it blushes, for his master points to ıe ringe.

Abi. Now my husband will be hawkin about thee anon, ınd thou canst meete him closely.

Tha. By my fayth I would bee loath in the dark, and ee knew me.

Abi. I meane thus: the same occasion will serve him ɔo; they are birds of a feather, and will flye together, I 'arrant thee, wench; appoint him to come; say that thy ısband 's gone for Mawrano, and tell mee anone if thou ıad'st not his heart-bloud spring for joy in his face.

Tha. I conceive you not all this while.

Abi. Then th' art a barren woman, and no marvaile if hy husband love thee not. The houre for both to come ɜ sixe—a dark time fit for purblinde lovers; and with leanly convayance by the niglers our maids, they shall be ranslated into our bed-chambers. Your husband into nine, and mine into yours.

Tha. But you meane they shall come in at the backe-lores?

Abi. Who? our husbands? nay, and they come not in at the fore-dores there will be no pleasure in 't. But we two will climbe over our garden-pales, and come in that way (the chastest that are in Venice will stray for a good turne), and thus wittily will wee bestowed—you into my house to your husband, and I into your house to my husband; and I warrant thee before a month come to an end, they 'll cracke louder of this nights-lodging then the bedsteads.

Tha. All is if our maids keepe secret.

Abi. Mine is a maid Ile be sworne; shee has kept her secrets hitherto.

Tha. Troath, and I never had any sea captaine bordid in my house.

Abi. Goe to, then; and the better to avoid suspition, thus we must insist: they must come up darkling, recreate themselves with their delight an houre or two, and after a million kisses, or so.

Tha. But is my husband content to come darkling?

Abi. What, not to save mine honour? Hee that will runne through fire, as hee has profest, will, by the heate of his love, grope in the darke! I warrant him he shall save mine honour.

Tha. I am afraid my voyce will discover mee.

Abi. Why, then, you 'ad best say nothing, and take it thus quietly when your husband comes.

Tha. I, but you know a woman cannot chuse but speake in these cases.

Abi. Bite in your neather-lip, and I warrant you;
Or make as if you were whiffing tobacco;
Or puich like me. Gods so! I heare thy husband! [*Ex.*

Tha. Farewell, wise woman;

Enter MIZALDUS.

Miz. Now gins my vengeance mount high in my lust:
'Tis a rare creature, shee 'll do 't i'faith;
And I am arm'd at all points. A rare whiblin,
To be reveng'd, and yet gain pleasure in 't,
One height above revenge! Yet what a slave am I!
Are there not younger brothers enough, but we must
Branch one another? O, but mines revenge!
And who on that does dreame

be a tyrant ever in extreame.
y wife Thais, get my breakefast ready;
st into the country to my farme I have
two miles off, and, as I thinke,
not come home to-night. Jaques, Jaques!
ny vessell ready to row me downe the river.
ee make haste, sweete girle. [*Exit* Mizaldus.
a. So, ther 's one foole shipt away. Are your crosse-
s discovered? Get your breake-fast ready!
his light ile tie you to hard fare;
'e beene to sparing of that you prodigally offer
ntary to another: well, you will be a tame foole
hereafter.
finest light is when we first defraud;
and to-night 'tis I must lye abroad. [*Exit.*

Enter ISABELLA, *and a Page with a letter.*

z. Here, take this letter, beare it to the count.
boy, first tell, think'st thou I am in love?
ge. Madam, I cannot tell.
z. Canst thou not tell? Dost thou not see my face?
t the face the index of the minde?
canst thou not distinguish love by that?
ge. No, madam.
z. Then take this letter and deliver it
the worthy count. No, fie upon him!
e backe: tell me, why shouldst thou thinke
same 's a love-letter?
ge. I doe not thinke so, madam.
a. I know thou dost; for thou dost ever use
old the wrong opinion. Tell me true,
thou not thinke that letter is of love?

Page. If you would have me thinke so, madam, y

Isa. What, dost thou thinke thy lady is so fond?
Give me the letter; thy selfe shall see it.
Yet I should teare it in the breaking ope,
And make him lay a wrongfull charge on thee,
And say thou brok'st it open by the way,
And saw what haynous things I charge him with.
But 'tis all one, the letter is not of love;
Therefore deliver it unto himselfe,
And tell him hee 's deceiv'd—I doe not love him.
But if he thinke so, bid him come to mee,
And ile confute him straight: ile shew him reasons—
Ile shew him plainely why I cannot love him.
And if he hap to reade it in thy hearing,
Or chance to tell thee that the words were sweet,
Doe not thou then disclose my lewde intent
Under those syrene words, and how I meane
To use him when I have him at my will;
For then thou wilt destroy the plots that 's layd,
And make him feare to yeeld when I doe wish
Onely to have him yeeld; for when I have him,
None but my selfe shall know how I will use him.
Begon! why stayest thou?—yet returne againe.

Page. I, madam.

Isa. Why dost thou come againe? I bad thee go
If I say goe, never returne againe. [*Exit.*
My blood, like to a troubled ocean,
Cuff'd with the windes, incertaine where to rest,
Buts at the utmost share of every limbe!
My husband 's not the man I would have had.
O, my new thoughts to this brave sprightly lord
Was fixt to that hid fire lovers feele!

Vhere was my minde before—that refin'd judgement
hat represents rare objects to our passions?
)r did my lust beguile me of my sence,
Taking me feast upon such dangerous cates,
'or present want, that needes must breed a surfeit?
Iow was I shipwrackt? Yet, Isabella, thinke
Thy husband is a noble gentleman, young, wise,
Ind rich; thinke what fate followes thee,
Ind nought but lust doth blinde thy worthy love.
will desist. O no, it may not be.
Even as a head-strong courser beares way
His rider, vainely striving him to stay;
)r as a suddaine gale thrusts into sea
The haven-touching barke, now neare the sea:—
So wavering Cupid brings me backe againe,
And purple Love resumes his darts againe:
Here of themselves, by shafts come as if shot,
Better then I they quiver knowes 'em not.

Enter Count ARSENA *and a Page.*

Page. Madam, the count.

Rog. So fell the Trojan wanderer on the Greeke,
And bore away his ravish prize to Troy.
For such a beautie, brighter then his Dana,
Love should (me thinkes) now come himselfe againe.
Lovely Isabella, I confesse me mortall—
Not worthy to serve thee in thought, I swere;
Yet shall not this same over-flow of favour
Diminish my vow'd duty to your beauty.

Isa. Your love, my lord, I blushing proclaime it,
Hath power to draw mee through a wildernesse,
Wer't arm'd with furies, as with furious beasts.

Boy, bid our traine beready; wee 'le to horse. [*Exit Page.*
My lord, I should say something, but I blush;
Courting is not befitting to our sexe.

Rog. Ile teach you how to woo.
Say you have lov'd mee long,
And tell me that a womans feeble tongue
Was never turned unto a wooing-string;
Yet for my sake you will forget your sexe,
And court my love with strain'd immodesty,
Then bid me make you happy with a kisse.

Isa. Sir, though women doe not woo, yet for your sake
I am content to leave that civill custome,
And pray you kisse me.

Rog. Now use some unexpect umbages,
To draw me further into Vulcanes net.

Isa. You love not me so well as I love you.

Rog. Faire lady, but I doe.

Isa. Then show your love.

Rog. Why in this kisse I show 't, and in my vowed service
This wooing shall suffice. 'Tis easier farre
To make the current of a silver-brooke
Convert his flowing backward to his spring
Then turne a woman wooer. There 's no cause
Can turne the setted course of Natures lawes.

Isa. My lord, will you pursue the plot?

Rog. The letter gives direction here for Pavie.
To horse, to horse! Thus once Fridace,
With lookes regardiant, did the Thracian gaze,
And lost his gift while he desired the sight.
But wiser, I, lead by more powerfull charme,
Ide see the world winne thee from out mine arme.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter at severall doores, CLARIDIANA *and* GUIDO.

Gui. Zounds! is the Huritano comming? Claridiana, hat 's the matter?

Cla. The Countesse of Swevia has new taken horse. 'lye, Phœbus, flye, the houre is sixe a clocke!

Gui. Whether is shee gone, signior?

Cla. Even as Jove went to meete his simile;
'o the divell, I thinke.

Gui. You know not wherefore?

Cla. To say sooth, I doe not.
o in immortall wise shall I arrive——

Gui. At the gallowes. What, in a passion, signior?

Cla. Zounds! doe not hold me, sir.
autious Thais, I am all thine wholy.
he staffe is now advancing for the rest,
nd when I tilt, Mizaldus, aware my crest! [*Exit.*

Enter ROBERTO, *in his night-gowne and cap, with Servants; he kneeles downe.*

Gui. What 's here?—the capring god-head tilting in e ayre?

Rob. The gods send her no horse, a poore old age,
ternall woe, and sicknesse lasting rage!

Gui. My lord, you may yet o'er-take 'em.

Rob. Furies supply that place, for I will not! No,
ıe can forsake me when pleasures in the full,
esh and untird, what would she on the least barren coldnesse?
warrant you she has already got
er bravoes and her ruffians; the meanest whore
'ill have one buckler, but your great ones more.

The shores of Sicile retaines not such a monster,
Though to galley-slaves they daily prostitute.
To let the nuptiall tapers give light to her new lust!
Who would have thought it?
She that could no more forsake my company,
Then can the day forsake the glorious pressence of the sunne!—
When I was absent then her galled eyes
Would have shed April showers, and outwept
The clouds in that same o're-passionate moode,
When they drown'd all the world—yet now forsakes me!
Women, your eyes shed glances like the sunne:
Now shines your brightnesse, now your light is done.
On the sweetest showres you shine—'tis but by chance,
And on the basest weede you 'l wast a glance.
Your beames, once lost, can never more be found,
Unlesse we waite until your course runne round,
And take you at fift hand. Since I cannot
Enjoy the noble title of a man,
But after-ages, as our vertues are
Buried whilst we are living, will sound out
My infamy, and her degenerate shame,
Yet in my life ile smother 't, if I may,
And like a dead man to the world bequeath
These houses of vanity, mils, and lands.
Take what you will, I will not keepe among you, servants,
And welcome some religious monastery.
A true sworne beads-man ile hereafter be,
And wake the morning cocke with holy prayers.

Ser. Good, my lord—noble master——

Rob. Disswade me not, my will shall be my king;

hanke thee, wife, a faire change thou hast given;
eave thy lust to woo the love of Heaven!

[*Exit cum servis.*

Gui. This is conversion, is 't not—as good as might have bin?
e returnes religious upon his wives turning curtezan.
his is just like some of our gallant prodigals,
Vhen they have consum'd their patrimonies wrongfully,
'hey turne Capuchins for devotion. [*Exit.*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

CLARIDIANA *and* ROGERO, *being in a readinesse, are received in at one anothers houses by their Maids.*

Then enters MENDOSA, *with a Page, to the Lady* LENTULUS *window.*

Men. NIGHT, like a solemne mourner, frownes on earth,
Envying that day should force her doffe her roabes,
Or Phœbus, chase away her melancholly.
Heavens eyes looke faintly through her sable masque,
And silver Cinthia hyes her in her sphære,
Scorning to grace blacke Nights solemnity.
Be unpropitious, Night, to villaine thoughts,
But let thy diamonds shine one vertuous love.
This is the lower house of high-built heaven,
Where my chaste Phœbe sits inthron'd 'mong thoughts
So purely good, brings her to heaven on earth.
Such power hath soules in contemplation!
Sing, boy (thought night yet), like the mornings larke—
[*Musicke playes.*
A soule that 's cleare is light, thought heaven be darke.

The Lady LENTULUS *at her window.*

Len. Who speakes in musicke to us?

Men. Sweet, 'tis I. Boy, leave me and to bed.

[*Exit Page.*

Len. I thanke you for your musicke; now, good-night.

Men. Leave not the world yet, Queene of Chastity,
ɛepe promise with thy love, Endimion,
ıd let me meete thee there on Latmus top.
is I whose vertuous hopes are firmely fixt
ı the fruition of thy chast vow'd love.

Len. My lord, your honor made me promise you ascent
to my house, since my vow barr'd my doores,
ɣ some wits engine made for theft and lust;
ɜt for your honour, and my humble fame,
ıecke your blouds passions, and returne, deare lord.
ıspition is a dogge that still doth bite
/ithout a cause: this act gives foode to envy;
wolne big, it bursts, and poysons our cleare flames.

Men. Envy is stinglesse when she lookes on thee.

Len. Envy is blinde, my lord, and cannot see.

Men. If you breake promise, faire, you breake my heart.

Len. Then come. Yea, stay. Ascend. Yet let us part.
. feare, you know not what I feare.
Your love 's pretious, yet mine honour 's deare.

Men. If I doe staine thy honour with foule lust,
May thunder stricke me to show Jove is just!

Len. Then come, my lord; on earth your vow is given.
This aide ile lend you.

[*He throws up a ladder of cords, which she makes fast to some part of the window; he ascends, and at top fals.*

Men. Thus I mount my heaven.
Receive me, sweete!

Len. O me, unhappy wretch!

How fares your honour? Speake, fate-crosse lord!
If life retaine his seat within you, speake!
Else like that Sestian dame, that saw her love
Cast by the frowning billowes on the sands,
And leane death, swolne big with the Hellespont,
In bleake Leanders body—like his love,
Come I to thee. One grave shall serve us both!

Men. Stay, miracle of women! yet I breathe.
Though death be enter'd in this tower of flesh,
Hee is not conquerour; my heart stands out,
And yeelds to the, scorning his tyranny!

Len. My doores are vow'd shut, and I cannot helpe you.
Your wounds are mortall; wounded is mine honour,
If there the towne-guard finde you. Unhappy dame!
Reliefe is perjur'd, my vow kept. Shame!
What hellish destinie did twist my fate!

Men. Rest ceaze thine eye-lids; be not passionate;
Sweet sleepe secure; Ile remove my selfe.
That viper envy shall not spot thy fame:
Ile take that poyson with me, my soules rest,
For like a serpent, Ile creepe on my breast.

Len. Thou more then man! Love-wounded, joy and griefe fight in my bloud. They wounds and constancie are both so strong, none can have victory!

Men. Darke the world; earths queene, get thee to bed;
The earth is light while those two starres are spread:
Their splendor will betray me to mens eyes.
Vaile thy bright face; for if thou longer stay,
Phœbus will rise to thee, and make night day.

Len. To part and leave you hurt my soule doth feare.

Men. To part from hence I cannot, you being there.

n. Wee 'll move together, then fate love controules;
as we part, so bodies part from soules.
'en. Mine is the earth, thine the refined fire;
morrall, thou divine, then soule mount higher.
n. Why then, take comfort, sweet; Ile see on to-
ow. [*Exit.*
'en. My wounds are nothing; thy losse breedes my
sorrow.
now 'tis darke;
ort your master, legges, a little further;
t not, bolde heart, with anguish of my wound;
further yet. Can bloud weigh downe my soule?
e is vaine without abilitie.
[*He staggars on, and then fals downe.*
fals a monarch, if fate push at him.

Enter a Captaine and the Watch.

p. Come on, my hearts; we are the cities securitie.
ive you your charge, and then, like courtiers, every
spye out. Let no man in my company be afraid to
e to a cloake lined with velvet, nor tremble at the
l of a gingling spurre.
atch. May I never be counted a cock of the game, if
e spurres; but be gelded like a capon for the pre-
g of my voyce.
p. Ile have none of my band refraine to search a
iall house, though his wifes sister be a lodger there;
ike two shillings of the bawd to save the gentlemens
s that are aloft; and so, like voluntary pandars,
them, to the shame of all halbardiers.
Nay, the wenches, wee 'll tickle them, that 's flat.

Cap. If you meete a shevoiliero, that 's in the grosse phrase, a knight, that swaggers in the streete, and, being taken, has no money in his purse to pay for his fees, it shall be a part of your duty to entreate me to let him goe.

1. O mervailous! is there such shevoilieros?

2. Some two hundred, that 's the least, that are reveal'd [Mend. *groue.*

Cap. What grone is that? Bring a light. Who lyes there?

It is the Lord Mendosa, kinsman to our duke.
Speake, good my lord: relate your dire mischance;
Life like a fearefell servant, flyes his master;
Art must attone them, or th' whole man is lost.
Convay him to a surgeons, then returne;
No place shall be unsearch'd untill we finde
The truth of this mischance. Make haste againe.
[*Exit the Watch, manet* Captain.
Whose house is this stands open? In, and search
What guests that house containes, and brings them forth.
This noble mans misfortune stirs my quiet,
And fils me soule with fearefull fantasies;
But Ile unwinde this laborinth of doubt,
Else industry shall loose part of selfes labour.
Who have we there? Signiors, cannot you tell us
How our princes kinsman came wounded to the death
Nigh to your houses?

Rog. Heyday! crosse-ruffe at midnight! Is 't Christmas? You goe a gaming to our neighbours house.

Cla. Dost make a mummer of me, oxe-head?

Cap. Make answere, gentlemen, it doth concerne you.

Rog. Oxe-head will beare an action; ile ha' the law;

ɔt be yoakt. Beare witnesse, gentlemen, he cals me
head.
ɹp. Doe you heare, sir?
'a. Very well, very well; take law and hang thy selfe;
re not.' Had she no other but that good face to
e upon? I rather she had dealt with a dangerous
ch-man then with such a pagan.
ɹp. Are you mad? Answere my demand.
ɔg. I am as good a Christian as thy selfe.
ıgh my wife have now new christned me.
ɹp. Are you deafe, you make no answere?
'a. Would I had had the circumcising of thee, Jew,
ha' cut short your cuckold-maker; I would i'faith,
ɔuld ifaith!
ɹp. Away with them to prison; they 'l answere better
ɜ.
ɔg. Not too fast, gentlemen; what 's your crime?
ap. Murder of the dukes kinsman, Signior Mendosa.
'mbo. Nothing else? We did it, we did it, we did it!
ap. Take heed, gentlemen, what you confesse.
'a. Ile confesse any thinge, since I am made a foole
knave. Ile be hang'd like an innocent, that 's flat.
'ɔg. Ile not see my shame. Hempe instead of a
ɛksalver. You shall put out mine eyes, and my head
l bee bought to make incke-hornes of.
'ap. You doe confesse the murder?
'a. Sir, 'tis true,
e by a faithlesse Christian and a Jew.
'ap. To prison with them; we will heare no further;
tongue betrayes the heart of guilty murder.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Count GUIDO, ISABELLA, ANNA, *and Servants.*

Gui. Welcome to Pavy, sweete; and may this kisse
Chase melancholy from thy company;
Speake, my soules joy, how fare you after travaile?

Isa. Like one that scapeth danger on the seas,
Yet trembles with cold feares, being safe on land,
With bare imagination of what 's past.

Gui. Feare keepe with cowards, aire stars cannot move.

Isa. Feare in this kinde, my lord, doth sweeten love.

Gui. To thinke feare joy, deare, I cannot conjecture.

Isa. Feare 's fire to fervencie,
Which makes loves sweete prove nectar;
Trembling desire, feare, hope, and doubtfull leasure,
Distill from love the quintessence of pleasure.

Gui. Madam, I yeeld to you; feare keepes with love,
My oratory is two weake against you:
You have the ground of knowledge, wise experience,
Which makes your argument invincible.

Isa. You are Times scholler, and can flatter weakenesse.

Gui. Custome allowes it, and we plainely see
Princes and women mainetaine flattery.

Isa. Anna, goe see my jewels and my trunkes
Be aptly placed in their severall roomes. [*Exit* Anna.

Enter GNIACA *Count of Gaza, with Attendants.*

My lord, know you this gallant? 'Tis a compleat gentleman.

Gui. I doe; 'tis Count Gniaca, my endeared friend.

Gni. Welcome to Pavie, welcome, faire lady.

our sight, deare friend, is lifes restorative;
his day 's the period of long-wish'd content,
lore welome to me then day to the world,
ight to the wearied, or gold to a mizer;
uch joy feeles friendship in society.

Isa. A rare shap'd man: compare them both together.

Gui. Our loves are friendly twins, both at a birth;
he joy you taste, that joy doe I conceive.
his day 's the jubile of my desire.

Isa. He 's fairer then he was when first I saw him.
his little time makes him more excellent.

Gni. Relate some newes. Harke you; what lady 's that?
3e open-breasted, soe will I to thee. [*They whisper.*

Isa. Errour did blinde him that paints love blinde;
or my love plainely judges difference:
ove is cleare-sighted, and with eagles eyes,
ndazeled, lookes upon bright sunne-beam'd beauty.
ature did rob herselfe when shee made him,
lushing to see her worke excell her selfe;
Tis shape makes mankinde femelacy.
'orgive me, Rogero, 'tis my fate
'o love thy friend, and quit thy love with hate.
must enjoy him; let hope thy passion smother;
'aith cannot coole bloud; ile clip him wer 't my brother;
uch is the heate of my sincere affection,
[ell nor earth can keepe love in subjection!

Gni. I crave your hours pardon my ignorance
f what you were, may gaine a curteous pardon.

Isa. There needs no pardon where there 's no offence.
lis tongue strikes musicke ravishing my sense:
must be sodaine, else desire confounds mee.

Gui. What sport affords this climate for delight?

Gni. We 'le hawke and hunt to-day; as for to-morrow,
Variety shall feed variety.

Isa. Dissimulation womens armour is,
Aide love beleefe, and female constancy.
O, I am sicke, my lord! Kinde Rogero, help mee!

Gni. Forsend it, Heaven! Madam, sit; how fare you?
My lives best comfort, speake—O speake, sweet saint!

Isa. Fetch art to keepe life; runne, my love, I faint;
My vitall breath runnes coldly through my veynes;
I see leane death, with eyes imaginary,
Stand fearefully before me; here my end,
A wife unconstant, yet thy loving friend!

Gni. As swift as thought, flie I to wish thee ayde.
[*Exit.*

Isa. Thus innocence by craft is soon betraid.
My Lord Gniaca, 'tis your art must heale me;
I am love-sicke for your love; love, love, for loving!
I blush for speaking truth; faire sir, beleeve me,
Beneath the moone nought but your frowne can grieve me.

Gni. Lady, by Heaven, me thinkes this fit is strange.

Isa. Count not my love light for this sodaine change:
By Cupids bow I sweare, and will avow,
I never knew true perfect love till now.

Gni. Wrong not your selfe, me, and your dearest friend;
Your love is violent, and soone will end.
Love is not love unlesse love doth persevere;
That love is perfect love, that loves for ever.

Isa. Such love is mine; beleeve it, well-shap'd youth,
Though women use to lye, yet I speake truth.
Give sentence for my life, or speedy death.
Can you affect me?

Gni. I should belye my thoughts to give denyall;

ıt then to friendship I must turne disloyall.
will not wrong my friend; let that suffice.
Isa. Ile be a miracle; for love a woman dyes.
[*Offers to stab her selfe.*
Gni. Hold, madam; these are soule-killing passions.
le rather wrong my friend then you your selfe.
Isa. Love me, or else by Jove, death 's but delay'd.
y vow is fixt in heaven; feare shall not move me;
y life is death with tortures 'lesse you love me.
Gni. Give me some respite, and I will resolve you.
Isa. My heart denies it;
y blood is violent; now or else never;
ɔve me, and like loves queene ile fall before thee,
ıticing daliance from thee with my smiles,
ɑd steale thy heart with my delicious kisses.
ɜ study art in love, that in a rupture
ıy soule shall taste pleasures excelling nature.
ɔve me, both art and nature in large recompence
ıall be profuse in ravishing thy sense.
Gni. You have prevail'd; I am yours from all the world;
ıy wit and beauty have entranc'd my soule;
long for daliance, my bloud burnes like fire;
ɛls paine on earth is to delay desire!
Isa. I kisse thee for that breath. This day you hunt;
. midst of all your sports leave you Rogero;
ɜturne to me whose life rests in thy sight,
here pleasure shall make nectar our delight.
Gni. I condescend to what thy will implores mee;
e that but now neglected thee, adores thee.
ut see, here comes my friend; feare makes him tremble.

Enter ROGERO, ANNA, *and Doctor.*

Isa. Women are witlesse that cannot dissemble.
Now I am sicke againe. Where 's my Lord Rogero?
His love and my health 's vanish'd both together.

Gui. Wrong not thy friend, deare friend, in thy extreames;
Here 's a profound Hypocrates, my deare,
To administer to thee the spirit of health.

Isa. Your sight to me, my lord, excels all phisicke;
I am better farre, my love, then when you left mee;
Your friend was comfortable to me at the last.
'Twas but a fit, my lord, and now 'tis past.
Are all things ready, sir?

Ann. Yes, madame, the house is fit.

Gni. Desire in women is the life of wit. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter ABIGALL *and* THAIS, *at severall doores.*

Abi. O, partner, I am with child of laughter, and none but you can be my mid-wife. Was there ever such a game at noddy?

Tha. Our husbands thinke they are fore-men of the jury; they hold the hereticke point of predestination, and sure they are borne to be hanged!

Abi. They are like to proud men of judgement; but not for killing of him that 's yet alive, and well recovered.

Tha. As soone as my man saw the watch come up,
All his spirit was downe.

Abi. But though they have made us good sport in speech,
They did hinder us of good sport in action.
O wench, imagination is strong in pleasure!

Tha. That 's true; for the opinion my good-man had of enjoying you made him doe wonders.

Abi. Why should a weake man, that is so soone satisfied, desire variety?

Tha. Their answer is, to feede on phesants continually would breede a loathing.

Abi. Then if we seeke for strange flesh that have stomackes at will, 'tis pardonable.

Tha. I, if men had any feeling of it; but they judge us by themselves.

Abi. Well, we will bring them to the gallowes, and then, like kinde virgins, begge their lives; and after live at our pleasures, and this bridle shall still reyne them.

Tha. Faith, if we were disposed, we might seeme as safe As if we had the broad seale to warrant it;
But that nights worke will sticke by me this forty weekes.
Come, shall we goe visit the discontented Lady Lentulus,
Whom the Lord Mendosa has confest to his chirurgion
He would have rob'd? I thought great men would but
Have rob'd the poore, yet he the rich.

Abi. He thought that the richer purchase, though with the worse conscience; but wee 'll to comfort her, and then goe heare our husbands lamentations. They say mine has compiled an ungodly volume of satyres against women, and cals his booke *The Snarle*.

Tha. But he 's in hope his booke will save him.

Abi. God defend that it should, or any that snarle in that fashion!

Tha. Well, wench, if I could be metamorphosed into my shape, I should have my husband pliant to me in his fe, and soone rid of him; for being weary with his connuall motion, he 'de dye of a consumption.

Abi. Make much of him, for all our wanton prize,
ollow the proverbe, "Merry be and wise." [*Exeunt.*

Enter ISABELLA, ANNA, *and Servants.*

Isa. Time, that devour'st all mortalitie,
Runne swiftly these few houres,
And bring Gniaca on thy aged shoulders,
That I may clip the rarest modell of creation.
Doe this, gentle time,
And I will curle thine aged silver locke,
And dally with thee in delicious pleasure:
Medea-like, I will renew thy youth;
But if thy frozen steps delay my love,
Ile poyson thee, with murder curse thy pathes,
And make thee know a time of infamy.
Anna, give watch, and bring mee certaine notice
When Count Gniaca doth approach my house.

Ann. Madam, I goe.
I am kept for pleasure, though I never taste it;
For 'tis the ushers office still to cover
His laydes private meetings with her lovers. [*Exit.*

Isa. Desire, thou quenchlesse flame that burnes our soules,
Cease to torment mee;
The dew of pleasure shall put out thy fire,
And quite consume thee with satiety.
Lust shall be cool'd with lust, wherein ile prove
The life of love is onely sav'd by love.

Enter ANNA.

Ann. Madam, hee 's comming.

Isa. Thou blessed Mercury,
Prepare a banquet fit to please the gods;
Let speare-like musicke breathe delicious tones

Into our mortall eares; perfume the house
With odoriferous sents, sweeter then myrrhe,
Or all the spices in Panchaia.
His sight and touching we will recreate,
That his five sences shall bee five-fold happy.
His breath like roses casts out sweete perfume;
Time now with pleasure shall it selfe consume.

Enter GNIACA *in his hunting weedes.*

How like Adonis in his hunting weedes,
Lookes this same goddesse-tempter?
And art thou come? This kisse enters into thy soule.
Gods, I doe not envy you; for know this
Way's here on earth compleat, excels your blisse:
Ile not change this nights pleasure with you all.

Gni. Thou creature made by love, compos'd of pleasure,
That mak'st true use of thy creation,
In thee both wit and beauty 's resident;
Delightfull pleasure, unpeer'd excellence.
This the fate fixt fast unto thy birth,
That thou alone shouldst be mans heaven one earth.
If I alone may but enjoy thy love,
Ile not change earthly joy to be heavens Jove:
For though that women-haters now are common,
They all shall know earths joy consists in woman.

Isa. My love was doteage till I loved thee,
For thy soule truely tastes our petulance;
Conditions lover, Cupids Intelligencer,
That makes men understand what pleasure is:
These are fit tributes unto thy knowledge;
For womens beauty o're men beare that rule:
Our power commands the rich, the wise, the foole.

Though scorne growes big in man, in growth and stature,
Yet women are the rarest workes of nature.

Gni. I doe confesse the truth, and must admire
That women can command rare mans desire.

Isa. Cease admiration, sit to Cupids feast,
The preparation to Papheon daliance;
Hermonius musicke, breath thy silver ayres,
To stirre up appetite to Venus banquet,
That breath of pleasure that entrances soules,
Making that instant happinesse a heaven,
In the true tast of loves deliciousnesse.

Gni. Thy words are able to stirre cold desire
Into his flesh thy lyes intomb'd in ice,
Having lost the feeling warmth in bloud;
Then how much more in me, whose youthfull veines,
Like a proud river, over-flow their bounds?
Pleasures ambrosia, or loves nourisher,
I long for privacy; come, let us in;
'Tis custome, and not reason, makes love sinne.

Isa. Ile lead the way to Venus paradise,
Where thou shalt taste that fruit that made man wise.
[*Exit* Isabella.

Gni. Sing notes of pleasures to elate our blood:
Why should heaven frowne on joyes that doe us good?
I come, Isabella, keeper of loves treasure,
To force thy blood to lust, and ravish pleasure. [*Exit.*

After some short song, enter ISABELLA *and* GNIACA *againe, she hanging about his necke laciviously.*

Gni. Still I am thy captive, yet thy thoughts are free;
To be loves bond-man is true liberty.
I have swomme in seas of pleasure without ground,

ntrous desire past depth itselfe hath drownd.
ch skill has beauties art in a true lover,
at dead desire to life it can recover.
us beauty our desire can soone advance,
en straight againe kill it with daliance.
vinest women, your enchanting breaths
ive lovers many lifes and many deaths!
Isa. May thy desire to me for ever last,
ot dye but surfet on my delicates;
nd as I tie this jewell about thy necke,
may I tie thy constant love to mine,
ever to seeke weaking variety,
hat greedy curse of man and womans hell,
here nought but shame and loath'd diseases dwell.
Gni. You counsel well, deare, learne it then;
or change is given more to you then men.
Isa. My faith to thee, like rockes, shall never move,
he sunne shall change his course ere I my love.

Enter ANNA.

Ana. Madam, the Count Rogero knockes.
Isa. Deare love, into my chamber, till I send
y hate from sight.
Gni. Lust makes me wrong my friend. [*Exit* Guiacs.
Isa. Anna, stand here and entertaine Lord Rogero,
from my window straight will give him answere
e serpents wit to woman rest in me,
r that men fell, then why not he by me?
in'd sighes and teares drop from a womans eye,
indes man of reason, strikes his knowledge dumbe.
t armes a woman; Count Rogero, come. [*Exit* Isabella.

Ann. My office still is under: yet in time
Ushers prove masters, degres makes us climbe.
[Guido *knokes.*
Who knockes? Is 't you, my noble lord?

Enter GUIDO *in his hunting weedes.*

Gui. Came my frind hither—Count Gniaca?
Ann. No, my good lord.
Gui. Where 's my Isabella?
Ann. In her chamber.
Gui. Good: Ile visit her.
Ann. The chamber 's lockt, my lord: shee will be private.
Gui. Lockt against me—my sawcy mallapert?
Ann. Be patient, good my lord; shee 'll give you answere.
Gui. Isabella! life of love, speake, 'tis I that cals.
[Isabella *at her window.*
Isa. I must desire your lordship pardon me.
Gui. Lordship? what 's this? Isabella, art thou blinde?
Isa. My lord, my lust was blinde, but now my soule 's cleare-sighted,
And sees the spots that did corrupt my flesh:
Those tokens sent from hell, brought by desire,
The messenger of everlasting death!
Ann. My lady 's in her pulpit, now shee 'll preach.
Gui. Is not thy lady mad? In veritie I alwayes
Tooke her for a puritane, and now she shewes it.
Isa. Mocke not repentance. Prophanation
Brings mortals laughing to damnation.
Beleeve it, lord, Isabella's ill-past life,
Like gold refinn'd, shall make a perfect wife.

and on firm ground now, before on ice;
know not vertue till wee taste of vice.
Gui. Doe you heare dissimulation, woman sinner?
Isa. Leave my house, good my lord, and for my part,
oke for a most wisht reconciliation
wixt my selfe and my most wronged husband.
npt not contrition then, religious lord.
Gui. Indeede I was one of your familie once;
t doe not I know these are but braine-trickes:
id where the divell has the fee-simple, he will keep possession;
nd will you halt before me that your selfe has made a criple?
Isa. Nay, then, you wrong me; and, disdained lord,
paid then for thy pleasures vendible—
Whose mercenary flesh I bought with coyne.
will divulge thy baseness, 'lesse with speede
Thou leave my house and my society.
Gui. Aleady turn'd apostate, but now all pure,
Now damn'd your faith is, and loves endure
Like dew upon the grasse, when pleasure sunne
Shines on your vertues, all your vertue 's done.
Ile leave thy house and thee; goe get thee in,
You gaudy child of pride, and nurse of sinne.
Isa. Raile not on me, my lord; for if you doe,
My hot desire of vengeance shall strike wonder;
Revenge in women fals like dreadfull thunder! [*Exit.*
Ann. Your lordship will command me no further service?
Gui. I thanke thee for thy watchfull service past;
Thy usher-like attendance on the staires,
Being true signes of thy humility.
Ann. I hope I did discharge my place with care.

Gui. Ushers should have much wit, but little haire;
Thou hast of both sufficient: prethee leave me,
If thou hast an honest lady, commend me to her,
But she is none. [*Exit* Anna, *manet* Guido.
Farewell, thou private strumpet, worse then common.
Man were on earth an angell but for woman.
That seaven-fould branch of hell from them doth grow,
Pride, lust, and murder, they raise from below,
With all their fellow-sinnes. Women are made
Of blood, without soules; when their beauties fade,
And their lusts past, avarice or bawdry
Makes them still lov'd; then they buy venere,
Bribing damnation, and hire brothell slaves.
Shame 's their executors, infamy their graves.
Your painting will wipe off, which art did hide,
And show your ugly shape in spite of pride.
Farewell, Isabella, poore in soule and fame,
I leave thee rich in nothing but in shame.
Then, soulelesse women, know, whose faiths are hollow,
Your lust being quench'd a blouy act must follow. [*Exit.*

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Enter the Duke of AMAGO, *the Captaine, and the rest of the Watch, with the Senatours.*

uke. JUSTICE, that makes princes like the gods, drawes us unto the senate,
That with unpartiall ballance we may poyse
ıe crimes and innocence of all offenders.
ır presence can chase bribery from lawes;
e best can judge that heares himselfe the cause.
1 *Sen.* True, mighty duke, it best becomes our places,
› have our light from you the sonne of vertue,
bject authority; for game, love, or feare
t quits the guilty, and condemns the cleare.
Duke. The land and people 's mine, the crime being knowne,
must redresse; my subjects wrong 's mine owne.
ll for the two suspected for the murder
f Mendosa, our endered kinsman. These voluntary murderers
hat confesse the murder of him that is yet alive,
ee 'le sporte with serious justice for a while—
ı show wee 'le frowne one them that make us smile.
2 *Sen.* Bring forth the prisoners, we may heare their ıswers.

Enter (*brought in with Officers*) CLARIDIANA *and* MIZALDUS.

Duke. Stand forth, you vipers, that have suck'd blood,
And lopt a branch sprung from a royall tree.
What can you answere to escape tortures?

Rog. We have confest the act, my lord, to God and man,
Our ghostly father, and that worthy captaine:
We beg not life, but favourable death.

Duke. On what ground sprung your hate to him we lov'd?

Cla. Upon that curse laid on Venecian jealousie.
We thought he, being a courtier, would have made us magnificoes of the right stampe, and have plaid at primero in the presence, with gold of the city brought from Indies.

Rog. Nay, more, my lord, we feared that your kinsman, for a messe of sonnets, would have given the plot of us and our wives to some needy poet, and for sport and profit brought us in some Venecian comedy upon the stage.

Duke. Our justice dwels with mercy; be not desperate.

1 *Sen.* His highnesse faine would save your lives if you would see it.

Rog. All the law in Venice shall not save mee; I will not be saved.

Cla. Feare not, I have a tricke to bring us to hanging in spite of the law.

Rog. Why, now I see thou lovest me; thou has confirm'd
Thy friendship for ever to me by these wordes.
Why, I should never hear lanthorne and candle call'd for
But I should thinke it was for me and my wife.
Ile hang for that; forget not thy tricke;
Upon 'em with thy tricke; I long for sentence.

2 *Sen.* Will you appeale for mercy to the duke?

Cla. Kill not thy justice, duke, to save our lives;
We have deserved death.
Rog. Make not us presidents for after wrongs;
I will receive punishment for my sinnes:
It shall be a meanes to lift me towards heaven.
Cla. Let 's have our desert; we crave no favour.
Duke. Take them asunder; grave justice makes us mirth;
That man is soulelesse that ne'er sinnes on earth.
Signior Mizaldus, relate the weapon you kill'd him with, and the manner.
Rog. My lord, your lustfull kinsman—I can title him better—came sneaking to my house like a promoter to dye flesh in the Lent. Now I, having a Venecian spirit, watcht my time, and with my rapier runne him through, knowing all paines are but trifles to the horne of a cuckold.
Duke. Take him aside. Signior Claridiana, what weapon did you for this bloudy act? What dart us'd death?
Cla. My lord, I brain'd him with a leaver my neighbour lent me, and he stood by and cryed, "Strike home, olde boy."
Duke. With severall instruments. Bring them face to face.
With what kill'd you our nephew?
Rog. With a rapier, leige.
Cla. Tis a lye,
I kill'd him with a leaver, and thou stood'st by.
Rog. Dost think to save me and hang thyselfe? No, I scorne it; is this the tricke thou said'st thou had'st? I kill'd him, duke.
He onely gave consent: 'twas I that did it.

Cla. Thou hast alwayes beene crosse to me, and wilt be to my death. Have I taken all this paines to bring thee to hanging, and dost thou slip now?

Rog. We shall never agree in a tale till we come to the gallowes, then we shall jumpe.

Cla. Ile shew you a crosse-point, if you crosse me thus, when thou shalt not see it.

Rog. Ile make a wry mouth at that, or it shall cost me a fall. 'Tis thy pride to be hang'd alone, because thou scorn'st my company; but it shall be knowne I am as good a man as thyselfe, and in these actions will keepe company with thy betters, Jew.

Cla. Monster!

Rog. Dogg-killer!

Cla. Fencer! [*They bustle.*

Duke. Part them, part 'em!

Rog. Hang us, and quarter us; we shall ne'er be parted til then.

Duke. You doe confesse the murther done by both?

Cla. But that I would not have the slave laugh at mee,
And count me a coward, I have a good mind to live; [*Aside.*
But I am resolute: 'tis but a turne. I doe confesse.

Rog. So doe I.
Pronounce our doome, wee are prepar'd to dye.

1 *Sen.* We sentence you to hang till you be dead;
Since you were men eminent in place and worth,
We give a Christian buriall to you both.

Cla. Not in one grave together, we beseech you, we shall ne'er agree.

Rog. He scornes my company till the day of judgement; Ile not hang with him.

Duke. You hang together, that shall make you friends;

An everlating hatred death soone ends.
To prison with them till the death;
Kings words, like fate, must never change their breath.
Rog. You milce-monger, Ile be hang'd afore thee,
And 't be but to vexe thee.
Cla. Ile doe you as good a turne or the hangman, and shall fall out. [*Exeunt ambo, guarded.*

Enter MENDOZA *in his night gowne and cap, guarded, with the Captaine.*

Duke. Now to our kinsman, shame to royall blood;
Bring him before us.
Theft in a prince is sacrilege to honour;
Tis vertue's scandall, death of royalty.
I blush to see my shame. Nephew, sit downe;
Justice, that smiles on those, on him must frowne!
Speake freely, captaine; where found you him wounded?
Capt. Betweene the widowes house and these crosse neighbours;
Besides, an artificiall ladder made of ropes
Was fastned to her window, which he confest
He brought to rob her of jewels and coine.
My knowledge yeelds no further circumstance.
Duke. Thou know'st too much; would I were past all knowledge,
I might forget my griefe springs from my shame!
Thou monster of my blood, answere in breife
To these assertions made against thy life.
Is thy soule guilty of so base a fact?
Men. I doe confesse I did intend to rob her;
In the attempt I fell and hurt my selfe.
Jowes thunder is but death; I dread it not,

So my Lentulus honor be preserv'd
From black suspition of a lustfull night.
Duke. Thy head 's thy forfeit for thy harts offence;
Thy bloods prerogative may claime that favour.
Thy person then to death doomb'd by just lawes;
Thy death is infamous, but worse the cause.

Enter ISABELLA *alone*, GNIACA *following her.*

Isa. O Heav'ns, that I was borne to be hates slave,
The foode of rumor that devours my fame!
I am call'd Insatiat Countesse, lust's paramowre,
A glorious divell, and the noble whore!
I am sick, vext, and tormented. O revenge!
Gni. On whom would my Isabella be reveng'd?
Isa. Upon a viper, that does get mine honour;
I will not name him till I be reveng'd.
See, her 's the libels are divulg'd against me—
An everlasting scandall to my name—
And thus the villen writes in my disgrace.
" Who loves Isabella the Insatiate, [*She reads.*
Needs Atlas back for to content her lust;
That wandring strumpet, and chaste wedlockes hate,
That renders truth, deceipt, for loyall trust;
That sacrilegious thief to Himens rights,
Making her lust her god, heav'n her delights!"
Swell not, proude heart, Ile quench thy griefe in blood;
Desire in woman cannot be withstood!
Gni. Ile be thy champion, sweet, gainst all the world;
Name but the villaine that defames thee thus.
Isa. Dare thy hand execute whom my tongue condemnes,

Then art thou truely valiant, mine for ever;
But if thou fain'st, hate must our true lover sever.

Gni. By my dead fathers soule, my mothers vertues,
And by my knighthood and gentilitie, Ile be reveng'd
On all the authors of your obloquie! Name him.

Isa. Rogero.

Gni. Ha!

Isa. What! does his name affright thee, coward lord!
Be mad, Isabella; curse on thy revenge!
This lord was knighted for his fathers worth,
Not for his owne.
Farewell, thou perjur'd man! Ile leave you all;
You all conspire to worke mine honors fall.

Gni. Stay, my Isabella; were he my fathers sonne,
Composed of me, he dies!
Delight still keepe with thee. Goe in.

Isa. Thou art just;
Revenge to me is sweeter now then lust.

Enter GUIDO; *they see one another, and draw and make a passe; then enter* ANNA.

Ann. What meane you, nobles? Will you kill each other?

Ambo. Hold!

Gui. Thou shame to friendship, what intends thy hate?

Gni. Love armes my hand, makes my soule valiant!
Isabellas wrongs now sits upon my sword,
To fall more heavie to thy cowards head
Then thunderbolts upon Joves rifted oakes.
Deny thy scandall, or defend thy life.

Gui. What?—hath thy faith and reason left thee both,
That thou art onely flesh without a soule?

Hast thou no feeling of thy selfe and me?
Blind rage, that will not let thee see thy selfe!

Gui. I come not to dispute but execute:
And thus comes death! [*Another pause.*

Gui. And thus I breake thy dart. Her 's at thy whores face!

Gui. 'Tis mist. Here 's at thy heart! Stay, let us breath.

Gui. Let reason governe rage, yet let us leave;
Although most wrong be mine, I can forgive.
In this attempt thy shame will ever live.

Gui. Thou hast wrong'd the Phenix of all women rarest—
She that 's most wise, most loving, chaste, and fairest.

Gui. Thou dotest upon a divell, not a woman,
That ha's bewitcht thee with her sorcerie,
And drown'd thy soule in leathy faculties.
Her uselesse lust has benumb'd thy knowledge;
Thy intellectuall powers, oblivion smothers,
That thou art nothing but forgetfulnesse.

Gui. What 's this to my Isabella? My sinnes mine owne.
Her faults were none, untill thou madest 'em knowne.

Gui. Leave her, and leave thy shame where first thou found'st it;
Else live a bondslave to diseased lust,
Devour'd in her gulfe-like appetite,
And infamy shall writ thy epitaph;
Thy memory leaves nothing but thy crimes—
A scandall to thy name in future times.

Gui. Put up your weapon; I dare heare you further.
Insatiate lust is sire still to murther.

. Beleeve it, friend, if her heart bloud were vext,
;h you kill me, new pleasure makes you next.
v'd me deerer then she loves you now;
ll nere be faithfull, has twice broke her vow.
urse pursues female adultery,
'l swimme through blood for sinnes variety;
pleasure like a sea, groundlesse and wide,
mans lust was never satisfied.
i. Feare whispers in my brest, I have a soule
blushes red for tendring bloudy facts.
ve me, friend, if I can be forgiven;
ounsell is the path leades mee to heaven.
i. I doe embrace thy reconciled love ——
i. That death or danger now shall ne're remove.
ell thy Insatiate Countesse, Anna,
ave escap't the snares of her false love,
ng for ever to abandon her.
i. You have heard our resolution; pray bee gone.
n. My office ever rested at your pleasure;
the Indian, yet you had the treasure.
ction often sweates, and oft takes cold;
guild true diligence o'er with gold.
i. Thy speech deserv's it. There 's gold;
[*Gives her gold.*
onest now, and not loves noddy,
'd up and plaid on whilst thou keepe'st the stocke.
e formally let 's ha thy absence.
n. Lords, farewell. [*Exit* Anna.
i. Tis whores and panders that makes earth like hell.
i. Now I am out of lusts laborinth,
l to Venice for a certaine time,

To recreate my much-abused spirits,
And then revisit Pavi and my friend.

Gui. Ile bring you on your way, but must returne;
Love is Ætna, and will ever burne.
Yet now desire is quench't flames once in height:
Till man knowes hell he never has firme faith.

[*Exeunt ambo.*

Enter ISABELLA *running, and* ANNA.

Isa. Out, scrich-owle messenger of my revenges death!
Thou do'st belye Gniaca; 'tis not so.

Ann. Upon mine honesty, they are united.

Isa. Thy honesty?—thou vassaile to my pleasure, take that! [*Strikes her.*
Dar'st thou control me when I say no?
Art not my foote stoole—did not I create thee,
And made the gentle, being borne a begger?
Thou hast beene my womans pander for a crowne,
And dost thou stand upon thy honesty?

Ann. I am what you please, madam; yet 'tis so.

Isa. Slave, I will slit thy tongue, lesse thou say noe!

Ann. No, no, no, madam.

Isa. I have my humour, though they now be false.
Faint-hearted coward, get thee from my sight,
When villaine? Hast, and come not nere me.

Ann. Maddam, I run; her sight like death doth feare me. [*Exit.*

Isa. Perfidious coward, staine of nobility,
Venecians, and be reconcil'd with words!
O that I had Gniaca once more here,
Within this prison made of flesh and bone,
I'de not trust thunder with my fell revenge,

owne hands should doe the dire exploit,
should chronicle a woman's acts!
respects the persons, not the facts:
ce and worths hath power to defame me;
ite is stinglesse, and does only name mee:
ard it. 'Tis high bloud that swels,
revenge, and damne me into hels!

n SAGO *a Coronell, with a band of Souldiers and a Lieutenant.*

Spaniard, I will heare him speake;
ust be speechlesse, ere the heart can breake!
Lieutenant, let good discipline be us'd
ing of our troops within the citie—
rated into many streetes.
wes weake love, but not sound policie:
in small numbers makes all weake;
nited are the nerves of warre.
nd nurse of observation—
are ingenious spright fils al the world,
ng on itselfe with piercing eyes—
te through strangers imbecilities.
e be carefull.
ll shall be ordred fitting your command,
e three giftes which makes a souldier rare,
nd dutie with a valiant care.

[*Exeunt Lieft. and Souldiers.*

What rarietie of women feeds my sight,
les my sences in a maze of wonder? [*Sees her.*
thou wert my mistris till I saw that shape;
my sword Ile consecrate to her,
[ars and become Cupids martialist.

Beauty can turne the rugged face of Warre,
And make him smile upon delightfull Peace,
Courting her smoothly like a femallist.
I grow a slave unto my potent love,
Whose power change hearts, make our fate remove.

Isa. Revenge, not pleasure, now ore-rules my blood;
Rage shall drown faint love in a crimson flood;
And were he caught, I'de make him murders hand!

Sago. Me thinkes 'twere joy to die at her command.
Ile speake to beare her speech, whose powerfull breath
Is able to infuse life into death.

Isa. He comes to speake: hee's mine—by love he is mine!

Sago. Lady, thinke bold intrusion curtesie;
Tis but imagination alters them;
Then 'tis your thoughts, not I, that doe offend.

Isa. Sir, your intrusion yet 's but curtesie,
Unlesse your future humor alter it.

Sago. Why then, divinest woman, know thy soule
Is dedicated to thy shrine of beauty,
To pray for mercy, and repent the wrongs
Done against love and femall purity.
Thou abstract, drawne from natures empty storehouse,
I am thy slave; command my sword, my heart;
The soule is tri'd best by the bodies smart!

Isa. You are a stranger to this land and me.
What madnesse ist for me to trust you then?
To cosen women is a trade 'mongst men;
Smooth promise, faint passion, with a lye,
Deceives our sect of fame and chastity.
What danger durst you hazard for my love?

Sago. Perils that ever mortall durst approve.

ouble all the workes of Hercules,
ose my selfe in combat 'against an hoste,
e danger in a place of certaine death,
never shrinke, or give way to my fate;
-brested meete the murderous Tartars dart,
my fatall engin made for death:
ı power has love and beauty from your eyes,
that dyes resolute does never die!
feare gives death his strength, which I resisted,
th is but empty aire the fates have twisted.
sa. Dare you revenge my quarrell 'gainst a foe?
'ago. Then aske me if I dare embrace you thus,
kisse your hand, or gaze on your bright eye,
ere Cupid dances one those globes of love!
re is my vassall; when I frowne he flyes;
undred times in life a coward dyes!
sa. I not suspect your valour, but your will.
'ago. To gaine your love my fathers blood ile spill.
sa. Many have sworne the like, yet broke their vow.
'ago. My whole endevour to your wish shall bow;
n your plague to scourge your enemyes.
sa. Performe your promise, and enjoy your pleasure;
nd my loves dowry, that is womens treasure;
; if thy resolution dread the tryall,
tell the world a Spaniard was disloyall.
'ago. Relate your griefe; I long to heare their names
ose bastard spirits thy true worth defames.
wash thy scandall off when their hearts bleeds;
our makes difference betwixt words and deedes.
l thy fames poyson, blood shall wash thee white.
sa. My spotlesse honour is a slave to spite.

These are the monsters Venice doth bring forth,
Whose empty soules are bankerupt of true worth:
False Count Guido, treacherous Gniaca,
Countesse of Gazia, and of rich Massino.
Then, if thou beest a knight, helpe the opprest;
Through danger safety comes, through trouble rest.
And so my love ——

Sago. Ignoble villaines! their best blood shall prove,
Revenge fals heavy that is rais'd by love!

Isa. Thinke what reproach is to a womans name,
Honor'd by birth, by marriage, and by beauty;
Be god one earth, and revenge innocence.
O, worthy Spaniard, one my knees I begge,
Forget the persons, thinke on their offence!

Sago. By the white soule of honour, by heav'ns Jove,
They die if their death can attaine your love!

Isa. Thus will I clip thy waste—embrace thee thus;
Thus dally with thy haire, and kisse thee thus:
Our pleasures, Prothean-like, in sundry shapes
Shall with variety stirre daliance.

Sago. I am immortall. O, devinest creature,
Thou do'st excell the gods in wit and feature!
False counts, you die, Revenge now shakes his rods;
Beautie condemnes you—stronger then the gods.

Isa. Come, Mars of lovers, Vulcan is not here;
Make vengeance, like my bed, quite voide of feare.

Sago. My sences are intranst, and in this slumber
I taste heav'ns joyes, but cannot count the number.

[*Exit ambo.*

Enter Lady LENTULUS, ABIGALL, *and* THAIS.

Abi. Well, madam, you see the destinie that followes mariage:
Our husbands are quiet now, and must suffer the law.

Tha. If my husband had beene worth the begging, some courtier would have had him; he might be beg'd well enough, for he knowes not his owne wife from another.

Lady Lent. O, you 'r a couple of trusty wenches, to deceive your husbands thus!

Abi. If wee had not deceiv'd them thus, we had been trust wenches.

Tha. Our husbands will be hang'd, because they thinke themselves cuckolds.

Abi. If all true cuckolds were of that minde, the hangman would be the richest occupation, and more wealthie widdowes then there be yonger brothers to marry them.

Tha. The marchant venturers would be a very small companie.

Abi. 'Tis twelve to one of that, how ever the rest scape. I shall feare a massacre.

Tha. If my husband hereafter, for his wealth, chance to be dub'd, I 'le have him cal'd the Knight of the supposed Horne.

Abi. Faith, and it sounds well.

Lady Lent. Come, madcaps, leave jesting, and let 's deliver them out of their earthly purgation; you are the spirits that torment them; but my love and lord, kinde Mendosa, will loose his life to preserve mine honour, not for hate to others.

Abi. By my troth, if I had beene his judge, I should

have hang'd him for having no more wit; I speake as I thinke, for I would not be hang'd for ne'er a man under the heav'ns.

Tha. Faith, I thinke I should for my husband: I doe not hold the opinion of the philosopher, that writes, we love them best that we injoy first; for I protest I love my husband better then any that did know me before.

Abi. So doe I; yet life and pleasure are two sweet things to a woman.

Lady Lent. He that 's willing to die to save mine honor, I 'le die to save his.

Abi. But, beleeve it who that list, wee love a lively man, I grant you; but to mintaine that life I 'le ne're consent to die.

This is a rule I still will keepe in brest,
Love well thy husband, wench, but thy selfe best!

Tha. I have followed your counsell hetherto, and meane to doe still.

Lady L. Come, we neglect our businesse; 'tis no jesting;
To-morrow they are executed leasse we reprive them.
Wee be their destinies to cast their fate.
Let 's all goe.

Abi. I feare not to come late. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don SAGO *solus, with a case of pistols.*

Sago. Day was my night, and night must be my day;
The sunne shin'd on my pleasure with my love,
And darknesse must lend aide to my revenge.
The stage of heav'n is hung with solemne black,
A time best fitting to act tragedies.
The nights great queene, that maiden governesse,
Musters black clouds to hide her from the world,

raide to looke on my bold enterprise.
irs'd creatures, messengers of death, possesse the world;
ight-ravens, scritch-owles, and vote-killing mandrakes,
ıe ghosts of misers, that imprison'd gold
ithin the harmelesse bowels of the earth,
e nights companions. Bawdes to lust and murder,
all propitious to me act of justice
pon the scandalizers of her fame,
hat is the life-blood of deliciousnesse,
eem'd Isabella, Cupids treasurer,
hose soule containes the richest gifts of love:
er beautie from my heart feare doth expel:
ney rellish pleasure best that dread not hell!
ho 's there?

Enter Count ROGERO.

Rog. A friend to thee, if thy intents be just and honorıle.

Sago. Count Rogero, speake, I am the watch.

Rog. My name is Rogero: do'st thou know me?

Sago. Yes, slanderous villaine, nurse of obloquie,
hose poison'd breath has speckl'd cleane-fac't vertue,
nd made a leper of Isabella's fame,
hat is as spotlesse as the eye of heaven!
hy vittall threds a cutting; start not, slave;
ee 's sure of sudden death, Heaven cannot save!

Rog. Art not Gniaca turn'd apostata? Has pleasure
ıce againe turnd thee againe a divell? art not Gniaca—
ıh?

Sago. O that I were, then would I stab myselfe,
or he is mark't for death as well as thee!
am Don Sago, thy mortall enemye,
hose hand love makes thy executioner!

Rog. I know thee, valiant Spaniard, and to thee
Murders more hatefull then is sacriledge.
Thy actions ever have bene honorable.
Sago. And this the crowne of all my actions,
To purge the earth of such a man turn'd monster!
Rog. I never wrong'd thee, Spaniard—did I? speake:
[*Tell him all the plot.*
I 'le make thee satisfaction like a souldier,
A true Italian, and a gentleman.
Thy rage is treacherie without a cause.
Sago. My rage is just, and thy heart bloud shall know,
He that wrongs beautie, must be honours foe.
Isabels quarrell armes the Spaniards spirit!
Rog. Murder should keepe with basenesse, not with merit.
I 'le answere thee to-morrow, by my soule,
And cleare thy doubts, or satisfie thy wil.
Sago. Hee 's warres best scholler, can with safety kill.
Take this to-night; now meete with me to-morrow.
[*Shootes.*
I come, Isabella; halfe thy hate is dead;
Valour makes murder light, which feare makes dead.

Enter Captaine with a band of Soldiers.

Capt. The pistoll was shot here; seize him!
Bring lights. What, Don Sago, collonell of the horse?
Ring the alarum-bell, raise the whole cittie;
His troops are in the towne; I feare treacherie.
Whose this lies murdred? Speake, blood-thirsty Spaniard!
Sago. I have not spoil'd his face, you may know his visnomy.

Capt. 'Tis Count Rogero; goe convey him hence;
ıy life, proud Spaniard, answeres this offence.
strong guard for the prisoner, lesse the cities powers
ise to rescue him. [*Begirt him with Souldiours.*
Sago. What needs this strife?
now, slaves, I prize revenge above my life.
ames register to future times shall tel
hat by Don Sago, Count Rogero fell!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Enter MEDINA, *the dead body of* GUIDO *alias Count* ARSENA, *and Souldiours; Don* SAGO *guarded, Executioner, Scaffold.*

Med. DON SAGO, quak'st thou not to behold
this spectacle—
This innocent sacrifice, murdred noblenes?
When bloud the maker ever promiseth,
Shall, though with slow yet with sure vengeance rest.
'Tis a guerdon earn'd, and must be paide;
As sure revenge, as it is sure a deede;
I ne'r knew murder yet, but it did bleed.
Canst thou, after so many fearfull conflicts
Betweene this object and thy guilty conscience,
Now thou art freed from out the serpents jawes,
That vilde adultresse, whose sorceries
Doth draw chast men into incontinence—
Whose tongue flowes over with harmefull eloquence—
Canst thou, I say, repent this hainous act,
And learne to loath that killing cockatrice?

Sago. By this flesh blood, that from thy manly breast
I cowardly sluct out, I would in hell,
From this sad minute till the day of doom,
To re-inspire vaine Æsculapius,
And fill these crimson conduits, feele the fire
Due to the damned, and his horrid fact!

Med. Upon my soule, brave Spaniard, I beleeve thee.
Sago. O cease to weepe in blood, or teach me too!
ıe bubbling wounds doe murmure for revenge.
his is end of lust, where men may see,
urders the shadow of adultery,
nd followes it to death.
Med. But, hopefull lord, we doe commiserate
hy bewitch't fortunes, a free pardon give
n this thy true and noble penitence.
/ith all we make thee collonell of our horse,
evied against the proud Venecian state.
Sago. Medina, I thanke thee not; give life to him
hat sits with Risus and the full-cheek't Bacchus,
he rich and mighty monarches of the earth.
'o me life is ten times more terrible
hen death can be to me. O, breake my breast!
)ivines and dying men may talke of hell,
3ut in my heart the severall torments dwell.
What Tanais, Nilus, or what Tioris swift,
What Rhenus ferier then the cataract,
Although Neptolis cold, the waves of all the Northerne Sea,
Should flow for ever through these guilty hands,
Yet the sanguinolent staine would extant be!
Med. God pardon thee! we doe.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The countesse comes, my lord, unto the death;
[*A shoute.*
But so unwillingly and unprepar'd,
That she is rather forcst, thinking the summe
She sent to you of twenty thousand pound
Would have assured her of life.

Med. O Heavens!
Is she not wearie yet of lust and life?
Had it bin Cressus wealth, she should have died;
Her goods by law are all confiscate to us,
And die she shall: her lust
Would make a slaughter-house of Italy.
Ere she attain'd to foure-and-twenty yeeres,
Three earles, one vicount, and this valiant Spaniard,
Are knowne to a beene the fuell of to her lust;
Besides her secret lovers, which charitably
I judge to have beene but few, but some they were.
Here is a glasse wherein to view her soule,
A noble but unfortunate gentleman,
Cropt by her hand, as some rude passenger
Doth plucke the tender roses in the budde!
Murder and lust, the least of which is death,
And hath she yet any false hope of breath?

Enter ISABELLA, *with her haire hanging downe, a chaplet of flowers on her head, a nosegay in her hand; Executioner before her, and with her a Cardinall.*

Isa. What place is this?

Car. Madam, the Castle Greene.

Isa. There should be dancing on a greene, I thinke.

Car. Madam, to you none other then your dance of death.

Isa. Good, my Lord Cardinall, doe not thunder thus;
I sent to-day to my phisician,
And as he says, he findes no signe of death.

Car. Good madame, doe not jest away your soule.

Isa. O servant, how hast thou betrai'd my life!

[*To* Sago.

Thou art my dearest lover now, I see;
Thou wilt not leave me till my very death.
Bless't by thy hand! I sacrifice a kisse
To it and vengeance. Worthily thou didst;
He died deservedly. Not content to injoy
My youth and beauty, riches and my fortune,
But like a chronicler of his owne vice,
In epigrams and songs he tun'd my name,
Renown'd me for a strumpet in the courts
Of the French King and the great Emperor.
Dids thou not kill him druncke.

Med. O shamelesse woman!

Isa. Thou shouldest, or in the embraces of his lust;
It might have beene a womans vengeance.
Yet I thanke thee, Sago, and would not wish him living
Were my life instant ransome.

Car. Madame, in your soule have charitie.

Isa. Ther's money for the poore. [*Gives him money.*

Car. O lady, this is but a branch of charitie,
An ostentation, or a liberall pride:
Let me instruct your soule, for that, I feare,
Within the painted sepulcher of flesh,
Lies in a dead consumption. Good madame, read.
[*Gives a booke.*

Isa. You put me to my book, my lord; will not that save me?

Car. Yes, madam, in the everlasting world.

Sago. Amen, amen!

Isa. While thou wert my servant, thou has ever said Amen to all my wishes. Witnesse this spectacle.
Where's my Lord Medina?

Med. Here, Isabella. What would you?

Isa. May we not be repriv'd?

Med. Mine honors past; you may not.

Isa. No, tis my honor past.

Med. Thine honors past, inded.

Isa. Then there 's no hope of absolute remission?

Med. For that your holy confessor will tell you;
Be dead to this world, for I sweare you dye,
Were you my fathers daughter.

Isa. Can you doe nothing, my Lord Cardinall?

Car. More then the world, sweet lady; helpe to save what hand of man wants a power to destroy.

Isa. You 'r all for this world, then why not I?
Were you in health and youth, like me, my lord,
Although you merited the crowne of life,
And stood in state of grace asur'd of it,
Yet in this fearefull separation,
Old as you are, e'ne till your latest gaspe
You'd crave the help of the phisition,
And wish your dayes lengthn'd one summer longer.
Though all be griefe, labour, and misery,
Yet none will part with it, that I can see.

Med. Up to the scaffold with her, 'tis late.

Isa. Better late then never, my good lord; you thinke
You use square dealing, Medina's mighty duke:
Tyrant of France, sent hither by the divell.

[*She ascends the scaffold.*

Med. The fitter to meete you.

Car. Peace! Good my lord, in death doe not provoke her.

Isa. Servant, low as my destiny I kneele to thee,

[*To* Sago.

Honouring in death thy manly loyaltie;

nd what so e'er become of my poore soule,
he joyes of both worlds evermore be thine.
ommend me to the noble Count Gniaca,
hat should have shared thy valour and my hatred:
ell him I pray his pardon. And
ledina, art yet inspir'd from heav'n?
hew thy Creators image: be like him,
ather of mercy.

Med. Head's man, doe thine office.

Isa. Now God lay thy sinnes upon thy head,
nd sinke thee with them to infernall darknesse,
hou teacher of the furies cruelty!

Car. O madame, teach your selfe a better prayer;
his is your latest hower.

Isa. He is mine enemie, his sight torments me;
shall not die in quiet.

Med. I'le be gone; off with her head there! [*Exit.*

Isa. Tak'st thou delight to torture misery?
ıch mercie finde thou in the day of doome.

Soul. My lord, here is a holy frier desires
ɔ have some conference with the prisoners.

Enter ROBERTO *Count of Cipres, in friers weeds.*

Rob. It is in private, what I have to say,
ith faviour of your father-hood.

Car. Frier, in Gods name, welcome.

[Roberto *ascends to* Isabella.

Rob. Lady, it seemes your eye is still the same—
ɔrgetfull of what most it should behold.
oe not you know me, then?

Isa. Holy sir, so farre you are gone from my memorie,
must take truce with time ere I can know you.

Rob. Beare record all, you blessed saints in heav'n,
I come not to torment thee in thy death;
For of himselfe hee 's terrible enough,
But call to minde a ladie like your selfe;
And thinke how ill in such a beauteous soule,
Upon the instant morrow of her nuptials,
Apostasie and vilde revolt would shew:
With all imagine that she had a lord,
Jealous the aire should ravish her chaste lookes:
Doating like the creator in his models,
Who viewes them every minute, and with care
Mixt in his feare of their obedience to him.
Suppose he sung through famous Italy,
More common then the looser songs of Petrarch,
To every severall Zanies instrument,
And he, poore wretch, hoping some better fate
Might call her back from her adulterate purpose,
Lives in obscure and almost unknowne life,
Till hearing that she is condemn'd to die—
For he once lov'd her—lends his pined corps
Motion to bring him to her stage of honour,
Where drown'd in woe at her so dismall chance,
He claspes her: thus he fals into a trance.

Isa. O, my offended lord, lift up your eyes:
But yet avert them from my loathed sight.
Had I with you injoyed the lawfull pleasure,
To which belongs nor feare nor publike shame,
I might have liv'd in honour, died in fame!
Your pardon on my faultring knees I begge,
Which shall confirme more peace unto my death
Then all the grave instructions of the church.

Rob. Pardon belongs unto my holy weeds,

ely thou hast it. Farewell, my Isabella!
thy death ransome thy soule. O die a rare example!
kisse thou gav'st me in the church, here take;
I leave thee, so thou the world forsake! [*Ex.* Roberto.
la. Rare accident, ill welcome, noble lord.
lam, your executioner desires you to forgive him.
sa. Yes, and give him too. What must I doe, my
id?
xec. Madame, only tie up your haire.
sa. O, these golden nets,
t have insnar'd so many wanton youthes,
one but ha's beene held a thred of life,
superstitiously depended on.
r to the block we must vaile! What else?
xec. Madame, I must intreat you, blind your eyes.
sa. I have lived too long in darknesse, my friend;
yet mine eies, with their majesticque light,
e got new muses in a poets spright.
y have beene more gazed at then the god of day:
r brightnes never could be flattered,
thou command'st a fixed cloud of lawne
eclipse eternally these minutes of light.
it else?
xec. Now, madame, al 's done,
when you please, I 'le execute my office.
sa. We will be for thee straight.
me your blessing, my Lord Cardinall.
l, I am well prepar'd:
der and lust, downe with my ashes sinke,
like ingratefull seede, perish in the earth,
you may never spring up against my soule,
weedes to choake it in the heavenly harvest,

I fall to rise; mount to thy Maker, spirit!
Leave here thy body, death ha's her demerit. Strike!
Car. A host of angels be thy convey hence.
Med. To funerall with her body; and this, lords:
None here, I hope, can taxe us of injustice:
She died deservedly, and may like fate
Attend all women so insatiate. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter AMAGO *the Duke, the Watch, and Senators.*

Duke. I am amazed at this maze of wonder,
Wherein no thred or clue presents itselfe,
To winde us from the obscure passages.
What saies my nephew?
Watch. Still resolve, my lord, and doth confesse the theft.
Duke. Wee 'll use him like a fellon; cut him off,
For feare he doe pollute our sounder parts,
Yet why should he steale,
That is a loaden vine? Riches to him
Were adding sands into the Libian shore,
Or farre lesse charitie. What say the other prisoners?
Watch. Like men, my lord, fit for the other world,
They tak 't upon their death, they slew your nephew.
Duke. And he is yet alive; keepe them asunder;
We may sent out the wile.

Enter CLARIDIANA *and* ROGERO *bound; within, Frier and Officers.*

Rog. My friend, is it the rigour of the law
I should be tied thus hard, Ile under goe it;
If not, prethee then slacken; Yet I have deserv'd it;
This murder lies heavie on my conscience.

Cla. Wedlocke, I, here 's my wedlocke! O whore, whore, hore!

Frier. O, sir, be quallified.

Cla. Sir, I am to die a dogges death, and will snarle a little t the old segnior. You are onely a parenthesis, Vhich I will leave out of my execrations; but first o our *quondam* wives, that makes us cry our vowels n red capitall letters, *Iou* are cuckoldes! O may astard-bearing, with the panges of childbirth, be oubled to him! May they have ever twins, nd be three weeke in travell betweene! May thy be o rivell'd with painting by that time they are thirty, that it ay be held a work of condigne merit ut to looke upon 'em! May they live o ride in triumph in a dung-cart, nd be brown'd with al the odious ceremonies belonging to 't!

Iay the cucking-stoole be their recreation,
nd a dongeon their dying chamber!
Iay they have nine lives like a cat, to endure this and more!
Iay they be burnt for witches of a sudden!
nd lastly, may the opinion of philosophers
rove true, that women have no soules!

Enter THAIS *and* ABIGALL.

Tha. What, husband—at your prayers so seriously?

Cla. Yes, a few orisons. Frier, thou that stand'st betweene
he soules of men and the divell,
eepe these female spirits away,
r I will renounce my faith else.

Abi. Oh, husband, I little thought to see you in this taking!

Rog. O whore, I little thought to see you in this taking!
I am governour of this castle of cornets;
My grave will be stumbl'd at, thou adultrat whore!
I might have liv'd like a marchant.

Abi. So you may still, husband.

Rog. Peace! thou art verie quicke with me.

Abi. I, by my faith, and so I am, husband;
Belike you know I am with child.

Rog. A bastard, a bastard, a bastard!
I might have liv'd like a gentleman,
And now I must die like a hanger on,
Shew trickes upon a woodden horse,
And runne through an alphabet of scurvie faces!
Doe not expect a good looke from me.

Abi. O mee unfortunate!

Cla. O to thinke, whil'st we are singing the last hymne,
And readie to be turnd off,
Some new tune is inventing by some metermonger,
To a scurvie ballad of our death!
Againe, at our funerall sermons,
To have the divine divide his text into faire branches!
Oh, flesh and bloud cannot indure it!
Yet I will take it patiently like a grave man.
Hangman, tie not my halter of a true-lovers knot:
I shall burst it if thou doost.

Tha. Husband, I doe beseech you on my knees,
I may but speake with you. I 'le winne your pardon,
Or with teares, like Niobe, bedew a.

Cla. Hold thy water, crocodile, and say I am bound
To doe thee no harme; were I free, yet I could not

Be looser then thou; for thou art a whore!
Agamemnons daughter, that was sacrific'd
For a good winde, felt but a blast of the torments
Thou should'st indure; I'de make thee swownd
Oftener then that fellow that by his continuall practise
Hopes to become drum-major.
What saist thou to tickling to death with bodkins?
But thou hast laught too much at me alreadie, whore!
Justice, O duke! and let me not hang in suspence.

Abi. Husband, I 'le naile me to the earth, but I 'le
Winne your pardon.
My jewels, jointure, all I have shall flye;
Apparell, bedding, I 'le not leave a rugge,
So you may come off fairely.

Cla. I 'le come off fairely. Then beg my pardon;
I had rather Chirurgions Hall should begge my dead bodie
For an anatomie, then thou begge my life.
Justice, O duke! and let us die!

Duke. Signior, thinke, and dally not with heaven,
But freely tell us, did you doe the murther?

Rog. I have confest it to my ghostly father,
And done the sacrament of penance for it.
What would your highnesse more?

Cla. The like have I; what would your highnesse more?
And here before you all tak' to my death.

Duke. In Gods name, then, on to the death with them;
For the poore widdowes that you leave behinde,
Though by the law their goods are all confiscate,
Yet wee 'll be their good lord, and give 'em them.

Cla, O, hell of hels! Why did not we hire some villaine to fire our houses?

Rog. I thought not of that; my minde was altogethe
of the gallowes.

Cla. May the wealth I leave behinde me helpe t
damne her!

And as the cursed fate of curtezan,
What she gleanes with her traded art,
May one, as a most due plague, cheat from
In the last dotage of her tired lust,
And leave her an unpittied age of woe!

Rog. Amen, amen!

Watch. I never heard men pray more fervently.

Rog. O that a man had the instinct of a lyon!
He knowes when the lionesse plaies fals to him.
But these solaces, these women,
They bring man to gray haires before he be thirtie;
Yet they cast out such mistes of flatterie from thei
breath,
That a mans lost againe. Sure I fell into my marriag
bed drunke,
Like the leopard; well, with sober eyes, would I ha
avoided it!
Come, grave, and hide me from my blasted fame.
O that thou couldst as well conceale my shame!

[*Exeunt ambo, with Officer*

Tha. Your pardon and your favour, gracious duke,

[*Women kneel*

At once we doe implore, that have so long
Deceiv'd your royall expectation,
Assur'd that the comick knitting up
Will move your spleene uuto the proper use
Of mirth, your naturall inclination;
And wipe away the watery cholored anger

From your inforced cheeke.
Faire lord, beguile
Them and your saf't with a pleasing smile.
Duke. Now by my life I doe, faire ladies, rise.
I ne'er did purpose any other end
To them and these designes.
I was inform'd
Of some notorious errour as I sate in judgment;
And, doe you heere?—these night workes require a cats eyes
To impierce dejected darknesse. Call backe the prisoners.

Enter CLARIDIANA *and* ROGERO, *with Officers.*

Cla. Now what other troubled newes,
That we must back thus?
Has any senator beg'd my pardon
Upon my wives prostitution to him?
Rog. What a spight 's this; I had kept in my breath of purpose, thinking to goe away the quieter, and must we now backe?
Duke. Since you are to die, wee 'll give you winding-sheetes,
Wherein you shall be shrouded alive,
By which we winde out all these miseries.
Segnior Rogero, bestow a while your eye,
And reade here of your true wives chastity.
[*Gives him a letter.*
Rog. Chastitie? I will sooner expect a Jesuites recantation,
Or the great Turkes conversion, then her chastitie.
Pardon, my leige; I will not trust mine eyes:
Women and divels will deceive the wise!

Duke. The like, sir, is apparant on your side.
[*To tother.*

Cla. Who? my wife?—chaste? Ha's your grace your sense?
I 'le sooner beleeve
A conjurer may say his prayers with zeale,
Then her honestie. Had she been an hermaphrodite,
I would scarce hath given credit to you.
Let him that hath drunke love drugs trust a woman.
By Heaven, I thinke the aire is not more common!

Duke. Then we impose a strict command upon you.
On your allegeance, reade what there is writ.

Cla. A writ of errour, on my life, my liege!

Duke. You 'le finde it so, I feare.

Cla. What have we here—the Art of Brachigraphy?
[*Looke on.*

Tha. Hee's stung already, as if his eyes were turn'd on Persies shield.
There motion is fixt, like to the poole of Stix.

Abi. Yonders our flames; and from the hollow arches
Of his quick eyes comes commet traines of fire,
Bursting like hidden furies from their caves. [*Readeth.*
Your's till he sleepe the sleepe of all
The world, Rogero.

Rog. Marry, and that lethergie seize you! Reade againe.

Cla. Thy servant so made by his stars, Rogero.
[*Reads againe.*
A fire on your wandring starres, Rogero!

Rog. Sathan, why hast thou tempted my wife?
[*To* Claridiana.

Cla. Peace, seducer; I am branded in the forehead

With your starre-marke. May the starres drop upon thee,
And with their sulphure vapours choake thee, ere thou
Come at the gallowes!

Rog. Stretch not my patience, Mahomet.

Cla. Termagant, that will stretch thy patience!

Rog. Had I knowne this I would have poison'd thee
in the chalice
This morning, when we receaved the sacrament.

Cla. Slave, knowst thou this? tis an appendix to the
letter;
But the greater temptation is hidden within.
I will scowre thy gorge like a hawke: thou shalt swallow
thine owne stone in this letter, [*They bustle.*
Seal'd and delivered in the presence of ——

Duke. Keepe them asunder; list to us, we command —

Cla. O violent villayne! is not thy hand hereto,
And writ in bloud to shew thy raging lust?

Tha. Spice of a new halter, when you go a ranging
thus like devills, would you might burne for 't as they
doe!

Rog. Thus tis to lye with another mans wife:
He shal be sure to heare on 't againe.
But we are friends, sweet duke. [*Kisse her.*
And this shall be my maxime all my life,
Man never happy is till in a wife.

Cla. Here sunke our hate lower then any whirlepoole;
And this chaste kisse I give thee for thy care; [*Kisse.*
That fame of women, full as wise as faire.

Duke. You have saved us a labour in your love.
But, gentlemen, why stood you so prepostrously?
Would you have headlong runne to infamy—
In so defam'd a death?

Rog. O, my liege, I had rather rore to death witl leras bull, then, Darius-like, to have one of my extend to Atlas, the other to Europe.

What is a cuckold, learne of me:
Few can tell his pedigree,
Nor his subtill nature conster,
Borne a man, but dyes a monster.
Yet great antiquaryes say,
They spring from our Methusala,
Who after Noahs flood was found
To have his crest with branches crown'd.
God in Edens happy shade
This same creature made.
Then to cut off all mistaking,
Cuckolds are of womens making;
From whose snares, good Lord deliver us!

Cla. Amen, amen!

Before I would prove a cuckold, I would indure a v pilgrimage in the frozen zone—goe starke naked tl Muscovia, where the climate is nine degrees colde ice.

And thus much to all marryed men:
Now I see great reason why
Love should marry jelousie:
Since mans best of life is fame,
He hath neede preserve the same;
When tis in a womans keeping,
Let not Argos eyes be sleeping.
The poxe is unto panders given
By the better powers of heaven.
That contaynes pure chastity,
And each virgin soveraignety,

Wantonely she op't and lost,
Gift whereof a god might boast.
Therefore, shouldst thou Diana wed,
Yet be jealous of her bed.

Duke. Night, like a masque, is entred heavens great hall,
With thousand torches ushering the way:
To Risus will wee consecrate this evening,
Like Missermis cheating of the brack,
Weele make this night the day. Faire joyes befall
Us and our actions. Are you pleased all?

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

METAMORPHOSIS

OF

PIGMALIONS IMAGE

AND

Certaine SATYRES.

BY IOHN MARSTON.

At London: Printed for Edmond Matts, and are to be sold at the signe of the Hand and Plough in Fleet-streete. 1598.

TO THE WORLDS MIGHTIE MONARCH,

GOOD OPINION,

Sole Regent of Affection, perpetuall Ruler of Judgement, most famous Justice of Censures, only Giver of Honor, great Procurer of Advancement, the worlds chiefe ballance, the all of all, and all in all, by whom all things are yet that they are, I humbly offer thys my Poem.

THOU soule of pleasure, honors only substance,
Great arbitrator, umpire of the earth,
Whom fleshly epicures call vertues essence;
Thou mooving orator, whose powrefull breath
Swaies all mens judgement—Great Opinion,
Vouchsafe to guild my imperfection.

If thou but daine to grace my blushing stile,
And crowne my muse with good opinion;
If thou vouchsafe with gracious eye to smile
Upon my young new-born invention,
Ile sing an hymne in honour of thy name,
And add some trophie to enlarge thy fame.

But if thou wilt not with thy deitie
Shade and inmaske the errors of my pen,
Protect an orphane poets infancie,
I will disclose, that all the world shall ken
How partiall thou art in honors giving,
Crowning the shade, the substance praise depriving.

W. K.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE POEM.

)IGMALION, whose chast mind all the beauties in
· Cyprus could not ensnare, yet, at the length having
rved in ivorie an excellent proportion of a beauteous
)man, was so deeplie enamored on his owne workman-
ip that he would oftentimes lay the image in bedde with
m, and fondlie use such petitions and dalliance as if it
d been a breathing creature. But in the end, finding
s fond dotage, and yet persevering in his ardent affec-
)n, made his devout prayers to Venus, that she would
ruchsafe to enspire life into his love, and then joyne them
)th together in marriage. Whereupon, Venus graciously
)ndiscending to his earnest sute, the mayde (by the power
' her deitie) was metamorphosed into a living woman.
nd after, Pigmalion (beeing in Cyprus) begat a sonne of
:r, which was called Paphus; whereupon that iland
yprus, in honor of Venus, was after, and is now, called
y the inhabitants, Paphos.

TO HIS MISTRES.

MY wanton muse lasciviously doth sing
Of sportive love, of lovely dallying.
O beauteous angell! daine thou to infuse
A sprightly wit into my dulled muse.
I invocate none other saint but thee,
To grace the first bloomes of my poesie.
Thy favours, like Promethean sacred fire,
In dead and dull conceit can life inspire;
Or, like that rare and rich elixar stone,
Can turn to gold, leaden invention.
Be gracious then, and daine to show in mee
The mighty power of thy deitie;
And as thou read'st (faire) take compassion—
Force me not envie my Pigmalion.
Then when thy kindnes grants me such sweet blisse,
Ile gladly write thy Metamorphosis.

MUTILATION NOTED
NOV 2 0 1935

this suffice, that that same happy night,
gracious were the goes of marriage
l'st all there pleasing and long-wish'd delight,
)hus was got; of whom in after age
)yprus was Paphos call'd, and evermore
Those ilandars do Venus name adore.

The AUTHOR *in Prayse of his precedent Poem.*

OW Rufus, by old Glebrons fearfull mace,
Hath not my muse deserv'd a worthy place?
me, come, Luxurio, crowne my head with bayes,
iich, like a Paphian, wantonly displayes
e Salaminian titilations,
iich tickle up our leud Priapians.
not my pen compleate? Are not my lines
ght in the swaggering humour of these times?
sing peana to my learned muse:
bis dicite! Wilt thou refuse?
ie not I put my mistres in before,
id pitiously her gracious ayde implore?
)e not I flatter, call her wondrous faire,
rtuous, divine, most debonaire?
ath not my goddesse, in the vaunt-gard place,
ie leading of my lines theyr plumes to grace?
id then ensues my stanzaes, like odd bands
f voluntaries and mercenarians,
hich, like soldados of our warlike age,
arch rich bedlight in warlike equipage,

Glittering in dawbed lac'd accoustrements,
And pleasing sutes of loves habiliments;
Yet puffie as Dutch hose they are within,
Faint and white-liver'd, as our gallants bin;
Patch'd like a beggars cloake, and run as sweet
As doth a tumbrell in the paved street.
And in the end (the end of love I wot),
Pigmalion hath a jolly boy begot.
So Labeo did complaine his love was stone,
Obdurate, flinty, so relentlesse none;
Yet Lynceus knowes, that in the end of this,
He wrought as strance a metamorphosis.
Ends not my poem then surpassing ill?
Come, come, Augustus, crowne my laureat quill.
Now, by the whyps of epigramatists,
Ile not be lasht for my dissembling shifts;
And therefore I use Popelings discipline,
Lay ope my faults to Mastigophoros eyne;
Censure my selfe, fore others me deride
And scoffe at mee, as if I had deni'd
Or thought my poem good, when that I see
My lines are froth, my stanzaes saplesse be.
Thus having rail'd against my selfe a while,
Ile snarle at those which doe the world beguile
With masked showes. Ye changing Proteans, list,
And tremble at a barking Satyrist.

SATYRES.

SATYRE I.

Quedam videntur, et non sunt.

I CANNOT show in strange proportion,
Changing my hew like a camelion;
But you all-canning wits, hold water out,
Yee vizarded-bifronted-Janian rout.
Tell mee, browne Ruscus, hast thou Gyges ring,
That thou presum'st as if thou wert unseene?
If not, why in thy wits halfe capreall,
Lett'st thou a superscribed letter fall?
And from thy selfe unto thy selfe doost send,
And in the same, thy selfe, thy selfe commend?
For shame! leave running to some satrapas,
Leave glavering on him in the peopled presse;
Holding him on as he through Paul's doth walke,
With nodds and leggs and odde superfluous talke;
Making men thinke thee gracious in his sight,
When he esteemes thee parasite.
For shame! unmaske; leave for to cloke intent,
And show thou art vaine-glorious, impudent.
Come, Briscus, by the soule of complement,
I'le not endure that with thine instrument

(Thy gambo violl plac'd betwixt thy thighes,
Wherein the best part of thy courtship lyes)
Thou entertaine the time, thy mistres by;
Come, now let 's heare thy mounting Mercurie.
What! mum? Give him his fiddle once againe,
Or he 's more mute then a Pythagoran.
But oh! the absolute Castilio,—
He that can all the poynts of courtship show;
He that can trot a courser, breake a rush,
And arm'd in proofe, dare dure a strawes strong pus
He, who on his glorious scutchion
Can quaintly show wits newe invention,
Advauncing forth some thirstie Tantalus,
Or else the vulture on Prometheus,
With some short motto of a dozen lines;
He that can purpose it in dainty rimes,
Can set his face, and with his eye can speake,
Can dally with his mistres dangling feake,
And wish that he were it, to kisse her eye
And flare aboute her beauties deitie:—
Tut! he is famous for his reveling,
Far fine sette speeches, and for sonetting;
He scornes the violl and the scraping sticke,
And yet 's but broker of anothers wit.
Certes, if all things were well knowne and view'd,
He doth but champe that which another chew'd.
Come, come, Castilion, skim thy posset curd,
Show thy queere substance, worthlesse, most absurd.
Take ceremonius complement from thee!
Alas! I see Castilios beggery.
O, if Democritus were now alive,
How he would laugh to see this divell thrive!

And by an holy semblance bleare mens eyes,
When he intends some damned villanies.
Ixion makes fair weather unto Jove,
That he might make foule worke with his faire love;
And is right sober in his outward semblance,
Demure, and modest in his countenance;
Applies himselfe to great Saturnus sonne,
Till Saturns daughter yeeldes his motion.
Night-shining Phœbe knowes what was begat—
A monstrous Centaure, illegitimate.
Who would not chuck to see such pleasing sport—
To see such troupes of gallants still resort
Unto Cornutos shop? What other cause
But chast Brownetta, Sporo thether drawes?
Who now so long hath prays'd the choughs white bill,
That he hath left her ne'er a flying quill:
His meaning gain, though outward semblance love,
So like a crabfish Sporo still doth move.
Laugh, laugh, to see the world, Democritus,
Cry like that strange transformed Tyreus.
Now Sorbo, with a fayned gravity,
Doth fish for honour and high dignity.
Nothing within, nor yet without, but beard,
Which thrice he strokes, before I ever heard
One wise grave word to blesse my listening eare.
But marke how Good Opinion doth him reare:
See, he 's in office, on his foot-cloth placed;
Now each man caps, and strives for to be graced
With some rude nod of his majestick head,
Which all do wish in limbo harried.
But O, I greeve, that good men daine to be
Slaves unto him that 's slave to villany!

Now Sorbo swels with selfe-conceited sence,
Thinking that men do yeeld this reverence
Unto his vertues: fond credulity!
Asse, take of Isis, no man honours thee.
Great Tubrios feather gallantly doth wave,
Full twenty falls doth make him wondrous brave.
Oh, golden jerkin! royall arming coate!
Like ship on sea, he on the land doth flote.
He 's gone, he 's shipt, his resolution
Prickes him (by Heaven) to this action.
The poxe it doth! Not long since did I view
The man betake him to a common stew;
And there (I wis), like no quaint-stomack't man,
Eates up his armes; and warres munition,
His waving plume, falls in the brokers chest.
Fie! that his ostridge stomack should digest
His ostridge feather; eate up Venis lace!—
Thou that didst feare to eate Poore-Johns a space.
Lie close, ye slave, at beastly luxury!
Melt and consume in pleasures surquedry!
But now, thou that did'st march with Spanish pike!
Come with French pox out of that brothell dore.
The fleet 's return'd. What newes from Rodio?
" Hote service, by the Lord," cries Tubrio.
Why do'st thou halt? " Why six times throgh each
Pusht with the pike of the hote enemie.
Hote service, hote, the Spaniard is a man;
I say no more, and as a gentleman
I served in his face. Farwell. Adew."
Welcome from Netherland, from streaming stew.
Asse to thy crib, doffe that huge lyons skin,
Or else the owle will hoote and drive thee in.

r shame, for shame! lew'd-living Tubrio,
esume not troupe among that gallant crue
' true heroike spirits; come, uncase,
ıow us the true forme of Dametas face.
ence, hence, ye slave! dissemble not thy state,
ıt henceforth be a turne-coate, runnagate.
h, hold my sides! that I may breake my spleene
ith laughter at the shadowes I have seene!
Yet I can beare with Curios nimble feete,
luting me with capers in the streete,
though in open view and peoples face,
e fronts me with some spruce, neat, sinquepace;
r Tullus, though, when ere he me espies,
raight with loud mouth (a bandy sir) he cries;
r Robrus, who adic't to nimble fence,
ill greetes me with Stockadoes violence.
hese I doe beare, because I too well know
ıey are the same they seeme in outward show.
ut all confusion sever from mine eye
his Janian bifront, Hypocrisie.

SATYRE II.

Quedam sunt, et non videntur.

THAT even now lisp'd like an amorist,
·9 Am turn'd into a snaphaunce Satyrist.
tytle, which my judgement doth adore!
ıt I dull-sprighted fat Boetian boore,
ɔe farre off honour that censorian seate;
ıt if I could in milk-white robes intreate

Plebeians favour, I would shew to be
Tribunus plebis, gainst the villany
Of these same Proteans, whose hipocrisie
Doth still abuse our fond credulitie.
But since myselfe am not imaculate,
But many spots my minde doth vitiate,
I'le leave the white roabe and the biting rimes
Unto our modern satyres sharpest lines,
Whose hungry fangs snarle at some secret sinne,
And in such pitchy clouds enwrapped beene
His Sphinxian ridles, that old Œdipus
Would be amazd, and take it in foule snufs
That such Cymerian darknes should involve
A quaint conceit that he could not resolve.
O darknes palpable! Egipts black night!
My wit is stricken blind, hath lost his sight;
My shins are broke with groping for some sence,
To know to what his words have reference.
Certes (*sunt*) but (*non videntur*) that I know;
Reach me some poets index that will show.
Imagines Deorum. Booke of Epithites,
Natales Comes, thou I know recites,
And mak'st anatomie of poesie;
Helpe me to unmaske the Satyres secresie;
Delphick Apollo, ayde me to unrip
These intricate deepe oracles of wit—
These dark enigmaes, and strange ridling sence,
Which passe my dullard braines intelligence.
Fie on my senceles pate! Now I can show
Thou writest that which I nor thou doo'st know.
Who would imagine that such squint-ey'd sight
Could strike the world's deformities so right?

But take heede, Pallas, least thou ayme awry;
Love nor yet Hate had ere true-judging eye.
Who would once dreame that that same elegie,
That faire-fram'd peece of sweetest poesie,
Which Muto put betwixt his mistris paps
(When he, quick-witted, call'd her Cruell Chaps,
And told her there she might his dolors read
Which she, Oh she! upon his hart had spread),
Was penn'd by Roscio the tragedian?
Yet Muto, like a good Vulcanian—
An honest cuckold—calls the bastard, sonne,
And brags of that which others for him donne.
Satyre, thou lyest, for that same elegie
Is Mutos owne—his owne deere poesie:
Why, tis his owne, and deare, for he did pay
Ten crownes for it, as I heard Roscius say.
Who would imagine yonder sober man,
That same devout meale-mouth'd precisean,
That cries "Good brother," "Kind sister," makes a duck
After the antique grace, can alwayes pluck
A sacred booke out of his civill hose,
And at th' op'ning, and at our stomacks close,
Sayes with a turn'd-up eye a solemne grace
Of halfe an houre; then with silken face
Smiles on the holy crue, and then doth cry,
"O manners! O times of impurity!"—
With that depaints a church reformed state,
The which the female tongues magnificate,
Because that Platoes odd opinion
Of all things (common) hath strong motion
In their weake minds:—who thinks that this good man
Is a vile, sober, dam'd polititian?

Not I, till with his baite of purity
He bit me sore in deepest usury.
No Jew, no Turke, woulde use a Christian
So inhumanely as this Puritan.
Diomedes jades were not so bestiall
As this same seeming saint—vile canniball!
Take heede, O world! take heede advisedly
Of these same damned anthropophagy.
I had rather be within a harpies clawes
Then trust my selfe in their devouring jawes,
Who all confusion to the world would bring
Under the forme of their new discipline.
O, I could say, Briareus hundred hands
Were not so ready to bring Jove in bands,
As these to set endles contentious strife
Betwixt Jehova and his sacred wife!
But see—who's yonder? True Humility,
The perfect image of faire Curtisie;
See—he doth daine to be in servitude
Where he hath no promotions livelihood!
Marke, he doth curtsie, and salutes a block,
Will seeme to wonder at a weathercock;
Trenchmore with apes, play musicke to an owle,
Blesse his sweet honours running brasell bowle;
Cries "Brauly broake" when that his lordship mist,
And is of all the thrunged scaffold hist;
O is not this a curteous-minded man!
No foole, no; a damn'd Machevelian.
Holds candle to the devill for a while,
That he the better may the world beguile
That 's fed with shows. He hopes, thogh som repine,
When sunne is set the lesser starres will shine;

He is within a haughty malecontent,
Though he doe use such humble blandishment.
But, bold-fac'd Satyre, straine not over hie,
But laugh and chuck at meaner gullery.
  In fayth, yon is a well-fac'd gentleman;
See how he paceth like a Ciprian!
Fair amber tresses of the fairest haire
That ere were waved by our London aire;
Rich laced suit, all spruce, all neat, in truth.
Ho, Lynceus! what's yonder brisk neat youth
Bout whom yon troupe of gallants flocken so,
And now together to Brownes Common goe?
Thou knowst, I am sure; for thou canst cast thine eie
Through nine mud wals, or els old poets lie.
"'Tis loose-legd Lais, that same common drab
For whom good Tubrio tooke the mortall stab."
Ha, ha! Nay, then, Ile never raile at those
That weare a codpis, thereby to disclose
What sexe they are, since strumpets breeches use,
And all men's eyes save Lynceus can abuse.
Nay, steed of shadow, lay the substance out,
Or els, fair Briscus, I shall stand in doubt
What sex thou art, since such hermaphrodites,
Such Protean shadowes so delude our sights.
  Looke, looke, with what a discontented grace
Bruto the travailer doth sadly pace
Long Westminster! O civil-seeming shade,
Marke his sad colours!—how demurely clad!
Staidnes it selfe, and Nestors gravity,
Are but the shade of his civility.
And now he sighes: "O thou corrupted age,
Which slight regard'st men of sound carriage!

Vertue, knowledge, flie to heaven againe;
Daine not mong these ungrateful sots remaine!
Well, some tongs I know, some countries I have seene,
And yet these oily snailes respectles beene
Of my good parts." O worthles puffie slave!
Didst thou to Venis goe ought els to have,
But buy a lute and use a curtezan,
And there to live like a Cyllenian?
And now from thence what hether do'st thou bring,
But surphulings, new paines, and poysoning,
Aretines pictures, some strange luxury,
And new found use of Venis venery?
What art thou but black clothes? Sad Bruto, say,
Art any thing but only, say, array?
Which I am sure is all thou brought'st from France,
Save Naples poxe and French-mens dalliance;
From haughty Spayne, what brought'st thou els beside
But lofty lookes and their Lucifrian pride?
From Belgia, what but their deep bezeling,
Their boote-carouse, and their beere-buttering?
Well, then, exclaime not on our age, good man,
But hence, poluted Neopolitan.
Now, Satyre, cease to rub our gauled skinnes,
And to unmaske the worlds detested sinnes;
Thou shalt as soon draw Nilus river dry
As cleanse the world from foule impietie.

SATYRE III.

Quedam et sunt, et videntur.

NOW, grim Reprofe, swell in my rough-heu'd rime,
That thou maist vexe the guilty of our time.
'on is a youth whom how can I ore-slip,
ince he so jumpe doth in my mashes hit?
Ie hath been longer in preparing him
Then Terence wench; and now behold he 's seene.
Now, after two yeeres fast and earnest prayer,
The fashion change not (lest he should dispaire
Of ever hoording up more faire gay clothes),
Behold at length in London streete he showes.
His ruffe did eate more time in neatest setting
Then Woodstocks worke in painfull perfecting;
It hath more doubles farre then Ajax shield
When he gainst Troy did furious battle weild.
Nay, he doth weare an embleme bout his neck;
For under that fayre ruffe so sprucely set,
Appeares a fall, a falling-band forsooth.
O dapper, rare, compleate, sweet nittie youth!
Jesu Maria! How his clothes appeare
Crost and recrost with lace, sure for some feare
Least that some spirit with a tippet mace
Should with a gastly show affright his face.
His hat, himselfe, small crowne and huge great brim,
Faire outward show, and little wit within.
And all the band with feathers he doth fill,
Which is a signe of a fantastick still,

As sure as (some doe tell me) evermore
A goate doth stand before a brothell dore.
His clothes perfum'd, his fustie mouth is ayred,
His chinne new swept, his very cheekes are glazed.
But ho! what Ganimede is that doth grace
The gallants heeles? One who for two daies space
Is closely hyred. Now who dares not call
This Æsops crow—fond, mad, fantasticall?
Why, so he is; his clothes doe sympathize,
And with his inward spirit humorize.
An open asse, that is not yet so wise
As his derided fondnes to disguise.
Why, thou art Bedlam mad, starke lunaticke,
And glori'st to be counted a fantastick;
Thou neyther art, nor yet will seeme to be,
Heire to some vertuous praised qualitie.
O frantick man! that thinks all villanie
The complete honors of nobilitie!
When some damn'd vice, some strange mishapen sute,
Make youths esteeme themselves in hie repute.
O age! in which our gallants boast to be
Slaves unto riot and rude luxury!
Nay, when they blush, and think an honest act
Dooth their supposed vertues maculate!
Bedlame, Frenzie, Madnes, Lunacie,
I challenge all your moody empery
Once to produce a more distracted man
Then is inamorato Lucian;
For when my eares receav'd a fearefull sound
That he was sicke, I went, and there I found
Him layde of love, and newly brought to bed
Of monstrous folly and a franticke head.

His chamber hang'd about with elegies,
With sad complaints of his loves miseries;
His windows strow'd with sonnets, and the glasse
Drawne full of love-knots. I approacht the asse,
And straight he weepes, and sighes some sonnet out
To his faire love! And then he goes about
For to perfume her rare perfection
With some sweet-smelling pinck epitheton;
Then with a melting looke he writhes his head,
And straight in passion riseth in his bed;
And having kist his hand, stroke up his haire,
Made a French conge, cryes, "O cruell feare"
To the antique bed-post. I laught a maine,
That down my cheeks the mirthfull drops did raine.
Well, he's no Janus, but substantiall,
In show and essence a good naturall;
When as thou hear'st me aske spruce Duceus
From whence he comes; and he straight answers us,
From Lady Lilla; and is going straight
To the Countesse of ( ), for she doth waite
His comming, and will surely send her coach,
Unlesse he make the speedier approach.
Art not thou ready for to breake thy spleene
At laughing at the fondness thou hast seene
In this vaine-glorious foole, when thou dost know
He never durst unto these ladies show
His pippin face? Well, he's no accident,
But reall, reall, shamelesse, impudent;
And yet he boasts, and wonders that each man
Can call him by his name, sweet Ducean;
And is right proude that thus his name is knowne.
I, Duceus, I, thy name is too farre blowne:

The world too much, thy selfe too little know'st,
Thy private selfe. Why, then, should Duceus boast?
But, humble Satyre, wilt thou daine display
These open naggs, which purblind eyes bewray?
Come, come, and snarle more darke at secrete sin,
Which in such laborinths enwrapped bin,
That, Ariadne, I must crave thy ayde
To helpe me finde where this foul monster's layd;
Then will I drive the Minotaure from us,
And seeme to be a second Theseus.

SATYRE IV.

Reactio.

NOW doth Ramnusia Adrastian,
Daughter of Night, and of the Ocean,
Provoke my pen. What cold Saturnian
Can hold, and heare such vile detraction?
Yee pines of Ida, shake your faire-growne height,
For Jove at first dash will with thunder fight;
Yee cedars, bend, fore lightning you dismay;
Ye lyons tremble, for an asse doth bray.
Who cannot raile?—what dog but dare to barke
Gainst Phœbes brightnes in the silent darke?
What stinking scavenger (if so he will,
Though streets by fayre) but may right easily fill
His dungy tumbrel? Sweep, pare, wash, make cleane,
Yet from your fairnes he some durt can gleane.
The windie-chollicke striv'd to have some vent,
And now tis flowne, and now his rage is spent.

have I seene the fuming waves to fret,
d in the end naught but white foame beget;
have I seene the sullen clowdes to cry,
id weepe for anger that the earth was dry,
ter theyr spight that all the haile-shot drops
uld never peirce that christiall water tops,
id never yet could worke her more disgrace
it only bubble quiet Thetis face.
ine envious detractor from the good,
hat Cynicke spirit rageth in thy blood?
innot a poore mistaken title scape,
it thou must that into thy tumbrell scrape?
innot some lewd immodest beastlines
irke and lie hid in just forgetfulnes,
it Grillus subtile-smelling swinish snout
ust sent and grunt, and needes will finde it out?
ome, daunce, yee stumbling Satyres by his side,
he list once the Syon Muse deride;
e Granta's white nymphs, come, and with you bring
ome sillabub, whilst he doth sweetly sing
ainst Peters teares and Maries moving moane,
nd like a fierce enraged boare doth foame
t sacred sonnets. O, daring hardiment!
t Bartas sweet Samaines raile impudent;
t Hopkins, Sternhold, and the Scotish King,
t all translators that do strive to bring
hat stranger language to our vulgar tongue,
pett in thy poyson theyr fair acts among;
ing them all downe from faire Jerusalem,
nd mew them up in thy deserved Bedlem.
Shall painims honor their vile falsed gods
/ith sprightly wits, and shall not we by ods

Farre, farre, more strive with wits best quintessence
To adore that sacred ever-living essence?
Hath not strong reason moov'd the legists mind,
To say that fayrest of all natures kinde
The prince by his prerogative may claime?
Why may not then our soules, without thy blame
(Which is the best thing that our God did frame),
Devote the best part to his sacred name,
And with due reverence and devotion,
Honor his name with our invention?
No, poesie not fit for such an action,
It is defiled with superstition:
It honord Baal, therefore polute, polute—
Unfit for such a sacred institute.
So have I heard an heretick maintaine
The church unholy, where Jehovas name
Is now ador'd, because he surely knowes
Some-times it was defil'd with Popish showes;
The bells profane, and not to be endur'd,
Because to Popish rites were inur'd.
Pure madnes! Peace, cease to be insolent,
And be not outward sober, inlye imprudent.
Fie, inconsiderate! it greeveth me
An academick should so senceles be.
Fond censurer! why should those mirrors seeme
So vile to thee, which better judgements deeme
Exquisite then, and in our polish'd times
May run for sencefull tollerable lines?
What, not *mediocria firma* from thy spight?
But must thy envious hungry fangs needs light
On Magistrates Mirrour? Must thou needs detract
And strive to worke his antient honors wrack?

hat, shall not Rosamond or Gaveston
pe their sweet lips without detraction?
it must our moderne critticks envious eye
eme thus to quote some grosse deformity,
here art, not error, shineth in their stile,
it error, and no art, doth thee beguile?
r tell me, crittick, is not fiction
ie soule of poesies invention?
't not the forme, the spirit, and the essence,
ie life, and the essentiall difference,
hich *omni*, *semper*, *soli*, doth agree
heavenly discended poesie?
y wit, God comfort, mad chirurgion.
hat, make so dangerous an incision?—
first dash whip away the instrument
poets procreation! Fie, ignorant!
hen as the soule and vitall blood doth rest,
d hath in fiction onely interest,
iat, satyre, sucke the soule from poesie,
d leave him spritles! O impiety!
uld ever any erudite pedant
eme in his artles lines so insolent?
t thus it is when pitty priscians
ll needs step up to be censorians.
ien once they can in true skan'd verses frame
brave encomium of good vertues name;
ay, thus it is, when mimick apes will strive
ith iron wedge the trunks of oakes to rive.
But see, his spirit of detraction
ist nible at a glorious action.
ge! some gallant spirit, some resolved blood,
ill hazard all to worke his countries good,

And to enrich his soule and raise his name,
Will boldly saile unto the rich Guiane.
What then? Must straight some shameles satyrist,
With odious and opprobious termes, insist
To blast so high resolv'd intention
With a malignant vile detraction?
So have I seene a curre dogge in the streete
Pisse gainst the fairest posts he still could meete;
So have I seen the March wind strive to fade
The fairest hewe that art or nature made:
So envy still doth bark at clearest shine,
And strives to staine heroick acts divine.
Well, I have cast thy water, and I see
Th' art falne to wits extreamest poverty,
Sure in consumption of the spritly part.
Goe, use some cordiall for to cheere thy hart,
Or els I feare that I one day shall see
Thee fall into some dangerous lethargie.
But come, fond bragart, crowne thy browes with bay,
Intrance thy selfe in thy sweet extasie;
Come, manumit thy plumie pinion,
And scower the sword of elvish champion;
Or els vouchsafe to breathe in wax-bound quill,
And daine our longing eares with musick fill;
Or let us see thee some such stanzaes frame,
That thou maist raise thy vile inglorious name.
Summon the Nymphs and Driades to bring
Some rare invention, whilst thou doost sing
So sweet that thou maist shoulder from above
The eagle from the staires of friendly Jove,
And lead sad Pluto captive with thy song,
Gracing thy selfe, that art obscur'd so long.

Come, somewhat say (but hang me when tis done)
Worthy of brasse and hoary marble stone;
Speake, yee attentive swaines, that heard him never,
Will not his pastorals indure for ever?
Speake, yee that never heard him ought but raile,
Doe not his poems beare a glorious saile?
Hath not he strongly justled from above
The eagle from the staires of friendly Jove?
May be, may be; tut, tis his modesty;
He could, if that he would: nay, would, if could I see.
Who cannot raile, and with a blasting breath
Scorch even the whitest lillies of the earth?
Who cannot stumble in a stuttering stile,
And shallow heads with seeming shades beguile?
Cease, cease, at length to be malevolent
To fairest bloomes of vertues eminent;
Strive not to soile the freshest hewes on earth
With thy malitious and upbraiding breath.
Envie, let pines of Ida rest alone,
For they will growe spight of thy thunder stone;
Strive not to nible in their swelling graine
With toothles gums of thy detracting braine;
Eate not thy dam, but laugh and sport with me
At strangers follies with a merry glee.
Lets not maligne our kin. Then, Satyrist,
I doe salute thee with an open fist.

SATYRE V.

Parva magna, magna nulla.

AMBITIOUS Gorgons, wide-mouth'd Lamians,
Shape-changing Proteans, damn'd Briarians,
Is Minos dead, is Radamanth a sleepe,
That yee thus dare unto Joves pallace creepe?
What, hath Ramnusia spent her knotted whip,
That yee dare strive on Hebes cup to sip?
Yet know Apolloes quiver is not spent,
But can abate your daring hardiment.
Python is slaine, yet his accursed race
Dare looke divine Astrea in the face;
Chaos returne, and with confusion
Involve the world with strange disunion;
For Pluto sits in that adored chaire
Which doth belong unto Minervas heire.
O hecatombe! O catastrophe!
From Mydas pompe to Irus beggery!
Prometheus, who celestiall fier
Did steale from heaven, therewith to inspire
Our earthly bodies with a sence-full minde,
Whereby we might the depth of nature find,
Is ding'd to hell, and vulture eates his hart,
Which did such deepe philosophy impart
To mortall men. When theeving Mercury,
That even in his new-borne infancy
Stole faire Apollos quiver and Joves mace,
And would have filch'd the lightning from his place,

But that he fear'd he should have burnt his wing
And sing'd his downy feathers new-come spring;
He that in gastly shade of night doth leade
Our soules unto the empire of the dead;
When he that better doth deserve a rope
Is a faire planet in our horoscope,
And now hath Caduceus in his hand,
Of life and death that hath the sole command.
Thus petty thefts are payed and soundly whipt,
But greater crimes are slightly overslipt;
Nay, he 's a god that can doe villany
With a good grace and glib facility.
  The harmles hunter, with a ventrous eye,
When unawares he did Diana spie
Nak'd in the fountaine, he became straightway
Unto his greedy hounds a wished pray,
His owne delights taking away his breath,
And all ungratefull forc'd his fatal death
(And ever since hounds eate their maisters cleane,
For so Diana curst them in the streame).
When strong-backt Hercules, in one poore night,
With great, great ease, and wondrous delight,
In strength of lust and Venus surquedry,
Rob'd fifty wenches of virginity—
Farre more than lusty Laurence—yet, poore soule,
He with Acteon drinks of Nemis bole.
When Hercules lewd act is registred,
And for his fruitfull labour deified,
And had a place in heaven him assigned,
When he the world unto the world resigned.
Thus little scapes are deepely punished,
But mighty villanes are for gods adored.

Jove brought his sister to a nuptiall bed,
And hath an Hebe and a Ganemede,
A Leda, and a thousand more beside,
His chaste Alcmena and his sister bride,
Who fore his face was odiously defil'd,
And by Ixion grosely got with child:
This thunderer, that right vertuously
Thrust forth his father from his empery,
Is now the great monarko of the earth,
Whose awfull nod, whose all commaunding breath,
Shakes Europe's ground-worke*; and his title makes
As dread a noyse as when a canon shakes
The subtile ayre. Thus hell-bred villany
Is still rewarded with high dignity.
When Sisyphus, that did but once reveale
That this incestious villaine had to deale
In ile Phliunte with Egina faire,
Is damn'd to hell, in endles black dispaire
Ever to reare his tumbling stone upright
Upon the steepy mountaines lofty height;
His stone will never now get greenish mosse,
Since he hath thus encur'd so great a losse
As Joves high favour. But it needs must be
Whilst Jove doth rule and sway the empery.
And poore Astread's fled into an ile,
And lives a poore and banished exile,
And there pen'd up, sighs in her sad lament,
Wearing away in pining languishment.
If that Sylenus asse doe chaunce to bray,
And so the Satyres lewdnes doth bewray,

* Rex hominumque Deorumque.

; him for ever be a sacrifice;
ckle, spurre, beate, loade, for ever tyranise
er the foole. But let some Cerberus
epe back the wife of sweet-tongu'd Orpheus,
ato applaudes the hound. Let that same child
night and sleepe (which hath the world defil'd
th odious railing) barke gainst all the work
all the gods, and find some error lurke
all the graces; let his laver lip
ake in reproach of Natures workmanship;
t him upbraid faire Venus, if he list,
r her short heele; let him with rage insist
snarle at Vulcans man, because he was
t made with windowes of transparent glas,
at all might see the passions of his mind;
; his all-blasting tongue great errors find
Pallas house, because if next should burne,
could not from the sodaine perill turne;
t him upbraide great Jove with luxury,
ndemne the Heavens Queene of jelousie:
; this same Stygian Momus must be praysed,
d to some godhead at the least be raised.
t if poor Orpheus sing melodiously,
d strive with musicks sweetest symphonie
praise the gods, and unadvisedly
e but ore-slip one drunken deitie,
rthwith the bouzing Bacchus out doth send
s furious Bacchides, to be reveng'd;
d straight they teare the sweet musitian,
d leave him to the dogs division.
brus, beare witnes of their crueltie,
r thou did'st view poore Orpheus tragedi.

Thus slight neglects are deepest villanie,
But blasting mouthes deserve a deitie.
Since Gallus slept, when he was set to watch
Least Sol or Vulcan should Mavortius catch
In using Venus; since the boy did nap,
Whereby bright Phœbus did great Mars intrap,
Poore Gallus now (whilom to Mars so deere)
Is turned to a crowing chaunteclere;
And ever since, fore that the sun doth shine
(Least Phœbus should with his all-peircing eyne
Discry some Vulcan), he doth crow full shrill,
That all the ayre with ecchoes he doth fill;
Whilst Mars, though all the gods do see his sin,
And know in what lewd vice he liveth in,
Yet is adored still, and magnified,
And with all honors duly worshipped.
Euge! Small faults to mountaines straight are raised;
Slight scapes are whipt, but damned deeds are praised.
Fie, fie! I am deceived all thys while,
A mist of errors doth my sence beguile;
I have beene long of all my witts bereaven;
Heaven for hell taking, taking hell for heaven;
Vertue for vice, and vice for vertue still;
Sower for sweet, and good for passing ill.
If not, would vice and odious villanie
Be still rewarded with high dignity?
Would damned Jovians be of all men praised,
And with high honors unto heaven raised?
Tis so, tis so; riot and luxurie
Are vertuous, meritorious chastitie:
That which I thougt to be damn'd hel-borne pride,
Is humble modestie, and nought beside;

hat which I deemed Bacchus surquedry,
grave and staied, civill sobrietie.
then, thrice holy age, thrice sacred men,
ong whom no vice a Satyre can discerne,
nce lust is turned into chastitie,
nd riot unto sad sobrietie,
othing but goodnes raigneth in our age,
nd vertues all are joyn'd in marriage!
eere is no dwelling for impiety,
o habitation for base villanie;
eere are no subject for Reproofes sharpe vaine;
hen hence, rude Satyre, make away amaine,
nd seeke a seate where more impuritie
oth lye and lurke in still securitie!
Now doth my Satyre stagger in a doubt,
hether to cease or els to write it out.
he subject is too sharpe for my dull quill;
ome sonne of Maya, show thy riper skill;
'or Ile goe turne my tub against the sunne,
nd wistly make how higher plannets runne,
ontemplating their hidden motion.
hen on some Latmos with Endimion,
'le slumber out my time in discontent,
nd never wake to be malevolent,
beedle to the worlds impuritie;
ut ever sleepe in still securitie.
If thys displease the worlds wrong-judging sight,
glads my soule, and in some better spright
'le write againe. But if that this doe please,
ence, hence, Satyrick Muse, take endlesse ease;
ush now, yee band-doggs, barke no more at me,
t let me slide away in secrecie.

EPICTETUS.

THE

]OURGE OF VILLANIE.

THREE BOOKES OF SATYRES.

Nec scombros metuentia carmina, nec thus.
PERSIUS

BY IOHN MARSTON.

At London: Printed by I. R. Anno Dom. 1599.

To his most esteemed, and best beloved

Selfe.

DAT DEDICATQUE.

To Detraction *I present my* Poesie.

FOULE canker of faire vertuous action,
Vile blaster of the freshest bloomes on earth,
nvies abhorred childe, Detraction,
here expose, to thy al-tainting breath,
The issue of my braine: snarle, raile, barke, bite,
Knowe that my spirit scornes Detractions spight.

nowe that the Genius, which attendeth on
nd guides my powers intellectuall,
olds in all vile repute Detraction.
y soule—an essence metaphysicall,
That in the basest sort scornes critickes rage,
Because he knowes his sacred parentage—

y spirit is not puft up with fatte fume
f slimie ale, nor Bacchus heating grape.
y minde disdaines the dungy muddy scum
f abject thoughts and Envies raging hate.
"True judgement slight regards Opinion,
A sprightly wit disdaines Detraction."

partiall praise shall never elevate
y setled censure of my own esteeme;
cankered verdit of malignant hate
hall nere provoke me, worse my selfe to deeme.
Spight of despight, and rancors villanie,
I am my selfe, so is my poesie.

In Lectores prorsus indignos.

FY, Satyre, fie! shall each mechanick slave,
Each dunghill pesant, free perusall have
Of thy well-labor'd lines?—each sattin sute,
Each quaint fashion-monger, whose sole repute
Rests in his trim gay clothes, lie slavering,
Tainting thy lines with his lewd censuring?
Shall each odde puisne of the lawyers inne,
Each barmy-froth, that last day did beginne
To read his little, or his nere a whit,
Or shall some greater auntient, of lesse wit
(That never turn'd but browne tobacco leaves,
Whose sences some damn'd occupant bereaves),
Lye gnawing on thy vacant times expence,
Tearing thy rimes, quite altering the sence?
Or shall perfum'd Castilio censure thee,
Shall he oreview thy sharpe-fang'd poesie
(Who nere read further than his mistresse lips),
Nere practis'd ought but some spruce capring skips,
Nere in his life did other language use,
But "Sweet lady, faire mistris, kind hart, deere cuz"—
Shall this fantasma, this Colosse peruse,
And blast with stinking breath, my budding muse?
Fie! wilt thou make thy wit a curtezan
For every broking hand-crafts artizan?
Shall brainlesse cyterne heads, each jobernole,
Pocket the very genius of thy soule?
I, Phylo, I, I 'le keepe an open hall,
A common and a sumptuous festivall;

Welcome all eyes, all eares, all tongues to mee,
Naw pesants on my scraps of poesie;
Castilios, Cyprians, court-boyes, Spanish blocks,
Ibanded eares, Granado-netherstocks,
Idlers, scriveners, pedlers, tynkering knaves,
Base blew-coates, tapsters, broad-minded slaves—
Welcome I-faith; but may you nere depart
Till I have made your gauled hides to smart.
Your gauled hides? avaunt, base muddy scum,
Thinke you a satyres dreadful sounding drum
Will brace itselfe, and daine to terrifie
Such abject pesants basest roguery?
No, no, passe on, ye vaine fantasticke troupe
Of puffie youths; knowe I do scorne to stoupe
To rip your lives. Then hence, lewd nags, away,
Foe read each poast, view what is plaid to-day,
Then to Priapus gardens. You, Castilio,
I pray thee let my lines in freedome goe,
Let me alone, the madams call for thee,
Longing to laugh at thy wits poverty.
Sirra, livorie cloake, you lazie slipper slave,
Thou fawning drudge, what, would'st thou satyres have?
Base mind, away, thy master cals, be gone,
Sweet Gnato, let my poesie alone.
Foe buy some ballad of the Faiery King,
And of the begger wench, some roguie thing,
Which thou maist chaunt unto the chamber-maid
To some vile tune, when that thy maister 's laid.
But will you needs stay? am I forc't to beare
The blasting breath of each lewd censurer?
Must naught but cloths, and images of men,
But sprightlesse trunks, be judges of thy pen?

Nay then, come all; I prostitute my muse,
For all the swarmes of idiots to abuse.
Reade all, view all, even with my full consent,
So you will know that which I never meant;
So you will nere conceive, and yet dispraise
That which you nere conceiv'd, and laughter raise
Where I but strive in honest seriousnesse
To scourge some soule-polluting beastlinesse.
So you will raile, and finde huge errors lurke
In every corner of my cynick worke.
Proface, read on, for your extreamst dislikes
Will adde a pineon to my praises flights.
O, how I bristle up my plumes of pride,
O, how I thinke my satyres dignifi'd,
When I once heare some quaint Castilio,
Some supple-mouth'd slave, some lewd Tubrio,
Some spruce pedant, or some span-new come fry
Of innes a-court, striving to vilefie
My dark reproofes! Then doe but raile at me,
No greater honour craves my poesie.

1. But, ye diviner wits, celestiall soules,
   Whose free-borne minds no kennell thought c
   troules,
Ye sacred spirits, Mayas eldest sonnes—

2. Yee substance of the shadowes of our age,
   In whom all graces linke in mariage,
To you how cheerefully my poem runnes.

3. True-judging eyes, quick-sighted censurers,
   Heavens best beauties, wisdomes treasurers,
O how my love embraceth your great worth!

. Yee idols of my soule, yee blessed spirits,
How shall I give true honor to your merrits,
ich I can better thinke then here paint forth!

ı sacred spirits, Maias eldest sonnes,
you how cheerefully my poeme runnes!
ıow my love embraceth your great worth,
ich I can better thinke then here paint forth!
O rare!

To those that seeme judiciall Perusers.

NOWE, I hate to affect too much obscuritie and harshnesse, because they profit no sense. To note s, so that no man can understand them, is as fond he French execution in picture. Yet there are some) many) that thinke nothing good that is so curteous to come within their reach. Tearming all Satyres tard which are not palpable darke, and so rough writ : the hearing of them read would set a mans teeth edge; for whose unseasoned palate I wrote the first yre, in some places too obscure, in all places mislyking

Yet when by some scurvie chaunce it shall come) the late perfumed fist of judiciall Torquatus (that, some rotten stick in a troubled water, hath gotte a at deale of barmie froth to stick to his sides), I knowe will vouchsafe it some of his new-minted epithets reall, intrinsecate Delphicke), when in my conscience : understands not the least part of it. But from

thence proceedes his judgment. Persius is crabby, because auntient, and his jerkes (being perticularly given to private customes of his time) dusky. Juvenall (upon the like occasion) seemes to our judgement, gloomy. Yet both of them goe a good seemely pase, not stumbling, shuffling. Chaucer is hard even to our understandings: who knowes not the reason? how much more those olde Satyres which expresse themselves in termes that breathed not long even in their daies. But had wee then lived, the understanding of them had beene nothing hard. I will not deny there is a seemely decorum to be observed, and a peculiar kinde of speech for a Satyres lips, which I can willinglyer conceive then dare to prescribe; yet let me have the substance rough, not the shadow. I cannot, nay, I will not delude your sight with mists; yet I dare defend my plainenesse against the verjuice-face of the crabbedst Satyrist that ever stuttered. He that thinks worse of my rimes then my selfe, I scorn him, for hee cannot: he that thinkes better, is a foole. So favour me, Good Opinion, as I am farre from being a Suffenus. If thou perusest mee with an unpartiall eye, reade on: if otherwise, know I nether value thee nor thy censure.

W. KINSAYDER.

PROEMIUM IN LIBRUM PRIMUM.

I BEARE the scourge of just Rhamnusia,
Lashing the lewdnesse of Britannia.
Let others sing as their genius moves,
Of deepe designes, or else of clipping loves:
'aire fall them all, that with wits industrie
)oe cloath good subjectes in true poesie;
3ut as for me, my vexed thoughtfull soule
'akes pleasure in displeasing sharpe controule.
Thou nursing mother of faire Wisdomes lore,
ngenuous Melancholy, I implore
'hy grave assistance: take thy gloomy seate,
nthrone thee in my blood, let me intreate;
3tay his quicke jocund skips, and force him runne
\ sad pas't course, until my whips be done.
Daphne, unclip thine armes from my sad brow;
Blacke cypresse crowne me, whilst I up doe prow
The hidden entrailes of rank villany,
Tearing the vaile from damn'd impietie.
Quake, guzzell dogs, that live on putred slime,
Skud from the lashes of my yerking rime.

SATYRE I.

Feonti nulla fides.

MARRY, God forefend! Martius sweares he 'le stab.
Phrigeo, feare not, thou art no lying drab;
What though dagger-hack'd mouthes of his blade sweare
It slew as many as figures of yeares
Aquafortis eate in 't, or as many more
As methodist Musus kild with hellebore
In autumne last, yet he beares that male lye
With as smooth calme as Mecho rivalrie.
How ill his shape with inward forme doth fadge,
Like Aphrogenias ill-yok'd marriage!
Fond Physiognomer, complexion
Guides not the inward disposition,
Inclines I yeeld, thou sai'st law Julia,
Or Catoes often curst Scatinia
Can take no hold on simpring Lesbia.
True, not on her eye; yet Allom oft doth blast
The sprouting bud that faine would longer last.
Chary Casca, right pure, or Rhodanus,
Yet each night drinkes in glassie Priapus.
Yon pine is faire, yet fouly doth it ill
To his owne sprouts; marke, his rank drops distill
Foule Naples canker in their tender rinde.
Woe worth, when trees drop in their proper kinde!
Mistagogus, what meanes this prodigy?
When Hiedolgo speaks 'gainst usury,

When Verres railes 'gainst thieves, Mylo doth hate
Murder, Clodius cuckolds, Marius the gate
Of squinting Janus shuts? Runne beyond bound
Of Nil ultra, and hang me, when on 's found
Will be himselfe. Had nature turn'd our eyes
Into our proper selves, these curious spies
Would be asham'd: Flavia would blush to flout
When Oppia cals Lucina helpe her out,
If she did thinke, Lynceus did know her ill,
How nature art, how art doth nature spill.
God pardon me! I often did aver
Quod gratis grate: the astronomer
An honest man; but Ile do so no more;
His face deceiv'd me; but now, since his whore
And sister are all one, his honestie
Shall be as bare as his anatomie,
To which he bound his wife. O, packstaffe rimes!
Why not, when court of stars shall see these crimes?
Rods are in pisse—I, for thee, Empericke,
That twenty graines of oppium will not sticke
To minister to babes. Heer 's bloody daies,
When with plaine hearbes Mutius more men slaies
Then ere third Edwards sword! Sooth, in our age,
Mad Coribantes neede not to enrage
The peoples mindes. You, Ophiogine
Of Hellespont, with wrangling villanie
The swol'n world's inly stung, then daine a touch,
If that your fingers can effect so much.
Thou sweete Arabian Panchaia,
Perfume this nastie age: smugge Lesbia
Hath stinking lunges, although a simpring grace,
A muddy inside, though a surphul'd face.

O for some deep-searching Corycean.
To ferret out yon lewd Cynedian!
How now, Brutus, what shape best pleaseth thee?
All Protean formes, thy wife in venery,
At thy inforcement takes? Well, goe thy way,
Shee may transforme thee, ere thy dying day.
Hush, Gracchus heares, that hath retailed more lyes,
Broched more slaunders, done more villanies,
Then Fabius perpetuall golden coate
(Which might have *Semper idem* for a mott)
Hath been at feasts, and led the measuring
At court, and in each mariage reveling;
Writ Palephatus comment on those dreames
That Hylus takes, midst dung-pit reaking steames
Of Athos hote house; Gramercie modest smyle,
Chremes asleepe: Paphia sport the while.
Lucia, new set thy ruffe; tut, thou art pure,
Canst thou not lispe "good brother," look demure?
Fye, Gallus, what, a skeptick Pyrrhomist,
When chast Dictinna breakes the zonelike twist?
Tut, hang up Hieroglyphickes. Ile not faine
Wresting my humor from his native straine.

SATYRE II.

Difficile est Satyram non scribere.—JUVE.

I CANNOT holde, I cannot I endure
To view a big-womb'd foggy clowde immure
The radient tresses of the quickning sunne:
Let custards quake, my rage must freely runne.

reach not the Stoickes patience to me;
hate no man, but mens impietie.
Iy soule is vext; what power will resist,
)r dares to stop a sharpe-fangd Satyrist?
Vho 'le coole my rage? who 'le stay my itching fist?
3ut I will plague and torture whom I list.
f that the three-fold wals of Babilon
hould hedge my tongue, yet I should raile upon
his fustie world, that now dare put in ure
'o make JEHOVA but a coverture
'o shade ranck filth. Loose conscience is free
rom all conscience, what els hath libertie?
.s't please the Thracian Boreas to blow,
o turnes our ayerie conscience to and fro.
What icye Saturniste, what northerne pate,
ut such grosse lewdnesse would exasperate?
thinke the blind doth see the flame-god rise
rom sisters couch, each morning to the skies,
lowing with lust. Walke but in duskie night
Vith Lynceus eyes, and to thy piercing sight
isguised gods will showe, in peasants shape,
rest to commit some execrable rape.
[ere Joves lust-pandar, Maias juggling sonne,
1 clownes disguise, doth after milk-maids runne;
nd, for he 'le loose his brutish lechery,
he truls shall taste sweet nectars surquedry.
here Junos brat forsakes Neries bed
nd like a swaggerer, lust fiered,
.ttended only with his smock-sworne page,
ert Gallus, sily slips along, to wage
ilting incounters with some spurious seede
f marrow pies and yawning oysters breede.

O damn'd!

Who would not shake a Satyres knotty rod,
When to defile the sacred seate of God
Is but accounted gentlemens disport?
To snort in filth, each hower to resort
To brothell pits; alas, a veniall crime,
Nay, royall, to be last in thirtith slime!
Ay me! hard world for Satyrists beginne
To set up shop, when no small petty sinne
Is left unpurg'd! Once to be pursie fat,
Had wont because that life did macerate.
Marry, the jealous queene of ayre doth frowne,
That Genimede is up, and Hebe downe.
Once Albion liv'd in such a cruell age
Than man did hold by servile vilenage:
Poore brats were slaves of bond-men that were borne,
And marted, sold: but that rude law is torne
And disannuld, as too too inhumane,
That lords ore pesants should such service straine.
But now (sad change!) the kennell sincke of slaves,
Pesant great lords, and servile service craves.
Bond-slave sonnes had wont be bought and sold;
But now heroes heires (if they have not told
A discreet number 'fore their dad did die)
Are made much of: how much from merchandie?
Tail'd, and retail'd, till to the pedlers packe
The fourth-hand ward-ward comes; alack, alack!
Woule truth did know I lyed: but truth and I
Doe know that sense is borne to misery.
Oh would to God this were their worst mischance!
Were not their soules sould to darke ignorance!
Fair godnes is foul ill, if mischiefes wit
Be not represt from lewd corrupting it.

O what dry braine melts not sharp mustard rime.
purge the snottery of our slimie time!
nce, idle Cave, vengeance pricks me on,
ien mart is made of faire religion.
'orm'd bald Trebus swore, in Romish quier,
sold Gods essence for a poor denier.
: Egyptians adored onions,
garlike yeelding all devotions.
iappie garlike, but thrice happie you,
iose senting gods in your large gardens grew!
nocritus, rise from thy putred slime,
irt at the madnesse of that hotter clime,
ide their frenzy, that for policie
)re wheate dough as reall deitie.
iighty men, that can their Maker make,
l force his sacred bodie to forsake
: cherubins, to be gnawne actually,
iding *individuum*, really;
king a score of gods with one poore word.
o I thought, in that you could afford
cheape a penny-worth. O ample field,
which a Satyre may just weapon weelde!
; I am vext, when swarmes of Julians
: stil manur'd by lewd precisians,
io, scorning church rites, take the symbole up
slovenly as carelesse courtiers slup
ir mutton gruell! Fie! who can with-hold,
; must of force make his mild muse a scold,
en that hee greeved sees, with red vext eyes,
it Athens antient large immunities
eyesores to the Fates! Poore cels forlorne!
not enough you are made an abject scorne

To jeering apes, but must the shadow too
Of auncient substance be thus wrung from you!
O split my heart, least it doe breake with rage,
To see th' immodest loosenesse of our age!
Immodest loosenesse? fie, too gentle word,
When every signe can brothelry afford:
When lust doth sparkle from our females eyes,
And modestie is rousted in the skyes!
Tell me, Galliottæ, what meanes this signe,
When impropriat gentles will turne Capuchine?
Sooner be damn'd! O, stuffe satyricall!
When rapine feeds our pomp, pomp ripes our fall;
When the guest trembles at his hosts swart looke;
The son doth feare his stepdame, that hath tooke
His mother's place for lust; the twin-borne brother
Malignes his mate, that first came from his mother
When to be huge, is to be deadly sicke;
When vertuous pesants will not spare to lick
The divels taile for poore promotion;
When for neglect, slubbred Devotion
Is wan with griefe; when Rufus yauns for death
Of him that gave him undeserved breath;
When Hermus makes a worthy question,
Whether of Wright, as Paraphonalion,
A silver pisse-pot fits his lady dame,
Or its too good—a pewter best became;
When Agrippina poysons Claudius sonne,
That all the world to her owne brat might run;
When the husband gapes that his stale would dy,
That he might once be in by curtisie;
The big-paunch't wife longs for her loth'd mates death,
That she might have more joyntures here on earth;

hen tenure for short yeares (by many a one)
thought right good be turn'd forth Littleton,
l to be headdy, or free-hold at least;
hen tis all one, for long life be a beast,
slave, as have a short-term'd tenancie;
hen dead 's the strength of Englands yeomanry;
hen inundation of luxuriousnesse
its all the world with such gross beastlinesse;—
ho can abstaine? What modest braine can hold,
ut he must make his shamefac'd muse a scold?

SATYRE III.

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

'T 'S good be warie, whilst the sunne shines cleer
(Quoth that old chuffe that may dispend by yeer
hree thousand pound), whil'st hee of good pretence
ommits himselfe to Fleet, to save expence.
o countries Christmas—rather tarry heere,
he Fleete is cheap, the country hall too deere;
ut Codrus, harke! the world expects to see
hy bastard heire rot there in misery.
'hat! will Luxurio keepe so great a hall
hat he will proove a bastard in his fall?
o; come on, five! S. George, by Heaven, at all
[akes his catastrophe right tragicall!
t all? till nothings left! Come on, till all comes off,
haire and all! Luxurio, left a scoffe
o leaprous filths! O stay, thou impious slave,
'eare not the lead from off thy fathers grave

To stop base brokeage!—sell not thy fathers sheet
His leaden sheet, that strangers eyes may greete
Both putrifaction of thy greedy sire
And thy abhorred viperous desire!
But wilt thou needs, shall thy dads lacky brat
Weare thy sires halfe-rot finger in his hat?
Nay, then, Luxurio, waste in obloquie,
And I shall sport to heare thee faintly cry,
"A die, a drab, and filthy broking knaves,
Are the worlds wide mouthes, all-devouring grave
Yet Samus keepes a right good house, I heare—
No, it keepes him, and free'th him from chill fear
Of shaking fits. How, then, shall his smug wenc
How shall her bawd (fit time) assist her quench
Her sanguine heat? Lynceus, canst thou sent?
She hath her monkey and her instrument
Smooth fram'd at Vitrio. O greevous misery!
Luscus hath left her female luxury;
I, it left him! No, his old cynic dad
Hath forc't him cleone forsake his pickhatch drab
Alack, alack! what peace of lustfull flesh
Hath Luscus left, his Priape to redresse?
Grieve not, good soule, he hath his Ganimede,
His perfum'd she-goat, smooth-kembd and high!
At Hogson now his monstrous love he feasts,
For there he keepes a baudy-house of beasts.
Paphus, let Luscus have his curtezan,
Or we shall have a monster of a man.
Tut! Paphus now detaines him from that bower,
And clasps him close within his brick-built tower
Diogenes, thou art damn'd for thy lewd wit,
For Luscus now hath skill to practise it.

'aith, what cares he for faire Cynedian boyes,
'elvet-cap't goats, Dutch mares? Tut! common toies!
›etaine them all on this condition,
Ie may but use the cynick friction.
O now, ye male stewes, I can give pretence
'or your luxurious incontinence.
Ience, hence, ye falsed seeming patriotes,
leturn not with pretence of salving spots,
Vhen here yee soyle us with impuritie,
ınd monstrous filth of Doway seminary.
Vhat, though Iberia yeeld you libertie,
'o snort in source of Sodome villany?
Vhat, though the bloomes of young nobilitie,
'ommitted to your Rodons custodie,
ee, Nero-like, abuse? yet nere approche
our new S. Homers lewdnes here to broche;
'aynting our townes and hopefull academes
Vith your lust-bating, most abhorred meanes.
Valladolid, our Athens, gins to taste
f thy rank filth. Camphire and lettuce chaste
re clean casheird, now Sophi ringoes eate,
andi'd potatoes are Athenians meate.
ence, holy thistle, come sweete marrow pie,
ıflame our backs to itching luxurie.
crabs bak't guts, a lobsters butterd thigh,
heare them sweare is bloud for venerie.
ad I some snout-faire brats, they should indure
he new found Castilion callenture
efore some pedant tutor, in his bed,
ıould use my frie like Phrigian Ganimede.
ay, then, chaste cels, when greasie Aretine,
›r his rank fico, is surnam'd divine;

Nay, then, come all ye veniall scapes to me,
I dare well warrant you 'le absolved be.
Rufus, I 'le terme thee but intemperate—
I will not once thy vice exaggerate—
Though that each howre thou lewdly swaggerest,
And at the quarter-day pay'st interest
For the forbearance of thy chalked score;
Though that thou keep'st a taly with thy whore:
Since Nero keepes his mother Agrippine,
And no strange lust can satiate Messaline.
  Tullus, goe scotfree; though thou often bragst
That, for a false French crowne thou vaulting hadst;
Though that thou know'st, for thy incontinence,
Thy drab repaid thee true French pestilence.
But tush! his boast I beare, when Tegeran
Brags that hee foysts his rotten curtezan
Upon his heire, that must have all his lands,
And them hath joyn'd in Hymens sacred bands.
I 'le winke at Robrus, that for vicinage
Enters common on his next neighbors stage;
When Jove maintaines his sister and his whore,
And she incestuous, jealous evermore
Least that Europa on the bull should ride;
Woe worth, when beasts for filth are deified!
  Alacke, poore rogues! what censor interdicts
The veniall scapes of him that purses picks?
When some slie golden-slopt Castilio
Can cut a manors strings at primero?
Or with a pawne shall give a lordship mate,
In statute staple chaining fast his state?
  What academick starved satyrist
Would gnaw rez'd bacon, or, with inke-black fist,

uld tosse each muck-heap for some outcast scraps
halfe-dung bones, to stop his yawning chaps?
with a hungry, hollow, halfe-pin'd jaw
uld once a thrice-turn'd bone-pickt subject gnaw,
en swarmes of mountebanks and bandeti,
ın'd Briareans, sinks of villanie,
:ors for lewdnes, brokers for the devill,
ct our soules with all-polluting evill?
hall Lucia scorne her husbands lukewarm bed
:ause her pleasure, being hurried
ɔulting coach, with glassie instrument,
ı farre exceede the Paphian blandishment),
lst I (like to some mute Pythagoran)
:er my hate, and cease to curse and ban
ı brutish filth? Shall Matho raise his fame
ɔrinting pamphlets in anothers name,
l in them praise himselfe, his wit, his might,
to be deem'd his countries lanthorne-light?
ilst my tongues ty'de with bonds of blushing shame,
fear of broching my concealed name?
ll Balbus, the demure Athenian,
ame of the death of next vicarian,
t his nativitie, marke his complexion,
igh well his bodies weake condition,
t, with guilt sleight, he may be sure to get
planets place when his dim shine shall set?
ll Curio streake his lims on his daies couch,
ɔommer bower, and with bare groping touch
ense his lust, consuming all the yeere
Cyprian dalliance, and in Belgick cheere?
ll Fanus spend a hundred gallions
goates pure milke to lave his stalions,

As much rose juyce? O bath! O royall, rich,
To scower Faunus and his saut-proud bitch.
And when all 's cleans'd, shal the slaves inside stinke
Worse than the new cast slime of Thames ebd brink,
Whilst I securely let him over-slip,
Nere yerking him with my satyricke whip?
Shall Crispus with hypocrisie beguile,
Holding a candle to some fiend a while—
Now Jew, then Turke, then seeming Christian,
Then Athiste, Papist, and straight Puritan;
Now nothing, any thing, even what you list,
So that some guilt may grease his greedy fist?
Shall Damas use his third-hand ward as ill
As any jade that tuggeth in the mill?
What, shall law, nature, vertue be rejected,
Shall these world arteries be soule-infected
With corrupt bloud, whilst I shal Martia taske,
Or some young Villius, all in choller, aske
How he can keepe a lazie waiting-man,
And buy a hoode, and silver-handled fan,
With fortie pound? Or snarle at Lollius sonne,
That with industrious paines hath harder wonne
His true-got worship and his gentries name
Then any swine-heards brat that lousie came
To luskish Athens; and, with farming pots,
Compiling beds, and scouring greasie spots,
By chance (when he can, like taught parrat, cry
"Deerely belov'd," with simpering gravitie)
Hath got the farme of some gelt vicary,
And now, on cock-horse, gallops jollily;
Tickling, with some stolne stuffe his senseless cure,
Belching lewd termes gainst all sound littrature?

Shall I with shadowes fight, taske bitterly
Romes filth, scraping base channell roguerie,
Whilst such huge gyants shall affright our eyes
With execrable, damn'd impieties?
Shall I finde trading Mecho never loath
Frankly to take a damning perjured oath?
Shall Furia brooke her sisters modesty,
And prostitute her soule to brothelry?
Shall Cossus make his well-fac't wife a stale,
To yeeld his braided ware a quicker sale?
Shall cock-horse, fat-pauncht Milo staine whole stocks
Of well-borne soules with his adultering spots?
Shall broking pandars sucke nobilitie,
Soyling faire stems with foul impuritie?
Nay, shall a trencher slave extenuate
Some Lucrece rape, and straight magnificate
Lewde Jovian lust, whilst my satyrick vaine
Shall muzzled be, not daring out to straine
His tearing paw? No, gloomy Juvenall,
Though to thy fortunes I disastrous fall.

SATYRE IV.

Cras.

I MARRY, sir, here's perfect honesty,
When Martius will forsweare all villany
(All damn'd abuse of paiment in the warres,
All filching from his prince and souldiers),
When once he can but so much bright dirt gleane
As may maintaine one more White-friers queane,

One drab more; faith, then farewell villany,
He 'le cleanse himselfe to Shoreditch puritie.
As for Stadius, I thinke he hath a soule;
And if he were but free from sharpe controule
Of his sower host, and from his taylors bill,
He would not thus abuse his riming skill;
Jading our tired ears with fooleries,
Greasing great slaves with oyly flatteries.
Good faith, I thinke he would not strive to suite
The back of humorous Time (for base repute
Mong dunghill pesants), botching up such ware
As may be salable in Sturbridge fare,
If he were once but freed from specialty;
But sooth, till then, beare with his balladry.
I ask't lewd Gallus when he 'le cease to sweare,
And with whole-culverin, raging oaths to teare
The vault of heaven—spitting in the eyes
Of Nature's nature, lothsome blasphemies.
To-morrow, he doth vow he will forbeare.
Next day I meete him, but I heare him sweare
Worse then before. I put his vowe in minde.
He answers me "To-morrow;" but I finde
He sweares next day farre worse then ere before,
Putting me off with "morrow" evermore.
Thus, when I urge him, with his sophistrie
He thinkes to salve his damned perjury.
Sylenus now is old, I wonder, I,
He doth not hate his triple venerie.
Cold, writhled eld, his lives-wet almost spent,
Me thinkes a unitie were competent.
But, O faire hopes! he whispers secretly,
When it leaves him he 'le leave his lechery.

When simpring Flaccus (that demurely goes
Right neatly tripping on his new-blackt toes)
Hath made rich use of his religion,
Of God himselfe, in pure devotion;
When that the strange ideas in his head
(Broched 'mongst curious sots, by shadowes led)
Have furnish't him, by his hore auditors,
Of faire demeasnes and goodly rich mannors;
Sooth, then, he will repent when 's treasury
Shall force him to disclaime his heresie.
What will not poore neede force? But being sped,
God for us all! the gurmonds paunch is fed;
His mind is chang'd. But when will he doe good?
To-morrow—I, to-morrow, by the rood!
Yet Ruscus sweares he 'le cease to broke a sute,
By peasant meanes striving to get repute
Mong puffie spunges, when the Fleet 's defraid,
His revell tier, and his laundresse paid.
There is a crewe which I too plaine could name,
If so I might without th' Aquinians blame,
That lick the tail of greatnesse with their lips—
Laboring with third-hand jests and apish skips,
Retayling others wit, long barrelled,
To glib some great mans eares till panch be fed—
Glad if themselves, as sporting fooles, be made
To get the shelter of some high-growne shade.
To-morrow—yet these base tricks they 'le cast off,
And cease—for lucre be a jeering scoffe.
Ruscus will leave when once he can renue
His wasted clothes, that are asham'd to view
The worlds proud eyes; Drusus wil cease to fawne
When that his farme, that leaks in melting pawne,

Some lord-applauded jest hath once set free:
All will to-morrow leave there roguery.
When fox-furd Mecho (by damn'd usury,
Cutthrote deceite, and his crafts villany)
Hath rak't together some four thousand pound,
To make his smug gurle beare a bumming sound
In a young merchants eare, faith, then (may be)
He 'le ponder if there be a Deitie;
Thinking, if to the parish poverty,
At his wisht death, be dol'd a half-penny,
A worke of supererogation,
A good filth-cleansing strong purgation.
Aulus will leave begging monopolies
When that, 'mong troopes of gaudy butter-flies,
He is but able jet it jollily
In pie-bald sutes of proud court bravery.
To-morrow doth Luxurio promise me
He will unline himselfe from bitchery;
Marry, Alcides thirteenth act must lend
A glorious period, and his lust-itch end,
When once he hath froth-foaming Ætna past
At one-an-thirtie, being alwaies last.
If not to-day (quoth that Nasonian),
Much lesse to-morrow. "Yes," saith Fabian,
"For ingrain'd habits, died with often dips,
Are not so soon discoloured. Young slips,
New set, are easily mov'd and pluck't away;
But elder rootes clip faster in the clay."
I smile at thee, and at the Stagerite,
Who holds the liking of the appetite,
Being fed with actions often put in ure,
Hatcheth the soule in quality impure

Or pure; may be in vertue: but for vice,
That comes by inspiration, with a trice.
Young Furius, scarce fifteen yeares of age,
But is, straight-waies, right fit for marriage—
Unto the divell; for sure they would agree,
Betwixt their soules their is such sympathy.
O where 's your sweatie habit, when each ape,
That can but spy the shadowe of his shape,
That can no sooner ken what 's vertuous,
But will avoid it, and be vitious!
Without much doe or farre-fetch't habiture!
In earnest thus:—It is a sacred cure
To salve the soules dread wounds, Omnipotent
That Nature is, that cures the impotent,
Even in a moment. Sure, grace is infus'd
By Divine favour, not by actions us'd,
Which is as permanent as heavens blisse,
To them that have it, then no habit is.
To-morrow, nay, to-day, it may be got.
So please that gratious power cleanse thy spot.
Vice, from privation of that sacred grace
Which God with-drawes, but puts not vice in place.
Who saies the sunne is cause of ugly night?
Yet when he vailes our eyes from his faire sight,
The gloomy curtaine of the night is spred.
Yee curious sotts, vainely by Nature led,
Where is your vice or vertuous habite now?
For *Sustine pro nunc* doth bend his brow,
And old crabb'd Scotus, on th' Organon,
Pay'th me with snaphaunce, quick distinction.
Habits, that intellectuall tearmed be,
Are got or else infus'd from Deitie.

Dull Sorbonist, fly contradiction!
Fie! thou oppugn'st the definition;
If one should say, "Of things tearm'd rationall,
Some reason have, others mere sensuall,"
Would not some freshman, reading Porphirie,
Hisse and deride such blockish foolery?
"Then vice nor vertue have from habite place;
The one from want, the other sacred grace
Infus'd, displac't; not in our will or force,
But as it please Jehova have remorse."
I will, cries Zeno. O presumption!
I can. Thou maist, dogged opinion
Of thwarting cynicks. To-day vitious,
List to their percepts; next day vertuous.
Peace, Seneca, thou belchest blasphemy!
"To live from God, but to live happily"
(I heare thee boast) "from thy philosophy,
And from thy selfe." O ravening lunacy!
Cynicks, yee wound your selves; for destiny,
Inevitable fate, necessitie,
You hold doth sway the acts spirituall,
As well as parts of that wee mortall call.
Wher's then *I will?* Wher's that strong deity
You do ascribe to your philosophy?
Confounded Natures brats! can will and fate
Have both their seate and office in your pate?
O hidden depth of that dread secrecie,
Which I doe trembling touch in poetry!
To-day, to-day, implore obsequiously;
Trust not to-morrowes will, least utterly
Yee be attach't with sad confusion,
In your grace-tempting lewd presumption.

But I forget. Why sweat I out my braine
ı deep designes to gay boyes, lewd and vaine?
hese notes were better sung 'mong better sort;
ut to my pamphlet, few, save fooles, resort.

PROEMIUM IN LIBRUM SECUNDUM.

I CANNOT quote a motto Italionate,
Or brand my satyres with some Spanish terme;
I cannot with swolne lines magnificate
Mine owne poore worth, or as immaculate
Task others rimes, as if no blot did staine,
No blemish soyle, my young satyrick vaine.

Nor can I make my soule a merchandize,
Seeking conceits to sute these artlesse times;
Or daine for base reward to poetize,
Soothing the world with oyly flatteries.
Shall mercenary thoughts provoke me write—
Shall I for lucre be a parasite?

Shall I once pen for vulgar sorts applause,
To please each hound, each dungy scavenger;
To fit some oyster-wenches yawning jawes
With tricksey tales of speaking Cornish dawes?
First let my braine (bright-hair'd Latonas sonne)
Be cleane distract with all confusion.

What though some John-à-Stile will basely toyle,
Only incited with the hope of gaine:
Though roguie thoughts do force some jade-like moile;
Yet no such filth my true-borne muse will soyle.
O Epictetus, I doe honour thee,
To thinke how rich thou wert in povertie!

Ad rithmum.

COME, prettie pleasing symphonie of words,
Ye wel-matcht twins (whose like-tun'd tongs affords
uch musicall delight), come willingly
nd daunce levoltoes in my poesie.
ome all as easie as spruce Curio will,
ı some court-hall, to shew his capring skill;
s willingly come, meete and jump together
s new-joyn'd loves, when they do clip each other;
s willingly as wenches trip a round
bout a May-pole after bagpipes sound;
ome, riming numbers, come and grace conceite,
lding a pleasing close, with your deceipt
ticing eares. Let not my ruder hand
eme once to force you in my lines to stand;
not so fearefull (prettie soules) to meete
Flaccus is the sergeants face to greete;
not so backward, loth to grace my sense,
Drusus is to have intelligence
is dad 's alive; but come into my head
jocundly as (when his wife was dead)
ung Lelius to his home. Come, like-fac't rime,
tunefull numbers keeping musicks time;
t if you hang an arse, like Tubered,
hen Chremes dragd him from his brothell bed,
en hence, base ballad stuffe, my poetry
sclaimes you quite; for know my libertie
ornes riming lawes. Alas, poore idle sound!
ice I first Phœbus knew I never found

Thy interest in sacred poesie;
Thou to invention add'st but surquedry,
A gaudie ornature, but hast no part
In that soule-pleasing high infused art.
Then if thou wilt clip kindly in my lines,
Welcome, thou friendly aide of my designes:
If not, no title of my senselesse change
To wrest some forced rime, but freely range.
Yee scrupulous observers, goe and learne
Of Æsops dogge; meat from a shade discerne.

SATYRE V.

Totum in toto.

HANG thy selfe, Drusus: hast nor armes nor br
Some Sophy say, "The gods sell all for paine
Not so.
Had not that toyling Thebans steeled back
Dread poysoned shafts, liv'd he now, he should lack
Spight of his farming oxe-stawles. Themis selfe
Would be casheir'd from one poore scrap of pelfe.
If that she were incarnate in our time,
She might lurke scorned in disdained slime,
Shaded from honour by some envious mist
Of watry fogges, that fill the ill-stuft list
Of faire Desert, jealous even of blind dark,
Least it should spie, and at their lamenesse barke.
"Honors shade thrusts honors substance from his pl
Tis strange, when shade the substance can disgrace.
"Harsh lines!" cries Curus, whose eares nere rejoy
But as the quavering of my ladies voice.

ıping lines fits this lewd halting age.
ıting Curus, pardon then my rage,
sards sweare plaine vertue never thrives,
t Priapus by plaine dealing wives.
)tile Hermes, and the destinies
'd on thee! Then up, mount the skies,
depose, do even what thou list,
ıs fates doe grace thy juggling fist.
ıast Beuclarkes armes and strong sinewes,
ıch, full-fed vaines, ample revenewes?
ke thy markets by thy proper arme;
y strength is an all-canning charme!
:adlesse Thracian! hast Hallerhotius slaine?
t not possible thy cause maintaine
ıe dozen Areopagites?
nagonian, furnish him with slights.
tos wrath Proserpina can melt,
hy sacrifice be freely felt.
annot Juno force in bed with Jove,
d returne a sentence with her love?
too dusky. Fie, thou shallow asse!
ıore eyes, and marke me as I passe.
inely thus: "Sleight, force are mighty things,
ıich much (if not most) earths glory springs.
s selfe were clad in humane shape,
ithout these might goe beg and scrape.
d truth is, a well-cloathed lie,
quick pate mounts to dignitie;
or fraude, that matters not a jot.
e wealth may fall unto thy lot."
d old Albius sweare Flavus should have
ıt gurle, for Flavus was a knave,

A damn'd deep-reaching villain, and would mount
(He durst well warrant him) to great account;
What, though he laid forth all his stock and store
Upon some office, yet he 'le gaine much more,
Though purchast deere; tut, he will trebble it
In some fewe termes, by his extorting wit.

When I, in simple meaning, went to sue
For tong-tide Damus, that would needs go wooe,
I prais'd him for his vertuous honest life.
"By God," cryes Flora, "ile not be his wife!
He 'le nere come on." Now I swear solemnely,
When I goe next I 'le praise his villany:
A better field to range in now-a-daies.
If vice be vertue, I can all men praise.

What, though pale Maurus paid huge symonies
For his halfe-dozen gelded vicaries,
Yet, with good honest cut-throat usury,
I feare he 'le mount to reverent dignity.
"O sleight, all-canning sleight, all-damning sleight,
The onely gally-ladder unto might."

Tuscus is trade falne; yet great hope he 'le rise,
For now he makes no count of perjuries;
Hath drawn false lights from pitch-black loveries,
Glased his braided ware, cogs, sweares, and lies;
Now since he hath the grace, thus gracelesse be,
His neighbours sweare he 'le swell with treasurie.
"Tut, who maintaines such goods, ill-got, decay?
No, they 'le sticke by the soule, they 'le nere away."
Luscus, my lords perfumer, had no sale
Untill he made his wife a brothell stale.
Absurd, the gods sell all for industry.
When, what 's not got by hell-bred villany?

Codrus, my well-fac't ladies taile-bearer
He that some-times play th' Flavias usherer),
heard one day complaine to Lynceus
low vigilant, how right obsequious,
odest in carriage, how true in trust,
nd yet (alas!) nere guerdond with a crust.
ut now I see he findes by his accounts
hat sole Priapus, by plaine-dealing, mounts.
ow now? What, droupes the newe Pegasian inne?
feare mine host is honest. Tut, beginne
o set up whorehouse; nere too late to thrive;
y any meanes, at Porta Rich arrive;
oe use some sleight, or live poore Irus life;
traight prostitute thy daughter or thy wife,
nd soone be wealthy; but be damn'd with it.
ath not rich Mylo then deepe-reaching wit?
Faire age!
hen tis a high and hard thing t' have repute
f a compleat villaine, perfect, absolute;
nd roguing vertue brings a man defame,
packstaffe epethite, and scorned name.
Fie, how my wit flagges! How heavily
e thinks I vent dull spritelesse poesie!
hat cold black frost congeales my nummed brain!
hat envious power stops a satyres vaine!
now I knowe the juggling god of sleights,
ith Caduceus nimble Hermes fights,
nd mists my wit; offended that my rimes
isplay his odious world-abusing crimes.
O be propitious, powerfull god of arts!
sheath my weapons, and do break my darts.

Be then appeas'd; Ile offer to thy shrine
An hecatombe of many spotted kine.
Myriades of beasts shall satisfie thy rage,
Which doe prophane thee in this apish age.
Infectious bloud, yee gouty humors quake,
Whilst my sharpe razor doth incision make.

SATYRE VI.

Hem nosti'n.

CURIO, know'st me? Why, thou bottle-ale,
Thou barmie froth! O stay me, least I raile
Beyond Nil ultra! to see this butterfly,
This windy bubble, taske my balladry
With senselesse censure. Curio, know'st my sp'rite
Yet deem'st that in sad seriousnesse I write
Such nasty stuffe as is *Pigmalion?*
Such maggot-tainted, lewd corruption!
Ha, how he glavers with his fawning snowt,
And sweares he thought I meant but faintly flowt
My fine smug rime. O barbarous dropsie noule!
Think'st thou that genius that attends my soule,
And guides my fist to scourge magnificoes,
Wil daigne my minde be rank't in Paphian showes?
Thinkst thou that I, which was create to whip
Incarnate fiends, will once vouchsafe to trip
A Paunis traverse, or will lispe "Sweet love,"
Or pule "Aye me," some female soule to move?
Think'st thou that I in melting poesie
Will pamper itching sensualitie?

(That in the bodies scumme all fatally
Intombes the soules most sacred faculty.)
Hence, thou misjudging censor: know I wrot
Those idle rimes to note the odious spot
And blemish that deformes the lineaments
Of moderne poesies habiliments.
Oh that the beauties of invention,
For want of judgements disposition,
Should all be spoil'd! O that such treasurie,
Such straine of well-conceited poesie,
Should moulded be in such a shapelesse forme,
That want of art should make such wit a scorne!
Here 's one must invocate some lose-leg'd dame,
Some brothel drab, to helpe him stanzaes frame,
Or els (alas!) his wits can have no vent,
To broch conceits industrious intent.
Another yet dares tremblingly come out;
But first he must invoke good Colin Clout.
Yon 's one hath yean'd a fearful prodigy,
Some monstrous mishapen Balladry;
His guts are in his braines, huge jobbernoule,
Right gurnets-heads; the rest without all soule.
Another walkes, is lazie, lies downe,
Thinkes, reades, at length some wonted slepe doth crowne
His new-falne lides, dreames, straight, ten pound to one,
Out steps some fayery with quick motion,
And tells him wonders of some flowry vale;
Awakes, straight rubs his eyes, and prints his tale.
Yon 's one whose straines have flowne so high a pitch,
That straight he flags and tumbles in a ditch.
His sprightly hot high-soring poesie
Is like that dreamed of imagery,

Whose head was gold, brest silver, brassie thigh,
Lead leggs, clay feete; O faire fram'd poesie!
Here 's one, to get an undeserv'd repute
Of deepe deepe learning, all in fustian sute
Of ill past, farre-fetch't words attireth
His period, that sense forsweareth.
Another makes old Homer Spencer cite,
Like my *Pigmalion*, where, with rage, delight,
He cryes, O Ovid! This caus'd my idle quill,
The world's dull eares with such lewd stuff to fill,
And gull with bumbast lines the witlesse sense
Of these odde nags, whose pates circumference
Is fill'd with froth. O the same buzzing gnats
That sting my sleeping browes, these Nilus rats,
Halfe dung, that have their life from putrid slime—
These that do praise my loose lascivious rime!
For these same shades, I seriously protest,
I slubbered up that chaos indigest,
To fish for fooles, to stalke in goodly shape;
" What, though in velvet cloake, yet still an ape."
Capro reads, sweares, scrubs, and sweares againe,
Now by my soule an admirable straine;
Strokes up his haire, cries, " Passing passing good;"
Oh, there 's a line incends his lustfull blood!
Then Muto comes, with his new glasse-set face,
And with his late-kist hand my booke doth grace,
Straight reades, then smiles, and lisps, " Tis pretty goo
And praiseth that he never understood.
But roome for Flaccus, he 'le my Satyres read;
O how I trembled straight with inward dread!
But when I sawe him read my fustian,
And heard him sweare I was a Pythian,

ight recald, and sweares I did but quote
Cilinum to that margents note,
scarce hold and keepe myselfe conceal'd,
well-nigh myselfe and all reveal'd.
raight comes Friscus, that neat gentleman,
we discarded academian,
r he could cry *Ergo* in the schoole,
-way with his huge judgment dares controule
'ere he views: "That 's pretty good;
ithite hath not that sprightly blood
should enforce it speake; that 's Persius vaine;
Juvenal's; heere 's Horace crabbid straine;"
he nere read one line in Juvenall,
is life, his lazie eye let fall
kie Persius. O, indignitie
respectlesse free-bred poesie!
e, ye big-buzzing little-bodied gnats,
ing ecchoes, huge-tongu'd pigmy brats:
to sleepe: wake not my slumbring braine
our malignant, weake, detracting vaine.
t though the sacred issue of my soule
xpose to idiots controule;
hough I beare to lewd opinion,
to vulgar prophanation,
y genius,—yet know, my poesie
orne your utmost, rank'st indignitie;
ate was great with child, and here tis eas'd;
all the world, so that thy selfe be pleas'd.

SATYRE VII.

A Cynicke Satyre.

A MAN, a man, a kingdome for a man!
Why, how now, currish, mad Athenian?
Thou Cynick dog, see'st not the streets do swarme
With troups of men? No, no: for Cyrces charme
Hath turn'd them all to swine. I never shall
Thinke those same Samian sawes authenticall:
But rather, I dare sweare, the soules of swine
Doe live in men. For that same radiant shine—
That lustre wherewith Natures nature decked
Our intellectuall part—that glosse is soyled
With stayning spots of vile impiety,
And muddy durt of sensualitie.
These are no men, but apparitions,
Ignes fatui, glowewormes, fictions,
Meteors, rats of Nilus, fantasies,
Colosses, pictures, shades, resemblances.
Ho, Lynceus!.
Seest thou yon gallant in the sumptuous clothes,
How brisk, how spruce, how gorgiously he shows?
Note his French herring-bones: but note no more,
Unlesse thou spy his faire appendant whore,
That lackies him. Marke nothing but his clothes,
His new stampt complement, his cannon oathes:
Marke those: for naught but such lewd viciousnes
Ere graced him, save Sodome beastlinesse.
Is this a man? Nay, an incarnate devill,
That struts in vice and glorieth in evill.

A man, a man! Peace, Cynick, yon is one:
A compleat soule of all perfection.
What, mean'st thou him that walks all open-brested,
Drawn through the eare with ribands, plumy crested;
He that doth snort in fat-fed luxury,
And gapes for some grinding monopoly;
He that in effeminate invention,
In beastly source of all pollution,
In ryot, lust, and fleshly seeming sweetnesse,
Sleepes sound, secure, under the shade of greatnesse?
Mean'st thou that sencelesse, sensuall epicure—
That sinke of filth, that guzzel most impure—
What, he? Lynceus, on my word thus presume,
He 's nought but clothes, and senting sweete perfume;
His verie soule, assure thee, Lynceus,
Is not so bigge as is an atomus:
Nay, he is sprightlesse, sense or soule hath none,
Since last Medusa turn'd him to a stone.
A man, a man! Lo yonder I espie
The shade of Nestor in sad gravatie.
Since old Sylenus brake his asses back,
He now is forc't his paunch and guts to pack
In a faire tumbrell. Why, sower Satyrist,
Canst thou unman him? Here I dare insist
And soothly say, he is a perfect soule,
Eates nectar, drinkes ambrosia, saunce controule;
An inundation of felicitie
Fats him with honor and huge treasurie.
Canst thou not, Lynceus, cast thy searching eye,
And spy his eminent catastrophe?
He 's but a spunge, and shortly needes must leese
His wrong-got juice, when greatnes fist shall squeese

His liquor out. Would not some head,
That is with seeming shadowes only fed,
Sweare yon same damaske-coat, yon garded man,
Were some grave sober Cato Utican?
When, let him but in judgements sight uncase,
He 's naught but budge, old gards, browne fox-fur face;
He hath no soule the which the Stagerite
Term'd rationall: for beastly appetite,
Base dunghill thoughts, and sensuall action,
Hath made him loose that faire creation.
And now no man, since Circes magick charme
Hath turn'd him to a maggot that doth swarme
In tainted flesh, whose soule corruption
Is his faire foode: whose generation
Anothers ruine. O Canaans dread curse,
To live in peoples sinnes! Nay, far more worse,
To make ranke hate! But sirra, Lynceus,
Seest thou that troupe that now affronteth us?
They are nought but eeles, that never will appeare
Till that tempestuous winds or thunder teare
Their slimy beds. But prithee stay a while;
Looke, yon comes John-a-Noke and John-a-Stile;
They are nought but slowe-pac't, dilatory pleas,
Demure demurrers, stil striving to appease
Hote zealous love. The language that they speake
Is the pure barbarous blacksaunt of the Geate;
Their only skill rests in collusions,
Abatements, stoppels, inhibitions.
Heavy-pas't jades, dull-pated jobernoules,
Quick in delayes, checking with vaine controules
Faier Justice course; vile necessary evils,
Smooth-seeming saints, yet damn'd incarnate divels.

Farre be it from my sharpe Satyrick muse,
ıose grave and reverend legists to abuse,
ıat aide Astrea, that doe further right;
ıt these Megera's that inflame despight,
ıat broche deepe rancor, that study still
› ruine right, that they their panch may fill
ith Irus bloud—these furies I doe meane,
ıese hedge-hogs, that disturbe Astreas scean.
A man, a man! Peace, Cynicke, yon 's a man;
ehold yon sprightly dread Mavortian;
ith him I stop thy currish barking chops.
hat, meanst thou him that in his swaggering slops
allowes unbraced, all along the streete;
e that salutes each gallant he doth meete
ith "Farewell, sweete captaine, kind hart, adew;"
e that last night, tumbling thou didst view
om out the great mans head, and thinking still
e had beene sentinell of warlike Brill,
yes out, "Que va la? zounds, que?" and out doth draw
is transformed ponyard, to his syringe straw,
ıd stabs the drawer? What, that ringo roote!
ean'st that wasted leg, puffe bumbast boot;
hat, he that 's drawne and quartered with lace;
ıat Westphalian gamon clove-stuck face?
hy, he is nought but huge blaspheming othes,
vart snout, big looks, mishapen Switzers clothes;
eake meager lust hath now consumed quite,
ıd wasted cleane away his martiall spright;
ıfeebling ryot, all vices confluence,
ath eaten out that sacred influence
hich made him man.

That divine part is soak't away in sinne,
In sensuall lust, and midnight bezeling.
Ranke fumation of luxuriousnesse
Have fumed him with such grosse beastlinesse,
That now the seat of that celestiall essence
Is all roosest with Naples pestilence.
Fat rence, and dissolute impietie,
Have fulled him in such securitie,
That now, let whirlwinds and confusion teare
The center of our state: let giants reare
Hill upon hill; let westerne termagant
Shake heavens vault: he, with his occupant,
Are slingt so close, like leaw-worms in the morne,
That he 'e not stir till his guts are torne
With eating filth. Thorro, snort on, snort on,
Till thou art wak't with sad confusion.

Now rale no more at my sharpe cynick sound,
Thou creatish world, that in all vilenesse drown'd
Hast lost thy soule: for naught but shades I see—
Resemblances of men inhabite thee.

You tissue slop, you holy-crossed pane,
Is but a water-spaniell that will flume,
And tisse the water, whilst it pleasures him:
But being once arrived at the brim,
He shakes it off.

You in the capring cloake, a mimick ape,
That only strives to seeme anothers shape.

You's Esops asse: you sad civility
Is but an one, that with base drudgery
Bates up the land, whilst some gilt asse doth chaw
The golden wheat, he well apayd with straw.

's but a muckhill over-spred with snowe,
with that vaile doth ever as fairely showe
greene-meades, whose native outward faire
es sweet perfumes into the neighbour ayre.
effeminate sanguine Ganimede
a bever, hunted for the bed.
e, Cynick; see, what yonder doth approach;
? a tumbrell? No, a badged coach.
in't? Some man. No, nor yet wowan kinde,
elestiall angell, faire, refinde.
ell as soone! Her maske so hinders me,
t see her beauties deitie.
at is off, she is so vizarded,
pt in lemons juyce, so surphuled,
t see her face. Under one hoode
ces; but I never understood
one face under two hoods till now:
right semblance of old Janus brow.
ske, her vizard, her loose-hanging gowne
r loose-lying body), her bright spangled crowne,
g slit sleeves, stiffe buske, puffe verdingall,
hat makes her thus angelicall.
er soule struts round about her neck;
te of sense is her rebato set;
ellectuall is a fained nicenesse,
g but clothes and simpring precisenesse,
on these puppets, painted images,
ashers shops, torch-light maskeries,
ing pans, Dutch ancients, glowe-worms bright,
yle our soules, and dampe our reasons light!
away, hence, coach-man, goe inshrine
w-glas'd puppet in port Esqueline!

Blush, Martia, feare not, or looke pale, al's one;
Margara keepes thy set complexion.
Sure I nere thinke those axioms to be true,
That soules of men from that great soule ensue,
And of his essence doe participate
As 'twere by pipes; when so degenerate,
So adverse is our natures motion,
To his immaculate condition,
That such foule filth from such faire puritie,
Such sensuall acts from such a Deitie,
Can nere proceed. But if that dreame were so,
Then sure the slime, that from our soules do flowe,
Have stopt those pipes by which it was convei'd,
And now no humane creatures, once disrai'd
Of that faire jem.
Beasts sense, plants growth, like being as a stone;
But out, alas! our cognisance is gone.

PROEMIUM IN LIBRUM TERTIUM.

IN serious jest, and jesting seriousnesse,
I strive to scourge polluting beastlinesse;
I invocate no Delian deitie,
No sacred ofspring of Mnemosyne;
pray in aid of no Castalian muse,
o nymph, no femal angell, to infuse
sprightly wit to raise my flagging wings,
nd teach me tune these harsh discordant strings.
crave no syrens of our halcion times,
'o grace the accents of my rough-hew'd rimes;
ut grim Reproofe, stearne hate of villany,
nspire and guide a Satyres poesie.
'aire Detestation of foule odious sinne,
n which our swinish times lye wallowing,
e thou my conduct and my genius,
Iy wits inciting sweet-breath'd Zephirus.
O that a Satyres hand had force to pluck
ome fludgate up, to purge the world from muck!
Would God I could turne Alpheus river in,
To purge this Augean oxstall from foule sinne!
Well, I will try; awake, Impuritie,
And view the vaile drawne from thy villany!

SATYRE VIII.

Jam orato Curio.

CURIO, aye me! thy mistres monkey 's dea
Alas, alas, her pleasures buried!
Goe, woman's slave, performe his exequies,
Condole his death in mournfull elegies.
Tut, rather peans sing, hermaphrodite;
For that sad death gives life to thy delight.
Sweet-fac't Corinna, daine the riband tie
Of thy cork-shooe, or els thy slave will die:
Some puling sonnet toles his passing bell,
Some sighing elegie must ring his knell,
Unlesse bright sunshine of thy grace revive
His wambling stomack, certes he will dive
Into the whirle-poole of devouring death,
And to some mermaid sacrifice his breath.
Then oh, oh then, to thy eternall shame,
And to the honour of sweet Curios name,
This epitaph, upon the marble stone,
Must faire be grav'd of that true-loving one:
"Heere lyeth he, he lyeth here,
That bounc't and pittie cryed:
The doore not op't, fell sicke, alas,
Alas, fell sicke and dyed!"
What Mirmidon, or hard Dolopian,
What savage-minded rude Cyclopian,
But such a sweete pathetique Paphian
Would force to laughter? Ho, Amphitrion,

rt no cuckold. What, though Jove dallied,
thy warres, in faire Alcmanas bed,
rcules, true borne, that imbecillitie
upt nature, all apparantly
s in him. O foule indignitie!
l him vow himselfe a slave to Omphale,
"Aye me!" O valours obloquie!
t the inmost nooks of hell did know,
nere craz'd prowesse all did overthrow,
reaking brawny limmes in weakning bed;
'd, smooth kemb'd, new glaz'd, fair surphuled.
the boundlesse power of the soule
be subjected to such base controule!
limm'd Alcides, doffe thy honours crowne,
in, huge slave, least Omphale should frowne.
best hopes, I blush with griefe and shame
ach the peasant basenesse of our name.
ow my ruder hand begins to quake,
ke what loftie cedars I must shake;
he canker fret the barkes of oakes,
mbler shrubs shall equal beare the stroaks
respectlesse rude Satyrick hand.
sse the Destin's adamantine band
tye my teeth, I cannot chuse, but bite,
r Mavortius metamorphoz'd quite,
ng sighes, and into "Aye mee's" state,
oice distinct, all fine articulate,
; "Faire saint, my woe compassionate;
ven! thine eye is my soule-guiding fate."
god of wounds had wont on Cyprian couch
ake himselfe, and with incensing touch
t his force, onely when wrath had end;

But now, 'mong furious garboiles, he doth spend
His feebled valour, in tilt and turneying,
With wet turn'd kisses, melting dallying.
A poxe upon 't that Bacchis name should be
The watch-word given to the souldierie!
Goe, troupe to field, mount thy obscured fame,
Cry out S. George, invoke thy mistresse name;
Thy mistresse and S. George, alarum cry,
" Weake force, weake ayde, that sprouts from luxury!"
  Thou tedious workmanship, of lust-stung Jove,
Down from thy skyes, enjoy our females love:
Some fiftie more Beotian girles will sue
To have thy love, so that thy back be true.
  O, now me thinks I heare swart Martius cry,
Souping along in warres faind maskerie;
By Lais starrie front he 'le forthwith die
In cluttred bloud, his mistres livorie;
Her fancies colours waves upon his head;
O, well-fenc't Albion, mainly manly sped,
When those that are soldadoes in thy state
Doe beare the badge of base, effeminate,
Even on their plumie crests; brutes sensuall,
Having no sparke of intellectual!
Alack! what hope, when some rank nasty wench
Is subject of their vowes and confidence?
  Publius hates vainly to idolatries,
And laughes that Papists honour images;
And yet (O madnesse!) these mine eyes did see
Him melt in moving plants, obsequiously
Imploring favor; twining his kinde armes,
Using inchauntments, exorcismes, charmes;

The oyle of sonnets, wanton blandishment,
The force of teares, and seeming languishment,
Unto the picture of a painted lasse!
I saw him court his mistresse looking-glasse,
Worship a busk-point, which, in secresie,
I feare was conscious of strange villany;
I saw him crouch, devote his livelihood,
Sweare, protest, vow pesant servitude
Unto a painted puppet; to her eyes
I heard him sweare his sighes to sacrifice.
But if he get her itch-alaying pinne,
O sacred relique! straight he must beginne
To rave out-right—then thus: "Celestiall blisse,
Can Heaven grant so rich a grace as this?
Touch it not (by the Lord! sir), tis divine!
I once beheld her radiant eyes bright shine!
Her haire imbrac't it. O thrice-happy prick,
That there was thron'd, and in her haire didst stick!"
Kisse, blesse, adore it, Publius, never linne;
Some sacred vertue lurketh in the pinne.
O frantick, fond, pathetique passion!
Is't possible such sensuall action
Should clip the wings of contemplation?
Can it be the spirits function,
The soule, not subject to dimension,
Should be made slave to reprehension
Of crafty natures paint? Fie! can our soule
Be underling to such a vile controule?
Saturio wish't himselfe his mistresse buske,
That he may sweetly lie, and softly luske
Betweene her paps; then must he have an eye
I't eyther end, that freely might descry

[illegible] But, out on Phrigio,
That wish't he were his mistresse dog, to goe
And [illegible] her milke-white fist! O pretty grace!
That pretty Phrigio begs but Pretties place.
[illegible] thy wish I will omit,
So [illegible] I may not utter it.
But [illegible] I'le beare with thee,
That [illegible] thy mistresse smug munkey.
[illegible] (jest comicall!);
[illegible] verdingall,
[illegible] another, he
[illegible] gladly be;
[illegible] mistresse neck-lace faine,
[illegible] kisse her azure vaine.
[illegible] pitty but should be;
[illegible] soules agree.
[illegible] daine a kisse
[illegible] "O Heavens blisse!"
[illegible] not to be matcht with this!"
[illegible] three-score sonnets write
[illegible] O raving spright!
[illegible] reumatick,
[illegible] stigmatick,
[illegible] gainst amorous spright
[illegible] turne hermaphrodite;
[illegible] and inly vexe,
[illegible] of our sexe.
[illegible] when gods, to force foule [illegible]
[illegible] brutish shapes;
[illegible] whom the world doth see
[illegible] for sensual luxurie!

The sonne of Saturne is become a bull,
To crop the beauties of some female trull.
Now, when he hath his first wife Metim sped,
And fairely clok't, least foole gods should be bred
Of that fond mule, Themis, his second wife,
Hath turn'd away, that his unbrideled life
Might have more scope; yet, last, his sisters love
Must satiate the lustfull thoughts of Jove.
Now doth the lecher, in a cuckowes shape,
Commit a monstrous and incestuous rape.
Thrice sacred gods! and O thrice blessed skies,
Whose orbes includes such vertuous deities!
What should I say? Lust hath confounded all;
The bright glosse of our intellectuall
Is fouly soyl'd. The wanton wallowing
In fond delights, and amorous dallying,
Hath dusk't the fairest splendour of our soule;
Nothing now left but carkas, lothsome, foule;
For sure, if that some spright remained still,
Could it be subject to lewd Lais will?
Reason, by prudence in her function,
Had wont to tutor all our action,
Ayding, with precepts of philosophie,
Our feebled natures imbecillitie;
But now affection, will, concupiscence,
Have got o're reason chiefe preheminence.
Tis so; els how should such vile baseuesse taint
As force it be made slave to natures paint?
Me thinks the spirits Pegase Fantasie
Should hoyse the soule from such base slavery;
But now I see, and can right plainly showe
From whence such abject thoughts and actions grow.

Our adverse bodie, being earthly, cold, cold,
Heavie, dull, mortall, would not long infold
A stranger inmate, that was backward still
To all his dungy, brutish, sensuall will:
Now hereupon our intellectuall,
Compact of fire all celestiall,
Invisible, immortall, and divine,
Grew straight to scorne his land-lords muddy slin
And therefore now is closely slunke away
(Leaving his smoaky house of mortall clay),
Adorn'd with all his beauties lineaments
And brightest jems of shining ornaments,
His parts divine, sacred, spirituall,
Attending on him; leaving the sensuall
Base hangers on lusking at home in slime,
Such as wont to stop port Esqueline.
Now doth the bodie, led with sencelesse will
(The which, in reasons absence, ruleth still),
Rave, talke idely, as 'twere some deitie
Adorning female painted puppetry;
Playing at put-pin, doting on some glasse
(Which, breath'd but on, his falsed glosse doth pa
Toying with babies, and with fond pastime,
Some childrens sporte, deflowring of chaste time;
Imploying all his wits in vaine expense,
Abusing all his organons of sense.
Returne, returne, sacred Synderesis!
Inspire our trunks! Let not such mud as this
Pollute us still. Awake our lethargy,
Raise us from out our braine-sicke foolery!

SATYRE IX.

Here's a Toy to mocke an Ape indeede.

GRIM-FAC'T Reproofe, sparkle with threatning eye!
Bend thy sower browes in my tart poesie!
vaunt! yee curres, houle in some cloudy mist,
quake to behold a sharp-fangd satyrist!
how on tip-toes proudly mounts my muse!
talking a loftier gate then satyres use.
Ie thinks some sacred rage warmes all my vaines,
aking my spright mount up to higher straines
hen well beseemes a rough-tongu'd satyres part;
ut Art curbs Nature, Nature guideth Art.
Come downe, yee apes, or I will strip you quite,
aring your bald tayles to the peoples sight!
ee mimick slaves, what, are you percht so hie?
owne, Jackanapes, from thy fain'd royalty!
hat! furr'd with beard—cast in a satin sute,
diciall Jack? How hast thou got repute
f a sound censure? O idiot times!
hen gaudy monkeys mowe ore sprightly rimes!
world of fooles! when all men's judgement 's set,
nd rest upon some mumping marmoset!
on Athens ape (that can but simpringly
aule "*Anditores humanissimi!*"
ound to some servile imitation,
an, with much sweat, patch an oration),
ow up he comes, and with his crooked eye
resumes to squint on some faire poesie;

And all as thanklesse as ungratefull Thames,
He slinks away, leaving but reaking steames
Of dungy slime behinde. All as ingrate
He useth it as when I satiate
My spanielles paunch, who straight perfumes the roome
With his tailes filth: so this uncivill groome,
Ill-tutor'd pedant, Mortimers numbers
With much-pit esculine filth bescumbers.
Now the ape chatters, and is as malecontent
As a bill-patch't doore, whose entrailes out have sent
And spewd their tenant.
My soule adores judiciall schollership;
But when to servile imitatorship
Some spruce Athenian pen is prentized,
Tis worse then apish. Fie! be not flattered
With seeming worth! Fond affectation
Befits an ape, and mumping Babilon.
O what a tricksie, lerned, nicking strain
Is this applauded, senselese, modern* vain!
When late I heard it from sage Mutius lips,
How ill, me thought, such wanton jiggin skips
Beseem'd his graver speech. "Farre fly thy fame,
Most, most of me beloved! whose silent name
One letter bounds. Thy true judiciall stile
I ever honour; and, if my love beguile
Not much my hopes, then thy unvalued worth
Shall mount faire place, when apes are turned forth."
I am too mild, Reach me my scourge againe;
O yon 's a pen speakes in a learned vaine,

* Non lædere, sed ludere: non lanea, sed linea: non ict sed nictus potius.

Deepe, past all sense. Lanthorne and candle light!
Here 's all invisible—all mentall spright!
What hotch potch giberidge doth the poet bring?
How strangely speakes, yet sweetly doth he sing?
I once did know a tinkling pewterer,
That was the vilest stumbling stutterer
That ever hack't and hew'd our native tongue,
Yet to the lute if you had heard him sung,
Jesu! how sweet he breath'd! You can apply.
O senselesse prose, judiciall poesie,
How ill you 'r linkt! This affectation,
To speake beyond mens apprehension,
How apish tis, when all in fustian sute
Is cloth'd a huge nothing, all for repute
Of profound knowledge, when profoundness knowes
There 's naught contain'd but onely seeming showes!
Old Jack of Paris-garden, canst thou get
A faire rich sute, though fouly run in debt?
Looke smug, smell sweet, take up commodities,
Keepe whores, fee bauds, belch impious blasphemies,
Wallow along in swaggering disguise,
Snuffe up smoak-whiffs, and each morne, 'fore she rise,
Visit thy drab? Canst use a false cut die
With a cleane grace and glib facilitie?
Canst thunder cannon oathes, like th' rattling
Of a huge, double, ful-charg'd culvering?
Then Jack, troupe 'mong our gallants, kisse thy fist,
And call them brothers; say a satyrist
Sweares they are thine in neere affinitie,
All coosin germanes, save in villany;
For (sadly, truth to say) what are they else
But imitators of lewde beastlynesse?

Farre worse than apes; for mowe or scratch your pate,
It may be some odde ape will imitate;
But let a youth that hath abus'd his time
In wronged travaile, in that hoter clime,
Swoope by old Jack, in clothes Italionate,
And I 'le be hang'd if he will imitate
His strange fantastique sute shapes:
Or let him bring or'e beastly luxuries,
Some hell-devised lustfull villanies,
Even apes and beasts would blush with native shame,
And thinke it foule dishonour to their name—
Their beastly name, to imitate such sinne
As our lewd youths doe boast and glory in.
Fie! whether do these monkeys carry mee?
Their very names do soyle my poesie.
Thou world of marmosets and mumping apes,
Unmaske, put off thy fained, borrowed shapes!
Why lookes neat Curus all so simpringly?
Why babblest thou of deepe divinitie,
And of that sacred testimoniall,
Living voluptuous like a bacchanall?
Good hath thy tongue; but thou, rank Puritan,
I 'le make an ape as good a Christian;
I 'le force him chatter, turning up his eye,
Looke sad, go grave. Demure civilitie
Shall seeme to say, "Good brother, sister deere!"
As for the rest, to snort in belly cheere,
To bite, to gnaw, and boldly intermell
With sacred things, in which thou dost excell,
Unforc't he 'le doe. O take compassion
Even on your soules! Make not Religion

A bawde to lewdnesse. Civill Socrates,
Clyp not the youth of Alcibiades
With unchast armes. Disguised Messaline,
I 'le teare thy maske, and bare thee to the eyne
Of hissing boyes, if to the theatres
I finde thee once more come for lecherers,
To satiate (nay, to tyer) thee with the use
Of weakning lust. Yee fainers, leave t' abuse
Our better thoughts with your hypocrisie;
Or, by the ever-living veritie!
I 'le strip you nak't, and whip you with my rimes,
Causing your shame to live to after-times.

SATYRE X.

Stultorum plena sunt omnia.

TO HIS VERY FRIEND, MASTER E. G.

FROM out the sadnesse of my discontent,
Hating my wonted jocund merriment
(Only to give dull time a swifter wing),
Thus scorning scorne, of idiot fooles I sing.
I dread no bending of an angry brow,
Or rage of fooles that I shall purchase now;
Who 'le scorn to sit in ranke of foolery,
When I 'le be master of the company?
For pre-thee, Ned, I pre-thee, gentle lad,
Is not he frantique, foolish, bedlam mad,
That wastes his spright, that melts his very braine
In deepe designes, in wits dark gloomy straine?
That scourgeth great slaves with a dreadlesse fist,
Playing the rough part of a satyrist,

To be perus'd by all the dung-scum rable
Of thin-braind idiots, dull, uncapable,
For mimicke apish schollers, pedants, guls,
Perfum'd inamoratoes, brothell truls?
Whilst I (poore soule) abuse chast virgin time,
Deflowring her with unconceived rime.
"Tut, tut; a toy of an idle empty braine,
Some scurril jests, light gew-gawes, fruitelesse, vaine,"
Cryes beard-grave Dromus; when, alas! God knows
His toothlesse gum nere chew but outward shows.
Poore budge face, bowcase sleeve: but let him passe;
"Once furre and beard shall priviledge an asse."
And tell me, Ned, what might that gallant be,
Who, to obtaine intemperate luxury,
Cuckolds his elder brother, gets an heire,
By which his hope is turned to despaire?
In faith (good Ned), he damn'd himselfe with cost;
For well thou know'st full goodly land was lost.
I am too private. Yet me thinkes an asse
Rimes well with *viderit utilitas;*
Even full as well, I boldly dare averre,
As any of that stinking scavenger
Which from his dunghill be bedaubed on
The latter page of old *Pigmalion.*
O that this brother of hypocrisie
(Applauded by his pure fraternitie)
Should thus be puffed, and so proude insist
As play on me the epigrammatist!
"Opinion mounts this froth unto the skies,
Whom judgemente reason justly vilifies."
For (shame to the poet) reade, Ned, behold
How wittily a maisters-hoode can scold!

AN EPIGRAM which the Author, Vergidemiarum, caused to be pasted to the latter page of every *Pigmalion* that came to the Stationers of Cambridge.

I ask't Phisitions what their counsell was
For a mad dogge, or for a mankind asse?
They told me, though there were confections store
Of poppie-seede and soveraigne hellebore.
*The dogge was best cured by cutting and kinsing,**
The asse must be kindly whipped for winsing.
Now then, S. K. I little passe
Whether thou be a mad dogge or a mankind asse.

Medice cura teipsum.

Smart jerke of wit! Did ever such a straine
Rise from an apish schoole-boyes childish braine?
Dost thou not blush, good Ned, that such a sent
Should rise from thence, where thou hadst nutriment?
"Shame to Opinion, that perfumes his dung,
And streweth flowers rotten bones among!
Juggling Opinion, thou inchaunting witch!
Paint not a rotten post with colours rich."
But now this juggler, with the worlds consent,
Hath half his soule; the other, complement,
Mad world the whilst. But I forget mee, I,
I am seduced with this poesie,
And, madder then a bedlam, spend sweet time
In bitter numbers, in this idle rime.
Out on this humour! From a sickly bed,
And from a moodie minde distempered,

* Mark the witty allusion to my name.

I vomit forth my love, now turn'd to hate,
Scorning the honour of a poets state.
Nor shall the kennell rout of muddy braines
Ravish my muses heyre, or heare my straines,
Once more. No nittie pedant shall correct
Ænigmaes to his shallow intellect.
Inchauntment, Ned, hath ravished my sense
In a poetick vaine circumference.
Yet thus I hope (God shield I now should lie),
"Many more fooles, and most more wise then I."

VALE.

SATYRE XI.

HUMOURS.

SLEEP, grim Reproofe; my jocund muse doth sü
In other keys, to nimbler fingering.
Dull-sprighted Melancholy, leave my brain
To hell Cimerian night; in lively vaine
I strive to paint, then hence all darke intent
And sullen frownes. Come, sporting Merriment,
Cheeke-dimpling Laughter, crowne my very soule
With jouisance, whilst mirthfull jests controule
The gouty humours of these pride-swolne daies,
Which I do long untill my pen displaies.
O, I am great with Mirth! some midwifrie,
Or I shall breake my sides at vanitie.
Roome for a capering mouth, whose lips nere stur
But in discoursing of the gracefull slur.
Who ever heard spruce skipping Curio
Ere prate of ought but of the whirle on toe,

ırne about ground, Robrus sprauling kicks,
ɜ caper, Harries tossing tricks?
ver any eare ere heare him speake
ɜe his tongue of crosse-points did intreat?
eth doe caper whilst he eates his meat,
eeles doe caper whilst he takes his seate;
ery soule, his intellectuall
hing but a mincing capreall.
eames of toe-turnes; each gallant he doth meete
onts him with a traverse in the streete.
ɜ but Orchestra, and the skipping art,
hall commaund him, faith you have his hart
capring in your fist. A hall, a hall,
ıe for the spheres, the orbs celestiall
launce Kemps jigge; they 'le revel with neate jumps;
rthy poet hath put on their pumps.
ɜs quick traverse, but *sance ceo's* slowe;
faith tis hard for nimble Curio.
gracious orbes, keepe the old measuring,
spoilde if once yee fall to capering."
scus, what 's plaid to day? Faith now I know
thy lips abroach, from whence doth flowe
ht but pure Juliet and Romeo.
who acts best? Drusus or Roscio?
I have him, that nere of ought did speake
when of playes or players he did treat—
made a common-place booke out of playes,
speakes in print: at least what ere he saies
ırranted by curtaine plaudities.
ɜ you heard him courting Lesbias eyes,
curteous sir), speakes he not movingly,
ı out some new pathetique tragedy?

He writes, he railes, he jests, he courts (what not?),
And all from out his huge long scraped stock
Of well-penn'd playes.
Oh come not within distance! Martius speakes,
Who nere discourseth but of fencing feats,
Of counter times, *finctures*, sly *passataes*,
Stramazones, resolute *stoccates*,
Of the quick change with wiping *mandritta*,
The *carricada*, with th' *enbrocata*.
"Oh, by Jesu, sir!" me thinks I heare him cry,
"The honourable fencing mystery
Who doth not honour?" Then fals he in againe,
Jading our eares, and somewhat must be saine
Of blades and rapier-hilts, of surest garde,
Of Vincentio, and the Burgonians ward.
This bumbast foile-button I once did see,
By chaunce, in Livias modest company;
When, after the god-saving ceremony,
For want of talke-stuffe, fals to foinery;
Out goes his rapier, and to Livia
He shewes the ward by *puncta reversa*,
The *incarnata*. Nay, by the blessed light!
Before he goes, he 'le teach her how to fight
And hold her weapon. Oh I laugh amaine,
To see the madnes of this Martius vaine!
But roome for Tuscus, that jest-mounging youth
Who nere did ope his apish gerning mouth
But to retaile and broke anothers wit.
Discourse of what you will, he straight can fit
Your present talke, with "Sir, I 'le tell a jest"
(Of some sweet ladie, or graund lord at least),

Then on he goes, and nere his tongue shall lie
Till his ingrossed jests are all drawne dry;
But then as dumbe as Maurus, when at play
Hath lost his crownes, and paun'd his trim array.
He doth naught but retaile jests: breake but one,
Out flies his table-booke; let him alone,
He 'le have it i-faith. Lad, hast an epigram,
Wilt have it put into the chaps of fame?
Give Tuscus copies; sooth, as his owne wit
(His proper issue) he will father it.
O that this eccho, that doth seake, spet, write
Naught but the excrements of others spright,
This il-stuft trunke of jests (whose very soule
Is but a heape of jibes) should once inroule
His name 'mong creatures termed rationall!
Whose chiefe repute, whose sense, whose soule and all
Are fed with offall scraps, that sometimes fall
From liberall wits in their large festivall.
Come aloft, Jack, roome for a vaulting skip,
Roome for Torquatus, that nere op't his lip
But in prate of *pummado reversa*,
Of the nimbling, tumbling Angelica.
Now, on my soule, his very intellect
Is naught but a curvetting sommerset.
"Hush, hush," cries honest Phylo, "peace, desist!
Dost thou not tremble, sower satyrist,
Now that judiciall Musus readeth thee?
He 'le whip each line, he 'le scourge thy balladry,
Good faith he will." Philo, I prethee stay
Whilst I the humour of this dogge display.
He 's naught but censure; wilt thou credit me,
He never writ one line in poesie,

But once at Athens in a theame did frame
A paradox in praise of vertues name;
Which still he hugs and luls as tenderly
As cuckold Tisus his wifes bastardie?
Well, here's a challange: I flatly say he lyes
That heard him ought but censure poesies;
Tis his discourse, first having knit the brow,
Stroke up his fore-top, champed every row,
Belcheth his slavering censure on each booke
That dare presume even on Medusa looke.
I have no artists skill in symphonies,
Yet when some pleasing diapason flies
From out the belly of a sweete-touch't lute,
My eares dare say tis good: or when they sute
Some harsher seauens for varietie,
My native skill discernes it presently.
What then? Will any sottish dolt repute,
Or ever thinke me Orpheus absolute?
Shall all the world of fidlers follow mee,
Relying on my voice in musickrie?
Musus, heere's Rhodes; lets see thy boasted leape,
Or els avaunt, lewd curre, presume not speake,
Or with thy venome-sputtering chaps to barke
'Gainst well-pend poems, in the tongue-tied dark.
O for a humour, looke, who yon doth goe,
The meager lecher, lewd Luxurio!
Tis he that hath the sole monopoly,
By patent, of the superb lechery;
No newe edition of drabbes comes out,
But seene and allow'd by Luxurios snout.
Did ever any man ere heare him talke,
But of Pick-hatch, or of some Shoreditch baulke,

Aretines filth, or of his wandring whore;
Of some Cynedian, or of Tacedore;
Of Ruscus nasty, lothsome brothell rime,
That stinks like Ajax froth, or muck-pit slime?
The news he tels you is of some newe flesh,
Lately brooke up, span newe, hote piping fresh.
The curtisie he shewes you is some morne
To give you Venus fore his smock be on.
His eyes, his tongue, his soule, his all, is lust,
Which vengeance and confusion follow must.
Out on this salt humour, letchers dropsie,
Fie! it doth soyle my chaster poesie!
O spruce! How now, Piso, Aurelius ape,
What strange disguise, what new deformed shape,
Doth hold thy thoughts in contemplation?
Faith say, what fashion art thou thinking on?
A stitcht taffata cloake, a pair of slops
Of Spanish leather? O, who heard his chops
Ere chew of ought but of some strange disguise?
This fashion-mounger, each morne fore he rise,
Contemplates sute shapes, and once from out his bed,
He hath them straight full lively portrayed.
And then he chukes, and is as proude of this
As Taphus when he got his neighbours blisse.
All fashions, since the first yeare of this queene,
May in his study fairely drawne be seene;
And all that shall be to his day of doome,
You may peruse within that little roome;
For not a fashion once dare show his face,
But from neat Pyso first must take his grace:
The long fooles coat, the huge slop, the lugd boot,
From mimick Pyso all doe claime their roote.

O that the boundlesse power of the soule
Should be coop't up in fashioning some roule!
But O, Suffenus! (that doth hugge, imbrace
His proper selfe, admires his owne sweet face;
Prayseth his owne faire limmes proportion,
Kisseth his shade, recounteth all alone
His owne good parts) who envies him? Not I,
For well he may, without all rivalrie.
Fie! whether 's fled my sprites alacritie?
How dull I vent this humorous poesie!
In faith I am sad, I am possest with ruth,
To see the vainenesse of faire Albions youth;
To see their richest time even wholly spent
In that which is but gentries ornament;
Which, being meanly done, becomes them well;
But when with deere times losse they doe excell,
How ill they doe things well! To daunce and sing,
To vault, to fence, and fairely trot a ring
With good grace, meanely done, O what repute
They doe beget! But being absolute,
It argues too much time, too much regard
Imploy'd in that which might be better spar'd
Then substance should be lost. If one should sewe
For Lesbias love, having two daies to wooe,
And not one more, and should imploy those twaine
The favour of her wayting-wench to gaine,
Were he not mad? Your apprehension,
Your wits are quick in application.
Gallants,
Me thinks your soules should grudge and inly scorn
To be made slaves to humours that are borne
In slime of filthy sensualitie.
That part not subject to mortalitie

(Boundlesse, discursive apprehension
Giving it wings to act his function),
Me thinks should murmur when you stop his course,
And soyle his beauties in some beastly source
Of brutish pleasures; but it is so poore,
So weake, so hunger-bitten, evermore
Kept from his foode, meager for want of meate,
Scorn'd and rejected, thrust from out his seate,
Upbrai'd by capons greace, consumed quite
By eating stewes, that waste the better spright,
Snibd by his baser parts, that now poore soule
(Thus pesanted to each lewd thoughts controule)
Hath lost all heart, bearing all injuries,
The utmost spight, and rank'st indignities,
With forced willingnesse; taking great joy,
If you will daine his faculties imploy
But in the mean'st ingenious qualitie.
(How proud he 'll be of any dignitie!)
Put it to musick, dauncing, fencing schoole,
Lord, how I laugh to heare the prettie foole,
How it will prate! His tongue shall never lie,
But still discourse of his spruce qualitie,
Egging his master to proceede from this,
And get the substance of celestiall blisse.
His lord straight cals his parliament of sence;
But still the sensuall have preheminence.
The poore soules better part so feeble is,
So colde and dead is his Synderesis,
"That shadowes, by odde chaunce, sometimes are got;
But O the substance is respected not!"
Here ends my rage. Though angry brow was bent,
Yet I have sung in sporting merriment.

TO EVERLASTING OBLIVION.

THOU mightie gulfe, insatiat cormorant!
Deride me not, though I seeme petulant
To fall into thy chops. Let others pray
For ever their faire poems flourish may;
But as for mee, hungry Oblivion
Devour me quick, accept my orizon:
My earnest prayers, which doe importune th
With gloomy shade of thy still emperie,
To vaile both me and my rude poesie.
Farre worthier lines, in silence of thy state,
Doe sleepe securely, free from love or hate;
From which this living nere can be exempt,
But whilst it breathes will hate and furie tempt
Then close his eyes with thy all-dimming hand,
Which not right glorious actions can with-stanc
Peace, hatefull tongues, I now in silence pace,
Unlesse some hounde doe wake me from my pl
I with this sharpe, yet well-meant poesie,
Will sleepe secure, right free from injurie
Of cancred hate, or rankest villanie.

TO HIM THAT HATH PERUSED MEE.

GENTLE or ungentle hand that holdest mee, let not thine eye be cast upon privatenesse, for I protest I glaunce not on it. If thou hast perused mee, what lesser favour canst thou grant then not to abuse mee with unjust application? Yet, I feare mee, I shall be much, much injured by two sortes of readers: the one being ignorant, not knowing the nature of a satyre (which is, under fained private names, to note generall vices), will needes wrest each fained name to a private unfained person. The other, too subtile, bearing a private malice to some greater personage then hee dare, in his owne person, seeme to maligne, will strive, by a forced application of my generall reproofes, to broach his private hatred, then the which I knowe not a greater injury can be offered to a satyrist. I durst presume, knew they how guiltlesse and how free I were from prying into privatenesse, they would blush to thinke how much they wrong themselves in seeking to injure mee. Let this protestation satisfie our curious searchers; so may I obtaine my best hopes, as I am free from endeavouring to blast anie private man's good name. If any one (forced with his owne guilt) will turne it home and say, "Tis I," I can not hinder him; neither do I injure him. For other faults of poesie, I crave no pardon, in that I scorne all pennance the bitterest censurer can impose upon mee. Thus (wishing each man to leave enquiring whom I am, and learne to knowe himselfe) I take a solemn congee of this fustie world.

THERIOMASTIX.

The Lorde and Ladye HUNTINGDON'S

ENTERTAINEMENT

OF THEIR

RIGHT NOBLE MOTHER ALICE

COUNTESSE DOWAGER OF DARBY,

The firste Nighte of her Honor's Arrivall at the House of *Ashby*.

Written by IOHN MARSTON.

TO THE

RIGHT NOBLE LADYE ALICE,

Countess Dowager of Darby.

Madam,

If my slight Muse may suit your noble merit,
My hopes are crown'd, and I shall cheere my spirit;
But if my weake quill droopes or seems unfitt,
'Tis not your want of worth, but mine of witt.

The servant of your honor'd vertues,

John Marston.

When hir Ladishipp approached the Parke corner, a full noise of cornetts winded; and when she entered into the Parke, the treble cornetts reported one to another, as giveinge warninge of her Honor's neerer approach; when presently hir eye was saluted with an antique gate, sodenly erected; uppon did hang many silver scroles with this word in them, *Tantum uni.* Uppon the battlements three gilt shields in diamond-figure, impaled on the top with three coronetts purfled with gould, and severally inscribed with silver words, in the first, *Venisti tandem;* in the second, *Nostra sera;* in the third, *Et sola voluptas.*

Over these, upon a half sphere, stood embossed an antique figure guilt; the sleight towers to his gate raysed for show, were sett out with battlements, shields, and coronets sutable to the rest. Nere the gate an old Inchantresse in crimson velvet, with pale face, blacke haire, and dislyking countenance, affronted her Ladishipp, and thus rudely saluted her:—

Woman, Lady, Princess, Nymphe, or Goddesse,
For more you are not, and you seeme no lesse;
Stay, attempt not passage through this port,
Here the pale Lord of Sadness kepes his court,
Rough-visag'd Saturne, on whose bloudles chekes,
Dull Melancholie sitts, whoe straightly sekes
To sease on all that enter through this gate.
Grant gratious listning, and I shall relate
The meanes, the manner, and of all the sense,
Whilst your faire eye enforceth eloquence.
There was a tyme, and since that time the sun
Hath yet not through the signes of Heaven run;
When the heghe Sylvan, whoe commands these woods,
And his bright Nymphe, fairer then Queen of Floods;
With most impatient longings hop'd to view
Her face, to whome ther harts' deer'st zeale was due.
Youth-joys to love, swete light unto the blind,
Beauty to virgins, or what witt can fynd
Most dearly wished, was not so much desir'd
As she to them; O my dull soul is fired
To tell their longings, but yt is a piece
That would orelade the famous tongues of Greece.
Yet long they hop'd, till Rumor struck Hope dead,
And showed their wishes were but flattered;

For scarce her chariot cut the easie earth,
And journeyed on, when Winter with cold breath
Crosseth her way, her borrowed haire did shine
With glittering isickles all christaline;
Her browes were perewig'd with softer snow,
Her russet mantle, fring'd with ice below,
Sate closer on her back; she thus came forth,
Ushered with tempests of the frosty North;
And seeing her, she thought she sure had seene
The swete-breath'd Flora, the bright Somer's Queene.
So full of cherefull grace she did appeare,
That Winter feared her face recalled the yere,
And first untimely spring'd to cease [seize] her right,
Whereat with anger and malitious spight,
She vows revenge; streight with tempestuous wings,
From Taurus, Alpes, and Caucasus she flings
Ther covering of, and here ther thick fur spread,
The patient earth was almost smothered.
Up Boreas mounts, and doth so strongly blow
Athwart her way hughe drifts of blinding snow,
That mountaine like, att last heapes rose so high,
Man's sight might doubt whither Heaven or Earth were skye.
Hereat she turned back, and left her way
(Necessity all mortals must obey);
Which was no sooner voic'd and hither flown,
It sads but to think what griefe was shown;
Which to augment (mishap nere single falls),
The God of Sadness and of Funeralls,
Of heavie pensiveness and discontent,
Cold and dull Saturne hither straight was sent.

Myself, Merimna, who do wait uppon
Pale Melancholie and Desolation,
Usher'd him in, when streight we strongly sease
All this sad house, and vowed no means should ease
These heavie bands which pensive Saturne tyed,
Till with wisht grace this house was beautifyed.
Pace then no further, for vouchsafe to know,
'Till her approach here can no comfort grow;
'Tis onely one can ther sad bondage breake,
Whose worth I may admire, not dare to speak.
She 's so compleat, that her much honored state
Gives Fortune Virtue, makes Virtue fortunate;
As one in whome three rare mixt virtues set
Sene seldome joyned, Fortune, Beauty, Witt;
To this choice Lady and to her dere state
All hearts do open, as alone this gate;
She only drives away dull Saturne hence,
She whome to praise I neede her eloquence!

This speach thus ended, presently Saturne yssued from forth the porte, and curyously behoulding the Countesse, spake thus:—

"Peace! stay, it is, it is, it is even shee,
Hayle happye honours of Nobilitye!
Did ever Saturn see, or nere see such?
What should I style you? &c.
Sweete glories of your sex, know that your eyes
Make milde the roughest planet of the skies.
Even wee, the Lorde that sitts on ebon throanes,
Circled with sighes and discontented groanes,

Are forc'd at your faire presence to relent,
At your approach all Saturn's force is spent.
Hence, solitary Beldam, sinke to nighte,
I give up all to joye, and to delight.
And now passe on, all-happye-making Dame, &c.

Then passed the whole troupe to the house, untill the Countesse hadd mounted the staires to the greate chamber; on the topp of which, Merimna, having chaunged hir habitt all to white, mett her, and, whilst a consorte softly played, spake thus:—

Madam,
See what a chaunge the spiritt of your eyes
Hath wrought in us, &c.

After which "the Countesse passed on to hir chamber." Then follows "the Masque, presented by four Knights and four Gentlemen," &c. The forme was thus: At the approach of the Countesse into the greate chamber, the hoboyes played untill the roome was marshaled; which once ordered, a travers slyded away; presently a cloud was seen move up and downe almost to the topp of the greate chamber, upon which Cynthia was discovered ryding; her habitt was blewe satten, fairely embroidered with starres and cloudes; who, looking down and earnestly survaying the ladies, spake thus:—

Are not we Cynthia? and shall earth displaye
Brighter than us, and force untimely daye?
What daring flames beame such illustrious light,
Inforcing darkness from the claime of night?
Upp, Aryadne, thie cleare beauty rouse,
Thou Northern crowne, &c.

In the midst of this speech, Ariadne rose from the bottom of the roome, mounted upon a cloud, which waved up untill it came nere Cynthia; where resting, Ariadne spake thus:—

Can our chaste Queene, searching Apollo's sister,
Not know those stars that in yon valley glister?
Is virtue strange to Heaven, &c.

After many more compliments to the ladies, Cynthia replies:—

Let's visite them, and slyde from our aboade,
Who loves not virtue, leaves to be a God.
Sound, spheares, spread your harmonious breath,
When Mortalls shine in worth, Gods grace the Earth.

The cloudes descend, whilst softe musique soundeth. Cynthia and Ariadne dismount from theire clouds, and, pacing up to the Ladies, Cynthia, perceaving Aryadne wanting hir crowne of starrs, speaks thus:—

But where is Ariadne's wreath of starrs,
Her eight pure fiers, that studd with golden barrs
Her shyning browes? Hath sweet-toung'd Mercury
Advanc'd his sonnes to station of the skye,
And throan'd them in thy wreath? &c.

ARIADNE.

Queene of chaste dew, they will not be confyn'd,
Or fyx themselves where Mercury assynde;
But every night, uppon a forrest side
On which an eagle percheth, they abide,
And honor her, &c.

CYNTHIA.

Tell them thei err, and say that wee, the Queene
Of night's pale lampes, have now the substance seene
Whose shadowe they adore. Goe, bring those eight
At mighty Cynthia's summons, &c.

Presently Ariadne sings this short call;—

Musique and gentle night,
Beauty, youthes' cheefe delighte,
Pleasures all full invite
Your due attendance to this glorious roome,
Then, yf you have or witt or vertue, come,
Ah, come! ah, come!

Suddenly, upon this songe, the cornets were winded, and the travers that was drawn before the masquers sanke downe. The whole shewe presently appeereth, which presented itself in this figure: the whole body of it seemed to be the syde of a steepely assending wood, on the top of which, in a fayre oak, sat a goulden eagle, under whose wings satt, in eight severall thrones, the eight masquers, with wisards like starres, theire helmes like Mercurye's, with the addition of fayre plumes of carnation and white, their antique doubletts and other furniture sutable to those culours, the place full of shields, lights, and pages all in blew satten robes, imbrodered with starres. The masquers, thus discovered, sat still untill Ariadne pronounced this invocation, at which thei descended:—

Mercurian issue, sonnes of sonne of Jove,
By the Cyllenian rodd, and by the love

Devotely chaste you vow Pasithea,
Descende, &c.
And O, yf ever you were worthe the grace
Of viewing majesty in mortall's face,
Yf ere to perfect worth you vow'd hart's duty,
Shew spiritt worth your virtues and theire beuty.

The violins upon this played a new measure, in w the masquers danced; and ceasing, Cynthia spake:—

Stay a little, and now breath yee,
Whilst theis ladies grace bequeath yee,
Then mixe faire handes, &c.
Cynthia charmes hence what may displease yee.
From ladies that are rudely coy,
Barring their loves from modest joy,
From ignorant silence, and proud lookes,
From those that answer out of bookes,
From those that hate our chast delight
I blesse the fortune of each starry Knight.
From gallants who still court with oathes,
From those whose only grace is cloathes,
From bumbaet stockings, vile legg-makers,
From beardes and great tobacca-takers,
I blesse the fortune of each starry dame.
Singe, that my charme may be more stronge;
The goddes are bounde by verse and songe.

The Songe.

Audatious nighte makes bold the lippe,
Now all court chaster pleasure,

Whilst to Apollo's harp you trippe,
And tread the gracing measure.
Now meete, now breake, then fayne a warlike salley,
So Cynthia's sports, and so the godes may dalley, &c.

During this song, the masquers presented theire sheelds, and took forth their Ladyes to daunce, &c. After they had daunced many measures, galliards, corantos, and lavaltos, the night being much spent, whilst the masquers prepared themselves for their departing measure, Cynthia spake thus:—

Now, pleasing, rest; for, see the nighte
(Wherein pale Cynthia claimes her right)
Is allmost spent; the morning growes,
The rose and violet she strowes
Upon the high cœlestial floore,
'Gainst Phœbus rise from 's parramore.
The Faieries, that my shades pursue,
And bath theire feete in my colde dew,
Now leave their ringletts and be quiett,
Lest my brother's eye shoulde spy it.
Then now let every gratious starr
Avoide at sound of Phœbus' carr;
Into your proper place retyre,
With bosoms full of beautie's fier;
Hence must slide the Queen of Floodes,
For day beginnes to gilde the woodes.
Then whilst we singe, though you departe,
I'le sweare that heere you leave your harte.

After this, a Shepherd sings "a passionate ditty att my

Lady's departure;" he then presents the Countess w scarf, and adds :—

Farewell! farewell! Joy, love, peace, health,
In you long dwell, with our farewell! farewell!

So the Countess passed on until she came through little park, where Niobe presented hir with a cabinet, so departed.

CITY PAGEANT,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT PAID BY THE KING OF DENMARK TO JAMES I. IN 1606.

The argument of the spectacle presented to the sacred Majestys of Great Brittan and Denmark as they passed through London.

AFTER that the Recorder in the name of the Cittye had saluted the Majesties of Great Brittaine and Denmark with this short oration:

"Serenissime, Augustissime Rex: quid enim Reges dicam, quos non tam conjunctio sanguinis, quam communio pietatis unam fecit? Anni sunt quinquaginta plus minus, a quo Regem vel unum aspeximus; nunc duos simul contemplamur, admiramur: Quapropter antiqua civitas London, nova ista condecorata gloria, triumphat gaudio, salutat precibus, Majestatis binam hanc Majestatem.

"Sed quid offeremus? Corda non nostra, tua sunt, magnè, maxime Jacobe: Et, quia tua, Regi huic, potentissimo, fraternitatis vinculo majestati vestræ conjunctissimo, amoris ergo hæc atque munusculo dicantur;"

The Sceane or Pageant of Triumph presented itselfe in

this figure. In the midst of a vaste sea, compassed with rocks, appeared the Iland of Great Brittaine, supported on the one side by Neptune, with the force of Shippes; on the other, Vulcan with the power of Iorne, and the commoditys of tinn, lead, and other mineralls. Over the iland, Concord, supported by Piety, and Pollecy, satt inthroand: the boddy of it thus shappt, the life of it thus spake; whilst the Tritons in the sea sounded lowd musique, the mermaids singing; then in a cloud Concord discending, and landing on the cragg of a rock, spake thus:—

CONCORDIA.

Gentes feroces inter, et crude necis
Animos capaces, quibus et ignavum est mori
Paulo coacti, queis et arma civica,
Bellaque leonum paria lacerabant agros,
Nunc pacis alme mater, et cælo adita,
Et arcuato celicæ pacis throno
Suffulta, stabilis hic sedeo Concordia.
Sic nempe amorum jubet et armorum Deus,
Presto ut Britannum principi illustri forem.
Religio dextram fulsit, et monet pie
Bonum supremum scire, supremum est bonum;
Justitia lævam, voce sancta cognita,
"Servate jus, servate cœlicam fidem."
Nunc itaque, reges, tuque, super omnes mihi
Dilecte, Brutii magne moderator soli,
Et tu, sacrato fœdere et fratris pio
Nexu revinctus, vos in æternum jubet
Salvere missa cœlitus Concordia.
Non has inique denuo hostilis furor
Gentes lacessat, neque leonum fortia

Ferro dolove corda pertentet malo.
Quoties in unum junctis viribus
Coiere Bruti, non potuit ulla rabies
Externa quatere, aut noxii vis consilii.
Romana cessit aquila, donec proditor,
Et scelere cœpta civium distractio,
Animam addidisset hostibus, patriæ metum.
Nunc sceptra cum septena vi Normannicæ
Camberque cessit, arma deposuit diu
Indomita Ierne, et insulis centum potens
Magni Getheri accessit antiquum genus.
Fraternum amorem, jus sacrati fœderis
Fideique sancte, vinculo astrinxit Jupiter;
Quæ vis lacesset? Quod scelus quatiet? Quibus
Armis dolisve insanus utetor furor?
En hic frequentes et celebres civium
Turmæ, hic juventæ dulce conspirans cohors,
Matres puellis, juvenibusque misti senes,
Vos intuentur: omnis orno suspicit.
Hi gratiosa lumina, illi pectora
Generosa pariter et serena prœdicant.

(*Adventu Regis, Insula Britanniæ sese apperit, Londinumque prodit.*)

Totius aperit Insula imperii fores,
Ultroque prodit cana mater urbium.

LONDINUM.

Sera quidem, at felix, O cœlo addenda, sereno
Numina nata solo, illuxit præsentia vestra.
Ecce, domus omnes turgent, pleneque fenestre
Expectantum oculos, et prospera cuncta precantum.

Invide, Britannas complexe, Tridentifere, oras,
Cur tam longa pie mora gaudia distulit urbis?

NEPTUNUS.

Urbs chara nobis, chara supremo patri,
Non aliqua nos invidia, sed zelus tui,
Movit, citatque, ut cursui obstarem ratis.
Ego, cum viderem Principem tantum meo
Sedisse dorso, ac linteis plenis vehi,
Quidnam pararet veritus, et quo tenderet,
Remoras adhibui, fateor, ac per me obsteti,
Ne te moveret, ne tibi damnum daret;
Tibi ut faverem moris, antiqui est mihi.
Sed, amore cuncta plena fraterno videns,
Preces benignas ut perimpleret tuas,
Ventum ferentem et maria concessit Jupiter,
Dabuntque Neptunus, et Eolus, et Jupiter.*

LONDINUM.

Sic, O sic siat! læto exultate triumpho,
Terra ferax, mare fluctisonum, resonabilis Eccho:
Vivant, æternum vivant, pia numina, fratres!
Vivant, Vivant!

The umblest servant
of your sacred Majesty,
John Marston.

* In MS. legitur, Neptunus, Eolus, Jupiter; Monosyllabs hæc duo interposita metrum ad iambicos Marstonianos (non Horatianos, fatemur) restituunt.—*Hall.*

VERSES BY MARSTON,

From Chester's Loves Martyr, or Rosalins Complaint, published in the year 1601.

A Narration and Description of a most exact wondrous Creature, arising out of the Phœnix and Turtle-Dove's ashes.

O, 'TWAS a moving Epicedium!
Can fire, can time, can blackest fate consume
So rare creation? No, tis thwart to sense;
Corruption quakes to touch such excellence;
Nature exclaims for justice, justice fate,—
Ought into nought can never remigrate.
Then look; for see what glorious issue, brighter
Than clearest fire, and beyond faith far whiter
Than Dian's tier, now springs from yonder flame!
Let me stand numb'd with wonder; never came
So strong amazement on astonish'd eye
As this, this measureless pure rarity.
Lo, now, th' extracture of Divinest essence,
The soul of Heaven's labour'd quintessence,
(Peans to Phœbus!), your dear lover's death
Takes sweet creation and all-blessing breath.

What strangeness is't, that from the Turtle's ashes
Assumes such form? whose splendour clearer flashes,
Than mounted Delius? Tell me, genuine muse!
Now yield your aids, you spirits that infuse
A sacred rapture, light my weaker eye,
Raise my invention on swift fantasy;
That whilst of this same Metaphysical,
God, man, nor woman, but elix'd of all,
My labouring thoughts with strained ardour sing,
My muse may mount with an uncommon wing.

The Description of this Perfection.

DARE'S then thy too audacious sense
Presume define that boundless *Ens*,
That amplest thought transcendeth?
O yet vouchsafe, my muse, to greet
That wondrous rareness, in whose sweet
All praise begins and endeth.

Divinest Beauty! that was slightest,
That adorn'd this wondrous Brightest,
Which had nought to be corrupted
In this; perfection had no mean;
To this, earth's purest was unclean,
Which virtue ever instructed.

By it all beings deck'd and stained,
Ideas that are idly feigned
Only here subsist invested;

Dread not to give strain'd praise at all,
No speech is hyperbolical
To this Perfection blessed.

Thus close my rhymes; this all that can be said,
This wonder never can be flattered.

To Perfection.—A Sonnet.

OFT have I gazed with astonish'd eye
At monstrous issues of ill-shaped birth,
When I have seen the midwife to old Earth,
Nature, produce the most strange deformity.

So have I marvell'd to observe of late
Hard-favour'd feminines so scant of fair,
That masks so choicely, shelter'd of the air,
As if their beauties were not theirs by fate.

But who so weak of observation,
Hath not discern'd long since how virtues wanted,
How parsimoniously the Heavens have scanted
Our chiefest part of adoration?

But now I cease to wonder, now I find
The cause of all our monstrous penny-shows;
Now I conceit from whence wit scarcely grows,
Hard-favour'd features, and defects of mind.

Nature long time hath stor'd up virtue, fairness,
Shaping the rests as foils unto this Rareness.

Perfectioni Hymnus.

WHAT should I call this Creature,
Which now is grown unto maturity?
How should I blaze this feature
As firm and constant as eternity?

Call it perfection? Fie!
'Tis perfect the brightest names can light it;
Call it Heaven's mirror I?
Alas! best attributes can never right it.

Beauty's resistless thunder?
All nomination is too straight of sense;
Deep contemplations wonder?
That appellation give this excellence.

Within all best confin'd,
(Now, feebler Genius, end thy slighter rhyming),
No suburbs,*—all is *mind*,—
As far from spot as possible defining.

JOHN MARSTON.

* Differentia Deorum et Hominum, apud Senecam; Sic habet nostri melior pars animum, in illis nulla pars extra animum.

NOTES TO THE THIRD VOLUME.

Page 23, line 9. *But a scape.*—"But as a scape," some eds.

Page 44, line 21. *Girdlestead.*—That is, the waist, the place where the girdle is worn. "Gyrdell-stede, *faulx du corps*," Palsgrave, 1530.

Page 52, line 2. *Intelligencers.*—Here follows, in some copies, the following passage, which is believed to be one of those which gave offence to the King:—"only a few industrous Scots perhaps, who indeed are dispersed over the face of the whole earth. But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, when they are out on't in the world, than they are: and for my own part, I would a hundred thousand of them were there, for we are all one countrymen now ye know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them there, than we do here."

Page 55, line 26. *Sir Francis Drake's ship.*—Alluding to the celebrated vessel in which Sir F. Drake sailed round the world, which was for many years preserved at Deptford. It is thus alluded to in some notices of "sights" in a poem by Peacham, 1611:—

> Drake's ship at Detford, King Richard's bedsted i' Leyster;
> The Whitehall whale-bones, the silver bason i' Chester.

Page 64, line 16. *One of my thirty pound Knights.*—In ridicule of the easy way in which persons purchased Knighthood in the reign of James I. The author of Hans Beer-Pot, 1618, speaking of the "honour," says:—

> But now, alas! it 's growne ridiculous,
> Since bought with money, sold for basest prize,
> That some refuse it, which are counted wise.

Page 106, line 25. *As tribute.*—The edition of 1613 properly reads, *a tribute.*

Page 107, line 26. *Those lips were his.*—So all the old edi-

tions; and the line, standing thus, might refer to Hercules and the Hesperian Fruit, were Hercules one of the "feminine deities." The allusion, however, is evidently to Venus.—*Anon. ed.*

Page 109, line 11. *Enter Mizaldus aad Mendoza.*—This, like many of the other stage-directions, is clearly erroneous. It should be, "re-enter Rogero and Guido (Mizaldus)."

Page 112, line 31. *St. Agnes night.*—"I could finde in my heart to pray nine times to the moone, and fast three St. Agnes's Eves, so that I might be sure to have him to my husband," Cupid's Whirligig, 1607.

Page 113, line 15. *Our backe-arbors.*—Our old dramatists continually introduce in foreign countries the customs, &c., of their own. These backe-arbors were doubtless better known to the ladies of London, than to those of Venice. Stubbes, in his Anatomie of Abuses, 1593, speaking of the citizens' wives, says, "In the fields and suburbs, they have gardens, either paled or walled round about very high, with their harbers and bowers fit for the purpose."—*Anon. ed.*

Page 119, line 28. *Countesse of Swevia.*—Count of Cyprus, ed. 1613.

Page 133, line 3. *Points to the ringe.*—This, though given as part of the text, is evidently a stage-direction.

Page 139, line 6. *Gone.*—So in ed. 1631. *Going*, ed. 1613.

Page 146, line 24. *Selfes labour.*—Here should have been inserted the following stage-direction, as in ed. 1613:—"Re-enter the Watch, with Claridiana and Mizaldus, taken in one another's houses, in their shirts and night-gowns. They see one another."

Page 155, line 11. *Enters into.*—Entrance, ed. 1613.

Page 158, line 17. *Isabella at her window.*—The respective situations of the parties are not very clearly pointed out here. It appears as if the Countess addressed Rogero from the window of an inner apartment.—*Anon. ed.*

Page 177, line 3. *Vote-killing.*—Voice-killing, ed. 1613. It may well be doubted whether either be the correct reading. The fearful properties attributed to the mandrake are frequently alluded to. Brown, in his Vulgar Errors, ed. 1658, p. 107, thus mentions some of them:—"The last concerneth the danger ensuing, that there follows an hazard of life to them that pull it up, that

some evil fate pursues them, and they live not very long after. Therefore the attempt hereof among the ancients was not in ordinary way, but as Pliny informeth, when they intended to take up the root of this plant, they took the winde thereof, and with a sword describing three circles about it, they digged it up, looking toward the west. A conceit not only injurious unto truth, and confutable by daily experience, but somewhat derogatory unto the providence of God; that is not only to impose so destructive a quality on any plant, but conceive a vegitable, whose parts are usefull unto many, should in the only taking up prove mortall unto any. To think he suffereth the poison of Nubia to be gathered, Napellus, Aconite, and Thora to be eradicated, yet this not to be moved. That he permitteth asenick and mineral poisons to be forced from the bowels of the earth, yet not this from the surface thereof. This were to introduce a second forbidden fruit, and inhance the first malediction; making it not only mortal for Adam to taste the one, but capitall unto his posterity to eradicate or dig up the other."

Page 213. *Satyres.*—Our author, as a satirist, is thus spoken of in an epigram "ad Johannem Marstonem" in the *Affaniæ* of Charles Fitzgeffry, 1601:—

> Gloria Marstoni Satyrarum proxima primæ,
> Primaque, fas primas si numerare duas;
> Sin primam duplicare nefas, tu gloria saltem
> Marstoni primæ proxima semper eris.
> Nec te pæniteat stationis, Jane: secundus,
> Cum duo sint tantum, est neuter; at ambo pares.

Page 214, line 18. *Dangling feake.*—Perhaps a hanging or pendent lock. No other example of the word has yet occurred.

Page 219, line 18. *Meal-mouth'd.*—Delicate-mouthed, unable to bring out harsh or strong expressions. This term, which survives in the form of *mealy-mouthed*, appears to have been the original word; applied to one whose words are fine and soft as meal, as Minsheu well explains it. Most frequently applied to affected and hypocritical delicacy of speech.—*Nares.*

Page 220, line 22. *Brasell bowle.*—Query, for Brazil bowl, a bowl for playing with, made of hard Brazilian wood.

Page 223, line 17. *Appeares a fall.*—The fall and the ruff are occasionally mentioned as worn together, but, strictly speaking, the fall succeeded the ruff.

Page 223, line 18. *Sweet nittie youth.*—The word *nittie*

seems here strangely used, possibly from *nitidus*, unless it be presumed that Marston is speaking ironically.

Page 235, line 9. *Laver-lip.*—Hall, in his Satires, has *lave-ear'd* for *lap-eared*, and *laving* in the sense of lapping or flapping. Laver-lip, observes Nares, is probably only another form of the same word, metaphorically used; hanging lip, quasi *lap-ear'd lip*.

Page 237, line 20. *Make.*—So printed in the copy referred to, but probably an error for *marke*.

Page 242, line 26.—*Cyterne heads.*—The top of the cyttern was formerly often carved in the shape of a grotesque head.

Page 243, line 6. *Blew-coates.*—Retainers, servants.

Page 247, line 20. *Guzzell dogs.*—In other words, dogs of the gutter or drain. A small gutter is still called a guzzle in some of the provinces.

Page 260, line 25. *To luskish Athens.*—This is, to lazy Athens. "Rouse thee, thou sluggish bird, and leave thy luskish nest," Drayton. Marston, in a subsequent satire, has *lusking*, idling.

Page 272, line 23. *Pitch-black loveries.*—Marston probably here refers to the *louver*, a tunnel or opening in the top of a great hall through which the smoke escaped. Hall apparently uses the term *lovery* for the turret or small belfry over this opening. See Hall's Satires, ed. Singer, p. 131.

Page 273, line 21. *A packstaffe epithete.*—That is, an epithet worthy of a pedler, the packstaff being the staffe on which he carried his pack.

Page 275, line 21. *Jobbernoule.*—That is, blockhead.

Page 280, line 26. *Blacksaunt of the Geate.*—*Blacksaunt*, corrupted from *black sanctus*, used to signify any confused or hideous noise. Though *Geate* makes no rhyme, I presume that licentious and bad writer must have written it so. He seems to mean the Getæ; if his meaning be worth guessing. He professedly scorns correct rhyming.—*Nares*.

Page 282, line 3. *Luxuriousnesse.*—That is, incontinence. The term is of constant use in this sense.

Page 282, line 11. *Termagant.*—The Saracen divinity of the old romance:—"the child of the earthquake and of the thunder, the brother of death."

Page 283, line 24. *Her seate of sense is her rebato set.*—The

rebato was a kind of plaited ruff, which turned back and lay on the shoulders. It was kept in shape by wire, and appears, from some notices, to have been properly a kind of short falling ruff, which was frequently used as a supporter for a larger ruff; and it was very probably an improvement of the more antique "supportasse," mentioned by Stubbes. "*Da rivolto*, turning downe as a falling band, or a womans rabato," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598, p. 96. "A rabato for a woman's band, G. *rabat*, à *rabâtre*, id est, to fall or draw backe, because the band doth fall backe on the rabato," Minsheu. "Give me my rabato of cut-worke edged; is not the wyer after the same sort as the other," Erondelle's Dialogues.

Page 292, line 21. *Playing at put-pin.*—The game of put-pin, or push-pin, is thus played: two pins are laid upon the table; each one in turn jerks them with his finger, and he who throws one pin across another is allowed to take one of them; those who do not succeed must give a pin. Push-pin is mentioned by Miege as the *jeu d'epingles*.

Page 299, line 8. *Kinsing.*—This is, of course, in allusion to Marsden's assumed name of Kinsayder.

Page 301, line 11. *Orchestra.*—The poem by Sir J. Davies, 1596.

Page 301, line 15. *Kemps jigge.*—See the Rev. A. Dyce's edition of Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder, 1840, introd. p. xx.

THE END.

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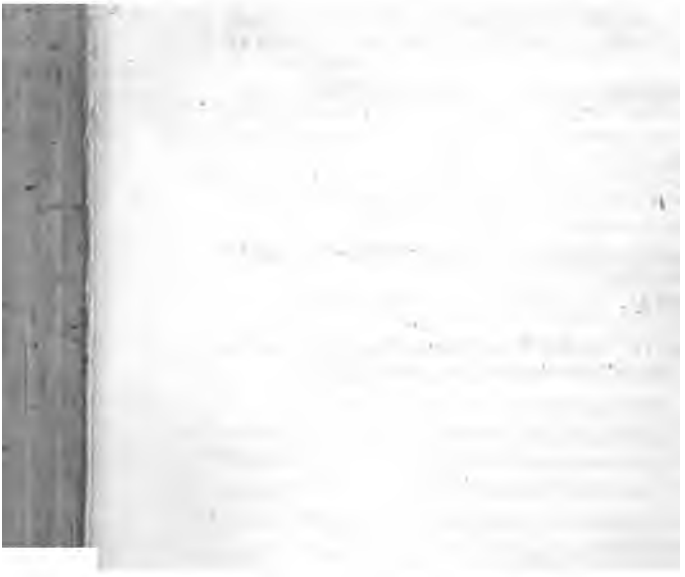

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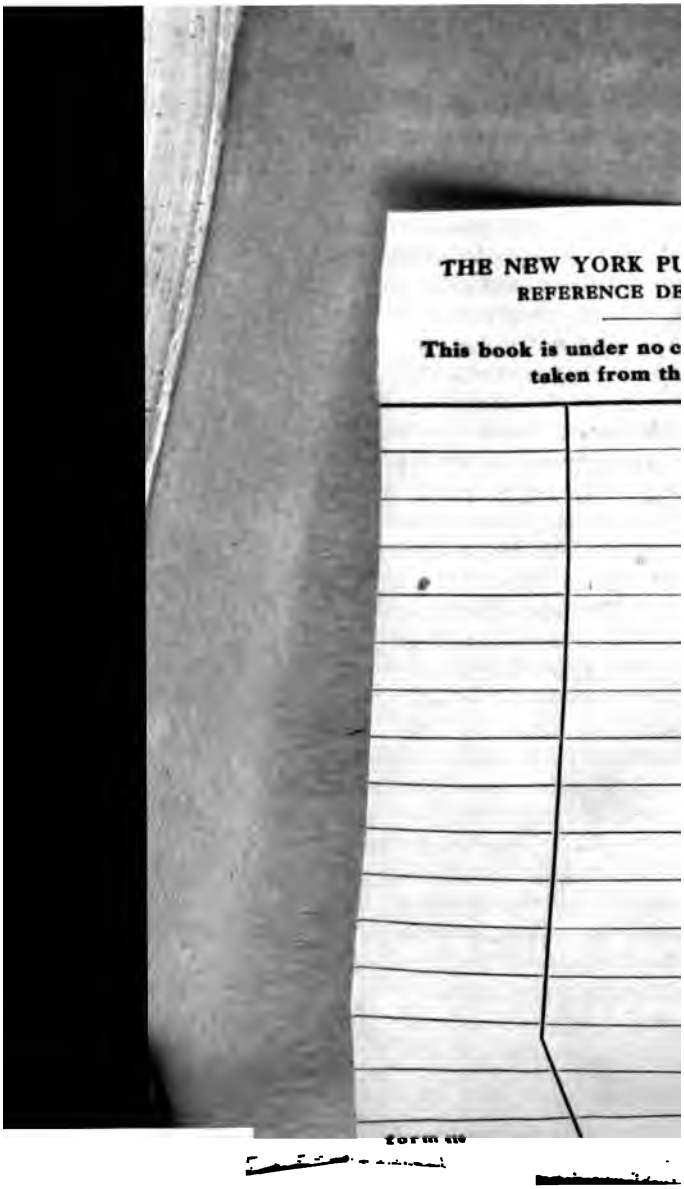
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